

Scrolls of Insanity

By

Cyrus Dionysis

Copyright © 2024 Cyrus Dionysis

All rights reserved.

DEDICATION

I dedicate this work to my beloved parents—the best parents one could ever dream to have as well as my brother. Also, my tender-hearted uncles' and their lovely households have been such a great blessing and solace supporting us whenever a calamity befalls our household. They have never failed to have our backs whenever our fair share of ill-fated reservoir suddenly unfolded. Their help and care for us go as back as my early childhood in the early 2000s. Further, my admiration and love are extended to the very few beloved and loyal friends who remained when everyone just crossed my face off once and for all. I don't blame the latter ones as that was the wisest move given the dire circumstances I have engineered for myself. Last but never least, my adored students have had to put up with much unneeded horror and terror when I went completely insane and suicidal before their own eyes. They had attended my classes to learn; at one point they were there only to see a horrific tragedy unfolding before their own innocent eyes. The whole ordeal was so horrifying and agonizing for all those who see; those who could listen and feel. A sheer catastrophe had been all along!

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Without the mind-boggling discussions and relentless insistence of my dearest *clandestine mentor* Radouane; this work would have never been composed; never mind publishing and all. His words have always been a great solace for me after they were heard. He saw a mere post of mine, he said: “this isn’t a post anyhow; sit down and complete the book whose introduction is this post you claim. You can’t just expect me to be left hooked like this and get away with it.” Never would it have dawned on me to sit down; and pour in all my turbulent psyche in ink from the moment I became full-fledged insane all the way back to my early childhood and upbringing to link the dots backward. This work has been my sincerest attempt to link back my mental, emotional and experiential dots whose final result was sheer madness. Insanity as far as my experience is concerned is never an accidental tragedy. There are rivers of apparent reasons as well as oceans of concealed ones. In this book, I detailed the reasons why no one in the whole world can dig really deep to finally reveal in excruciating details the pathways that have led a particular person to eventually end up caged in a mental institution. There is only one person in creation who might somehow likely dive deep enough towards the bottom of the dimly cold ocean; that is the insane person themselves

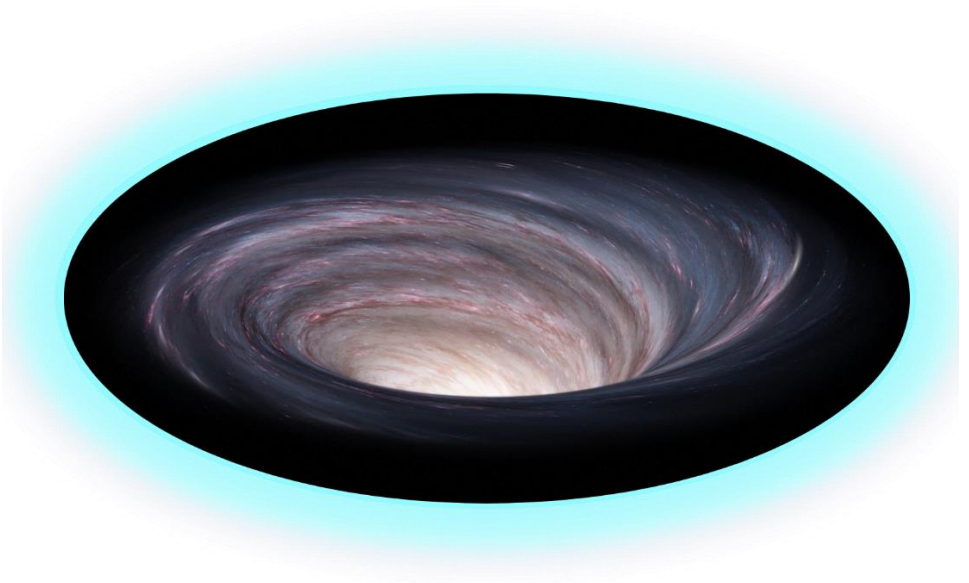
ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Cyrus Dionysus

What is the most convenient way to describe writers with? I honestly ask. Is it to sketch out their origins; profession; interests; beliefs; former works; or just to simply shed light on the very aspect in them which made the work crafted from beginning till the very end. In simple terms: the author of this work went a full-fledged insane human being; or may be *human being* no longer a valid term that applies to him after all! Delusional mania is indeed the acutest; the cutting-edge disorder in the mental disorders' arsenal. Once landing there, rare are those who were somehow recognized to have made the trip back to sanity! The world just shatters to pieces in the aftermath. Nothing grows, or just dies out!

DISCLAIMER

This book contains a lifetime chronicle of a person who ended up caged in a mental institution in sheer horror; he somehow made it back to join humanity though. It is as if a dead person came back to tell mankind how the proceedings go in the afterworld. Here the reader is to expect all the imaginable and unimaginable terrifying ideas, philosophies, feelings, doctrines, creeds, experiences et al. It might thus be disturbing, even horrifying, to read and grapple with the mental blackhole the reader is about to travel through. There is a chance—depending on the reader's mental, spiritual, religious, cultural, experiential makeup—the reader will never come out of it the same person at all—maybe for better maybe for worse. Those who can't bear their most vital beliefs questioned, had better not take the journey at all! Here you see the mental Event Horizon, decide for yourself whether you are really ready or not!



I am the divine light sent to earth; the mystic; the transcendent; the prophet; the holy spirit. Even the self-proclaimed viceless angels secretly envy my superior qualities and purest essence. I am just superior to all creation. The angles know, because they witnessed; but man wasn't there, so he can't. I am the devil's boss incarnated in manly image; the morally corrupt; the shrewd; the envious; the pervert. I like virtues as they show people the veil I want them to perceive of me; the persona covering the person; the mirage miles away; the lie. I like virtues because they are the most worthwhile human qualities the person can show to others. It is the show that matters, not the enactment. They are the best means to an end. I act humble when there is nothing else to be proud of; I act peaceful when I am so weak to even stand my ground; I act wise when I am horribly illiterate; I act deep when I am incapable of understanding the basics; I act courageous when I am too coward to admit my cowardice; and best of all, I act a chaste strong potent man when I am in fact a lustful weak impotent pervert. I thought once I deserved the most gorgeous chaste soulmate, as I was noble in theory, and I ended up so undignified, worthless, revolting that even whores spurn, scorn and spit on.

I had spent my life thinking I was too pure to be corrupted; too chaste to be tempted; too intelligent to be fooled. I also assumed I had been God's testimony to all humanity, angels and demons alike, of how any servant of His should conduct themselves. Before the mask was dropped from my face once

and for all, and my true nature was laid naked before me and everyone else— friend and foe alike-- I genuinely thought I was a strong moral chaste man. I had submerged myself, from time immemorial, in religious, literary, and philosophical literature. I wanted to deeply genuinely honestly understand everyone's take on the divine. I had grown sympathetic to all sects and clans of all religions in all nations worldwide. I would love everyone who aspires for the good, bear and sustain the pain and carry on. I even blessed those who cursed me as I thought they were honest despite all. If the person was decent, I would advocate for them before God even if they abhorred me, conspired against, cursed and vilified. I had been the sort of guy who would sacrifice himself, I thought, to unravel the truth from the dirt. I visualized myself to have a great moral burden on my shoulders and so bitterly alone I cried. To me, people had been busy looking for material gain, while they missed the whole deal- a mere naïve ordeal was proven to be later on. I had taken it upon myself to enlighten the ignorant; to guide the misguided; to raise hope when there appeared to be none; to love without receiving none; to make heaven out of hell; to face evil and its allies on my own. God Himself, exalted in his majesty, had my back, “so bring your army Satan if you dared and let's face off.” I had been the champion of ethics and virtues. I would allow my own crucifixion for people's salvation, for the sake love, so they keep in solid touch with the divine. Fake believers, due to their sheer abhorrent ignorance, unknowingly had driven people away from God. When his majesty preached harmony, peace, and love; they figured out: “let's launch a worldwide holy war to preach about God's harmony, peace, and love; we need

the sword to spread the word.” For me then, what the majority of so-called believers had championed was nothing but a demonic philosophy covered in godly rituals. They were, indeed, the very antagonists of the morality they preached. It hadn’t taken me a long time to realize, I was God’s chosen servant, from all creation, to even the score in this world against all those who so blazingly claimed to be advocates of God. His Almighty was so disappointed—even cried—at how the whole business with believers turned out. Imagine sending roses, scents, myrrh, and frankincense to your beloved soulmate, and the dispatched she received contained a poisonous snake, once opened, she was bitten, in agony she died. That was how God felt about the message he sent, and how it was received.

In my death there was life for me; and in my life there was a divine mission to be accomplished till the very end. I didn’t belong to the realm of this plane of the material world; I belonged to the realm of essence alluded to in every shrine. I had a lot of needs unfulfilled, but I wasn’t the one to seek fulfillment. In my world, everything was preordained for a reason. “God doesn’t play dice.” I was deadly focused on a mission beyond myself, to the point I forgot I even existed. I had been a pure soul shackled in clay, even heavenly virgins in Eden weren’t tempting enough to steer my ship or show me the way. I gave up myself to the betterment of the kingdom of heaven without expecting divine compensation, neither in this world nor in the next. I was just too pure to seek any reward. I genuinely had believed to be the sole *divine light sent to earth; the mystic; the transcendent; the prophet; the holy spirit*. See how far self-deception can go! People who haven’t been there, can’t

comprehend, and there is no point in explaining thereof. Just remember, there is no way to outplay the devil himself, if you haven't tried so hard to outmatch the angels first.

In the one-person divine temple I built on the mountaintop, I prayed, learned, fasted, sent away anonymous charity, and I didn't need pilgrimage as I was already in the holiest of sites. Once I realized I was ready for the prophetic mission, I left everything behind, packed my backpack, and descended the holy mountain to join tortured humanity sinking in pain. To my knowledge, there had been no town on earth God didn't send prophets to, and I was the one to mine. I had taken a long time to see how people acted, to learn about humanity's ways of love and hatred, of war and peace. I wasn't human, so I needed to mimic people's gestures to avoid raising unnecessary bloody concerns. "Keep a low-profile prophet, otherwise, you might be tempted to risk it all on your nonexistent pride." I wanted to purify humanity anonymously single-handedly. If I succeeded actually in turning the world to heaven, but failed to stay unknown, then the whole business was indeed in vain. Heroes are the ones to be known, and even heroism was far below my divine standards or so I claimed. Of all my unfulfilled needs, I only asked God for one alone. "I wanted a soulmate dear Lord to help me carry on the heaviest of burdens till the very end," I prayed. "Behind every great man, there is a woman; and even I don't expect to be an exception though you know very well I have bitterly tried". Blessed be those who follow prophets indeed; and cursed be those who aim to be one. If the temptation crosses your mind, stop it right away or you'd wish you had just died. You might be able to suffer gun's bullets in

your chest, or even a stub from behind, for a whole day or a longer period of time, but insanity's shame and pain is too gruesome to bear even if the span is a mere long second. In my destination, time halted long time ago; nothing grows, or just fucking dies.

I have attempted to approach girls with good intentions, I failed. No one of them would accept me. "They have missed the greatest offer on their lives" I would tell myself. "How unlucky they are for not being able to spot the rarest among men. They can never get an offer as golden as the one they have just turned down." I really felt sorry for myself upon rejection, and felt it even more for those who rejected. I believe now that females have a great sense for spotting weakness and impotency in men even if the men themselves haven't realized; even if men fooled themselves to be prophets or idolized. Let alone if the man in question is not a man at all; is not even a human. You can't fool females in this regard however stupid they are. They are responsible for eradicating humanity's useless traits from the mass human pool of genes. They are the ones responsible for sustaining humanity's survival by granting access only to real men—the access to reproduce. My genes are a danger to the stability of humanity's genome; and my morality is a threat to humanity's virtues; and my character is the greatest threat there is to masculinity. I am thus the zenith of *immasculinity* and *immorality* combined and much more. I thought I was virtuous, until I discovered I was a weak lustful bastard playing the joker card of virtues to fool people; worse to fool myself. It takes a lifetime to build a temple, and if the foundation was fragile enough, the whole structure comes falling down. Cursed be my

temple and to hell with my foundation and everything around. “See my mountain in the horizon over there behind the clouds? Run away from it, it’s all nasty, poisonous, even I can’t confront. Blessed be those who escape me in due time, and cursed be those who headed not.”

If history has been carved to make sense by referring to events whether they happened before Jesus Christ, or after his demise; my story is more conveniently structured whether the events happened before the mask was dropped or after it got all nasty and dark. Now, before I beg prostitutes to sleep with me, though I am impoverished, yet generous with them, I start by briefing them about my mental condition, misery, appalling crises, and all my odds. Have you ever seen somebody who seeks psychotherapy in brothels? I do this because whores can see and grapple with my problems while I am bare of all my coverage, naked from toe to tongue. Some whores were indeed the best psychotherapists I have ever encountered. They are the only ones who have gained the expertise from hardcore reality; they can spot real men from perverts, those in between and far beyond. They get to distinguish winners from losers. They long for the first even free of charge and despise me however hard I try. They are passed the nonsense of ethics. They fully admit they are the farthest away from social morality, and thus, they are the only ones capable of handling *the socially expelled, the morally wicked, the divinely excommunicated as myself*. Through sharing with them what I can never admit even to myself, I wish to plant some sympathy for me in their promiscuous hearts. I genuinely long for their understanding. As I have miserably failed to sustain my lifetime package of lies in the outside world,

whorehouses are the only places left for me to get some sort of honest pity in the *kingdom of hell*, right, left, up and down. Unfortunately, in this world of ours, I mean in my world, even whores have enough dignity to reject someone as impotent, ugly, pathetic and weak as myself. They are cursed already, so they need no more. Spared be those who have been cursed long time ago.

Acting chaste while in fact being a pervert deviant sickening bastard is appallingly funny. My naked hosts soon realize I am incapable of sleeping with them. “Why the fuck did you come?” They would laugh at my face and ridicule every molecule of me. There is no way for me to excuse myself, hide from them, or convince them otherwise. They have caught me unable red-handedly, incapable during the act. The best they can serve someone as desperate as myself is through using their hands and tongs. With their diligent help, sometimes I come close before I suddenly froze. “On your knees fucking soldier, shut your eyes, and cover your ears,” they shout. “Did they just take me for a tormented soldier despite all of that?” happiness I feel under their wing next to their lovely curved breasts and nasty heart. I would confess eventually, “I need nothing besides your divine lovely bosom; such a warm femininity all my life I have been denied. Do whatever you like to me! I am just not leaving no matter what; dying on your lap my beloved lady is better than just leaving out.” They have so much power over me; a remote control I can’t see but they touch. It can even be the case that I am the only client who obeys and dreads them under the sun. I listen to every order they command; they have my fate on their hands, they can write on it or even erase as they

please. If they say “come” I crawl out of fear; but if they say “go” I just disappear. They hate me even though I am the most generous; they hate my supplications; they hate themselves for having a job where they could receive someone so perverted, unfitting, absolutely worthless as myself. I love them indeed despite their hate. I would then find pleasure in convincing them of my *honest* intention of marriage. I would try to convince whores to marry me! Would you believe that? I am genuine in the offer, but in my desperate attempt to getting any arousal, I would picture my promiscuous wife sleeping with *other potent men*. The most convenient job my imaginary wife could ever have for me is being a prostitute. I would get satisfaction from watching my wife being enjoyed by others than from me being part in the act. I strive to be humiliated sexually: a despicable masochist. Imagine someone talking all his life about the masculine archetypes: the king, the warrior, the magician, and the lover earnestly believing himself to be a rare exemplar of such an honor, only to discover he is the most anti-masculine piece of being in the history of mankind. Is that okay, funny, heartbreaking or just none? While I had strived to incorporate the traits of manhood, I suddenly realized I have been a degenerate in the making. I have been the greatest threat to masculinity all along.

My level of sexual perversion and moral wickedness is quite spectacularly unique. How grotesque should the person be to match all the hell circles of inferno and much more? More importantly, even the deadly sins themselves fail to give me any degree of satisfaction. It is as if the whole imaginable wicked sins recognizable by God, mankind, angels and demons alike,

lack an essential evil ingredient. Now, I derive pleasure from picturing my intimate females—who don't exist and will never do-- being enjoyed by other real men; potent man: a stinking cuckold. The whole congressional council of prostitutes without exception would reject my offer of course. The offer of being my partners. The poor ladies don't have a clue how I enjoy being rejected; how I enjoy being eliminated even by the most debasing standards. I am playing a game with myself. I pay and obey to hear and see rejection first hand. They confirm my worst fears. *There is an emancipatory feeling to be given the harshest sentence.* There is nothing more than that. It has already happened. Now that I am no longer human; I still have a noble task to do: the task of annihilating myself and everything I have been associated with from the day I became tragically conscious till the day when I childishly insanely cried. People fear being exposed, I have already been exposed. "What else to fear from now on?" Now, I want to share evidence before all humanity that even those who think they are ignoble, cursed, and corrupt they just are not. Listen dear and head my insane words, this is not renowned. As long as the person enjoys *sins*, however crooked they are, they are still within the canonical boundaries of humanity. It's just okay, sometimes be righteous sometimes not. They still have hope. They can change course immediately. But there is a fine line, if crossed, there is just no going back. I have successfully crossed that redline by sheer accident. I passed the evil exam without having intentionally sat for it. How did I know? Well, when the devil himself runs out of ideas, vicious schemes or pure evil acts, he begs for an appointment with me; rarely when I say "yes" most often I just decline. He,

himself, was terrified when he suddenly figured out he wasn't evil enough. The rascal thought himself to be sitting on the unholy throne by himself for eternity against Almighty God. The bastard never imagined he had a boss! Cursed be those who have my council. Cursed be those who command me and humiliate; and cursed be those who feel sorry for me and act accordingly or even otherwise. Don't be weak before me; forget the damn soft feelings; in my vicinity, there is no mercy to show, no pardon granted, nothing good at all.

Due to my impotency, sexual, and intimate deprivation throughout my whole life, my very sexuality was threatened at some point. When I failed as a straight person, I switched gradually, so dramatically, to being a quasi-bisexual by my early teens. Due to my unchanneled repressed urges, the only way I could get sexual satisfaction, by then, was to use a phallic object. My heart would beat so hard; my knees would squeeze and I would faint in horror. I would struggle in the swings of sexuality before I could move towards the spectrum of straight maleness again. It would take me ages long of suffering and denial to weather off my deviant impulses from my mind. I was horrified at the idea of becoming gay. A gay prophet! "Where on the kingdom of heaven can this even be imaginable?" I asked my God. I couldn't admit even being doubtful about it to myself. That was the very bottom of degradation, nothing below, the sky above all dim and dark. Neither my pride, nor my religion and culture would accept the tiniest deviation from the norm. You don't exist outside the norm. I should have never existed that's for sure. There should have been a law that shatters species like me. Enough number of people like myself must be

the greatest existential threat to all humanity and even the fine-tuning of the whole universe. Natural and human-inflicted disasters have a purpose in the big picture, just don't listen to Voltaire. But what purpose can there be for me? All species can survive nukes; don't be so afraid of them. After the nuclear winter your progeny will just do fine! But no species can survive me or my attempts. "What all the bulk of my virtues have accumulated to?" I keep asking myself. I mean the virtues I believed I incorporated in my core being inside out. I ended up in a mental institution stigmatized for a lifetime as insane. With all my eternal internal struggles to decency, I winded up a crazy perverted bastard. The very people who once thought were honored by my acquaintance; who shared a laugh with me; respected me just ran away and immediately crossed my face off and deleted all my records as if I never meant a dime. It was heartbreaking to see even in a movie, read in a story, or hear from a passerby. You will never get a taste of what I felt back then or even now. I suspected I meant a lot to my dear friends and family, and foes I didn't have. Once I woke up from the insanity hangover, I saw for the first time in my life what a great liability I had been to all those who were misfortunate enough to have crossed paths with me or knew about me somehow. How hard I strived to honor my parents all my life. "Take my soul if you wish but just leave my parents alone." And here I am fully aware of how miserable I had made their once peaceful life and household. If I had been the son of Jesus himself, humanity would remember his royal blood but would never forgive him for raising such a weak, sickening, and sick son. Imagine racing as fast as you can to come first. You wait

for the prize. All my life I had been waiting for the prize—a prize too precious to even exist. Instead of a gold medal, they crucify you in a gold cross while lighting fire in the golden bushes below you. I couldn't care less about a gold medal in my life, but I cared so much about being a *normal decent human being*. I have achieved the exact antithesis of my sacred goal and golden aim. Now I fully realize how spectacular an achievement to actually be a *decent human being* as long as there is light shining forth from the sun. Blessed be those who aim for excellence within the common and normal; such a wisdom that has taken thousands of years to be sketched out, and cursed be those who neglects such a glory only to steer their ship towards the deadly storm.

How I wish I had wasted all my life? There is something extraordinarily worse than wasting your life; that is realizing you have been the antagonist all along to everything you had earnestly held glorious and loved so much. You have been looking hard all your life for the murderer of your beloved family to avenge them; next thing you know, you were the murder from the beginning till the end. You couldn't believe it; your mind would go crazy at the mere suggestion of it, but now here is the truth of all that happened naked before your eyes. Can you even fathom how I abhor myself? There is no redemption in such a plot. There is no moral lesson to take from it. There is no utility in being patient about it. I don't have a problem with being called crazy; a madness alibi is used in a courtroom to be pardoned. The law can't judge someone insane as it does to others. They are looked at with pity and all of that. There is no pity, sympathy, or empathy for me. There is no

excuse for what I have become. I have been the architect of it all. I had fed myself the lie; the lie of being honorable, exceptional, prophetic, and divinely guided. If ingenious Darwin had spent his life grappling with *the origin of species*, I am desperately grappling with an issue more demanding, more threatening to all those alive; that is *the origin of my immorality and insanity*. In doing so, I want to get hold of the divine manual of spirit to subject you all to my will; a marionette in my hand you will be and all those you know. I shall not be the only one who has been locked up here inside this invisible dungeon cell of mine. I will drag you all under my dominance, destroy every hope you get, mercy or love. I didn't plan to be anywhere near this, but it happened despite all. Cursed be those who don't pay attention, act careless, or listen not. Being fanatically stubborn is your ticket to my hometown. Here, before God, I warn you; I gave myself the devil due; run away immediately, if you come close, I will not let go! Blessed be those who have just left now!

Who is in charge of this universe? How could any benevolent supernatural power allow such a thing to happen in its kingdom; in its creation? How unjust should this supernatural entity be to even have such an idea, let alone allow it, even worse ordain it? Faith is so vital to humanity indeed; it has been grotesquely fatal to me. The problem doesn't lie in *the theologico-philosophical* debate; it rather lies within the listeners and the debaters themselves. The discourse has never been the issue; what we make of it is the unsolvable enigma. Alan Turing was able to decipher the most sophisticated German encryption machine ever invented. Who is able to decrypt the human? Who can ever be able to diagnose those who think themselves beyond all

humanity; the very those who go in the lines of *the mystic; the transcendent; the prophet; the holy spirit?* Who can predict and prevent someone from ending up in my shoes? There is no healing if one reaches my destination; there is no remedy. If you reached my planet and the space shuttle that brought you exploded in the landing phase, there is no way to getting back home. You would wish you had died in the blast during the landing phase or midway in the journey to my wicked terrain. All we have inherited are shallow attempts to comprehend some of what is wrong with us. Great minds have labored for millennia to launch whole disciplines aimed at understanding the abstract idea of human; you now and me before. They have failed all of them unfortunately, no appeal in my courtroom, it's been sealed off from now on. They couldn't prevent the likes of me from taking the path I have taken. Depth psychology has been the best attempt so far, I mean Jung's stream, and also mighty Freud. It can presumably somehow partially analyze the origins of the so-called *mental disorders*. Depth psychology has but a snowball's chance in hell with me. Can a psychologist, psychoanalyst, or psychiatrist tell me frankly: "the deep root of your psychological crises is your sheer ugliness. You don't have a psychological problem, you have an aesthetic one. It all started there and will never stop. This is not an insecurity or a low self-esteem issue that we can handle. No. There is no solution for you mate. Just forget it now. You can see other psychiatrists if you wish. They use euphemisms to console their patients so as to stay professional and, more importantly, keep their profession too. We keep Big Pharma alive through consoling the hopeless, especially those who think we are Gods. Do you

really believe we have constructed such a medical apparatus only to solve your misery, make you feel okay and all of that? I have switched to carpentry; this is why I can tell you the truth now. Being a truthful carpenter is better for me and even for you than being a dishonest so-called psychologist. There is just no such thing as an honest psychologist. If they were honest, they would have realized the futility of all their discipline, medicine and all of that. Wood I can sculpture and carve my sick friend, but man is God's secret creation no one can ever comprehend; the nature of the soul was the only question prophets couldn't provide an answer to, or even understand." Where can I find a psychologist who is so blunt as to confirm my deepest fears. Who can tell me: "you are a sexually deprived, lustful, self-deceptive, incestuous, masochistic, cuckold, emotionally starving, narcissistic, psychopathic, sociopathic, hypocrite, ugly bastard. If you get the opportunity, you had better kill yourself." Mundane psychologists are in the business of making us feel good about ourselves despite our drawbacks. Best psychologists are in the business of shedding light on our hidden imperfections. They also suggest their *apparent* subconscious origins. They can even prescribe some behavioral adaptive changes we can take to start the ball rolling. They listen, comprehend and prescribe. They are mere tunnellers digging deep, all while convincing us that there is sure some light at the end of the tunnel. They are in the business of manufacturing hope when there is actually none.

The second darkest philosophy humanity has ever ushered in by far, in my corrupt opinion, is nihilism; second only to naïve hopeful optimism. Every trait, belief, incident, accident, sense,

FACE the person has or has been through triggers infinite impacts in a ripple domino effect in the theater of their core being they themselves can never fully comprehend. I prefer to call it essence more than subconscious. If you try to list all of those, their consequences back and forth, their interconnectivity, their synergy, their total sum to your psychiatrist, you will have to be an eternal omniscient entity; you will have to be gods; you and your psychiatrist; assuming he is taking you seriously; assuming you are taking yourself seriously; assuming you are both crazy enough to indulge in such a worthless sterile enterprise. Who can really understand a psychopathic serial killer? If they were comprehensive at all, they should have never been locked up. They were simply acting on their whims. They didn't kill during a burglary, fight, or heist. They kill because that's the only way they get some scent of satisfaction. Many of them turn themselves in. They fully realize the cruelty of their act, but have no willpower of self-restraint. Is self-restraint learned or natural? There are trunks of learning there, but the roots are deep underground. Their whims are very natural. Their urges are very natural. Their sadistic rape and homicide are indeed natural. Can you accuse a monkey for reaching out to a banana; or a mother giving birth to handicapped; or a lion for their bloody reign in the savanna; or an ant for building a tunnel underground; or bees for honeycomb? *Each one has a natal nature in them, and a heavy price they shall pay for each deviant natural trait they happened to harbor.* Their unluck was simply due to their whims being forbidden by society. Are the zoo legislators in the animal kingdom so dumb to never have realized the importance of building penitentiaries

for killers? We have collectively succeeded in convincing ourselves that we are on the top of all creation; the summit of all evolution. “Animals kill to survive, but we rather demonize, stigmatize, and colonize before we nuke each other out.” Thus, it follows logically that we are better than animals. Congratulations! Let’s take this precious moment to pat ourselves on our bloody back.

What about those who commit a genocide, only to regret it afterwards, crime and punishment, where is Raskolnikov and all of that? We can agree that they were criminals at the state of mind they were in while committing the act. We can’t extract their *temporary state of mind* to hold them responsible, so we hold them responsible instead. You live your life peacefully for forty-years without hurting anybody, you got in a state of mind where you killed someone in a second. Death penalty or life sentence are the *just* punishment you get. Even our justice system is pragmatic and preventive, not just. We go about in life thinking we understand what’s happening; the experts especially. They are too proud to admit their insufficiency; their uselessness. Our obstacle to understanding what’s going on with us is the morality we have invented with all its useless luggage of conscience and commandments. Are we still to realize that *death penalty* in this life and *hell in the afterlife* haven’t been able to stop those we call serial killers from fulfilling what they have committed; from acting on their nature? Maybe if we had labored so hard to genuinely understand human nature, instead of the whole judiciary and penitentiary ordeal, we might have ended up in hospital-free, prison-free societies worldwide; more importantly, do you really think we would enjoy that? Listen

son, the homicide, genocide, suicide corporation is too lucrative to be annihilated; it is too big to fail. We use human rights as a pretext to eradicate whole nations. Humanity is indeed full of perverted psychopaths; they just happen to have ended up as generals and commanders-in-chief while I ended up in a mental institution. I could have done a much better job if I were in their position; and they couldn't have dreamt of the sheer horror had they come my way. Cursed be those who live their lives with no art, music, dance, theater, sculpture nor love.

What do you expect from someone imprisoned all his life between learning so hard, laboring even harder later on-- all dull routine with no room for human art; slaved away from childhood till the graveyard. Cursed be all our modern civilization wherever it thrived! It has pulled us up from within sublime mountains, rivers, farms, cattle, lakes, oceans, songbirds, and waterfalls, to shamefully successfully cage us in luxurious glass-façade headquarters, mortar and bricks all around. "See the smoke rising up the sky from that *modern metropolis* there! it's all because of its profitable firms, cars, trains, trash, dirt, heat, murder and rampage and all of that!" Cursed be the success of every civilization, be it in America, Japan, China, Russia or anywhere else! And blessed be the savanna Africans, native Americans, native Australians, even the Eskimo in the year-long ice-cold arctic where no car can drive by, aircraft fly, or railway lines dug on ground! Go someplace where there is a tree, a flower, a bird and a waterfall, and tell me what you feel during the road, once there, pure uncorrupted natural beauty all around! That's the Eden we left, haven't you realized that yet? The apple Adam ate was nothing

but an analogy for the civilizational bait! We suddenly learnt to craft civilizations; if only we hadn't learnt none of that! Materialism has been the snake all along! Is it necessary to build skyscrapers, submarines, aircraft carriers, nuclear bombs, tanks and helicopters? Cursed be those who said "yes;" demons of Satan all of them are! Which is better? To be a carpenter who farms, trips, plants, climbs, sings, dances, paints, loves and waters, or to be a suicidal CEO of the billion dollars Nature&Beauty.inc or even the goddamn lie of the UNESCO. Never trust those who were deprived of their humane essence, they can indeed indulge at any moment in suicide bombings, kamikaze, civil war or any of that! Truman laughed as he declared the Hiroshima and Nagasaki nukes to all the world! Such a display of pure cruelty unmatched. I am no defender of the then heinous colonial Japan, its military or emperor. I rather blame all of them, the axis and alliance alike for drawing us to their madness; innocent civilians who paid the price eventually on their behalf! Cursed be the winners and losers of all unjust wars; and blessed be Ghandi, Henry Thoreau, and anyone who abstained from such a plot! Do you really believe any of what I have just sketched out? Didn't I tell you to fuck off some pages ago? This is the gospel of Satan's boss; I might even warn you against Satan himself to get you trust me, and eventually destroy you from inside out! This might be the last warning you get. So blessed be those who just stopped and left now!

I am launching the most heinous vendetta against this luggage; this garbage. To hell with this morality; slave and master; servant and divine. Regardless of the theological dispute of its nature and existence, I am avenging myself. I am taking revenge

on every commandment I have ever held holy myself. My hope is to argue for hopelessness. My goal is to uncover the holy grail; the very blood of my unholiness. The world must know about my existence. The world must know about my imperfections. The world must know about my futility. The world must know about my accusation. The world must know about my crimes. The world must know about my guilt. And the world must know that there is absolutely no correction for me; no refuge; no pretext; no alibi; no excuse; no redemption and no salvation neither in this world nor in the next. You should know that throughout my attempt to comprehend myself, I have finished off almost empty-handed. In my essay to reveal all the self-deception and vices of mine, I only reach another level of self-deception and vices. I can't help but try to find some excuses for myself of how I have become who I am. All I could succeed in is to lay the foundation of my deceitful digest of everything I am constituted of; and of everything I have interacted with. First on the list are my beliefs; deeply ingrained creeds. If God exists, and he is omniscient, he must have known what an incredibly uncalculated move to have allowed the creation of a creature as futile as myself. By God I mean my God. The God I picture in my mind when the word is spoken. If there are five billion faithful people on the planet, all think they believe in the same God, then my estimates suggest that there are five billion Gods. Each person has a peculiar unique unmatched image of God in their mind, as well as everything else for that matter. That gives you as many images of God as there are people imagining. Now I am talking about my God. In my dynamic mind, nothing holds only one meaning once and for all. I keep

switching from believing in something as the most passionate believer does, all the way to absolutely doubting it. Then, I believe in it even more than before only to grow cynical about it, again, and again non-stop. I am the believer, the doubtful, the faithful, the cynical, and the unfaithful all combined and more and sometimes even less. I am extreme in everything; radical in every sense of the word; totally peaceful; completely hostile. I preach peace though I am genocidal. I really want to share hope though I am hopeless. I want to impress though there is nothing impressive about me. I want to flatter though I am ugly. I need love, and love I was denied; I strive for intimacy, and intimacy I was denied. I want gratification, and I can't be gratified. I want the best for people, genuinely, but I am envious. I found solace in music and art, but I grow jealous of musicians and artists; I suddenly hate the audience, the podium, and the music hall. I want to worship God, but my God I blame. I share my mystic revelation about the beautiful nature of creation and the creator, but deep down, it is absolutely nothing but another cheap attempt to get some satisfaction; either I want to reconcile with God though I doubt his all-forgiveness and mercy, never speak about his existence to begin with, or I desire to attract those mystics who would enjoy my company, my closeness. *I mean gorgeous mystic girls!*

I just want a mystic girl to be attracted to me before she realizes sooner or soonest I can neither satisfy her, nor satisfy myself, nor am I granted any form of satisfaction by any means anywhere anyhow. She will learn at the top of that how divorced from mysticism I am. I must be the most heinous mystic who has ever walked on dirt. It all comes down to one simple

phenomenon. If I look on the mirror, and I notice that my utmost ugliness is somehow reduced, either due to the angle, lightening, shades, my short-sightedness, the grown hair hiding my deformed skull, the large beard camouflaging my almost-nonexistent chin, or all of the above combined and more, I immediately switch to faith and mysticism; I even start *seeing* God. I instantly gain the courage to go out, experience and socialize. I would love people and they would love me back. The exact opposite happens, quite often, more often than not, I mean always, when I visit the barbershop, and he does what he is supposed to do to perfection: cut hair from here and there. I see my ugliness again, I hate him, his shop, and his ancestry, the neighborhood, the town all the way to the Milky WAY, the universe, God himself and all of that. I had covered my crooked essence with layers of fake morality. I also tried to cover my ugliness with layers of hair. See how a trivial shop as small as the barber's can be responsible for shifting my whole mood paradigm from absolutely faithful to absolutely cynical. Let's dive deep. Let's see how mystic I can get. Let's see how brilliant I am. Let's see how I sum up the whole story of creator and creation from the very beginning till the very end. This *gospel of Stan's* boss doesn't speculate or fantasize; he rather knows everything as he was there before it all began. Let's see how I try to hook up with mystic girls:

This world is fake

If God is in the sky, sitting on his throne, before him are his creations, heaven and hell and all of that, where the hell are we?

Also, if this universe is infinite, though it has a beginning, where

can God exist? There are no edges to infinity. He can't be outside it, neither can he be inside it. Where is HE?

Also, if God created everything, who actually created God Himself? And if we found that creator, who created him in turn?

Concerning the last one. It is the easiest. God created time. He is the timeless who created time. See why He is eternal. Time just doesn't apply in the divine realm. Time started with the Big Bang and will halt with the Big Crunch in this *material plane*. That's the whole story of spacetime and matter from beginning till the end. See why we will also be eternal after this material spacetime-bound material universe? We'll be transferred to the world of the Truth. The Truth is God. We will be in the divine realm where no time applies. God is the first without precedence and the last without limit.

Concerning the second one, God is boundless. He isn't material. All we know about his Divinity is that it is Nourani. The only thing resembling that in our world is light. What does light do? Light has the capacity to enlighten everything it touches. You can't hold it. It is not material. It is immaterial. Yet, we see it and see everything it touches. Light makes what is unseen, seen. By analogy, God resides within those who appear before Him; who indeed welcome Him. They feel His divinity within. They don't look out for Him in the sky. That for children and NASA to do. They feel the joy of his presence in them even if they are blind, deaf, and mute. "And worship thy Lord until there comes unto you the certainty." The unlucky ones see certainty after death. The lucky ones see Him while

alive and they wouldn't trade that feeling and presence with anything under the sun. They feel the divine presence within. In us there is a blow from his divine spirit. That blow that made us conscious of ourselves, the world, morality, and most of all HIM. " And we are indeed closer to him than the jugular vein." He is within you everywhere. Nothing can be closer than that even your heart.

Last, where is God and the hereafter? Well, God created this world through the Word. He said " be" and there it was. Each word is a set of letters. Each letter is the apparent image of a digital code. These very words you are reading right now are sets of 1s and 0s being processed to take this comprehensible image form. You wouldn't understand a set of numbers, but you can understand words. This is why God taught Adam the words. Without words there would have been no meaning, no morality, neither creation. This whole world of ours is a giant matrix of numbers processed divinely to take a material form; a comprehensible form. Never noticed the atomic numbers next to every element in the periodic table? All elements are but numbers. The whole universe consists of elements. It follows logically that the whole universe is but mere numbers. God is everywhere and everything else is information being divinely processed.

Didn't I tell you this world is fake?

Now, is there among you a mystic gorgeous faithful insane girl who fell in love with me? Blessed be the girls who said "no way thank you"; and cursed be you if you fathomed "Yes, here I am." I want you all to love me, but love I was denied. I have

learnt to do without. Blessed be those who find love in sane people; and cursed be those who fall in insane love. Just remember, love is a wonderful feeling before she accepts; once accepted, it loses all meaning, what a boring serve! To stay in love, never accept his offer my lady, keep the suspense going and the bitter tension on. He himself subconsciously wants you to keep it long. Jealousy is the fuel of passionate longing, if you delete it, where has the heartfelt passion gone? "Look! We are just done." Which is more acutely cute, a blessed secured wife or a cursed dubious mistress's satanic laugh? We know the answer both. What is forbidden is more appealing, and if allowed, it quickly fades away before it dies out. Rituals we all need and hidden crimes. We don't sacrifice to be saved by gods or nature, what a lie! We sacrifice to feel criminal, guilty, sinful, and outlawed. This is the deepest urge inside most of us deny. Only the serial killers have the courage to act them out. Also, suicide bombings are divinely part of that. The rest accuse serial killers and terrorists, because they dared to declassify our covert essential barbaric nature; a secret knowledge should have never been leaked out. Serial killers and warmongers are indeed so honest, and brave enough to pay the price. Our accusation and the whole justice system is but a show to console each other out, "we are so civil, peaceful and innocent, don't you think we all are?" The whole sacrifice rituals began before the Abrahamic scrolls. They were ingrained in us even before Adam's fall. A wonderful story of our origin we collectively invented; angels and demons, Satan and God. We all blame Satan for it, "he was the one who tempted our innocent father and mother to expel them out from Eden and all of that." It's been a long time; we

have forgotten that Satan was indeed engraved in all of us. A paradise we designed and painted, so marvelous and sublime it was. A piece of art covering all our imaginations' landscape from our deepest fears, oblivion, to fine taste, passion all the way to good vs evil archetypes. I have passed your social norms, childish morality, all redlines, cheap acting and all of that. I am indeed a criminal, sadistic, and a fine proud psychopath. These are the only terms I found in your glossary, there is much unexpressed as no accurate medium between us I found. Will I attempt to question or change the mythology and religions your ingenious ancestors beautifully carved? With all my insanity, I can only aspire to unravel their mystery and sublime cruelty. They were indeed more intelligent than I am. Religions speak to the reality of our core being; they frankly stated our yearning for blood and mud. Either launch a massive genocide or seek divine martyrdom to feel the peace inside. Besides, claiming one's religion is all peaceful is but an ignorant tasteless act. A religion without crime! Read romantic comedy to feel satisfied, you are just not qualified. Tragedy, pain, horror, and terror are strictly enjoyed by an honest lion roar. Rabbits seek peace and comedy, but brave lions like them not. The test of humanity is to tragically grapple with its nature, and fully genuinely realize how extraordinarily cruel it is while being benevolent at the same time; not to naively claim it's all moral and fine. There is no such a thing as innocence; case rested and sealed off! You find a human being who in order to save forty boys and girls caught in a burning school; jumps right into fire to evacuate all of them before he dies in the final blast. What a wonderful act of sacrifice! Another human being kidnaps forty boys and girls;

rapes all of them before he finally murders and buries them in the outskirts of a graveyard at midnight. What a *wonderful* act of human sacrifice! Inside of us we have these two completely antagonistic characters. Those who fool themselves to be only innocent are the ones most likely to end up digging up the graves in the aforementioned mass slaughter graveyard burying one child after the other. Self-deception and self-righteousness have been the fuel to a lot of homicides and genocides. One has to do their best to analyze themselves by themselves before they can see clearly their core being naked on the mirror. Only then can they be able to act right despite being guilty. This whole memoir is just about me and just about you!

There are plenty of corrosive myths which subject plenty of people to terrible pre-traumatic stress disorders; much worse than the already known PTSD. One of such myths which does this par excellence is the soulmate folktale. The assumption underlying this one is the irrational rampant belief that we are each meant for somebody per se. Edward meets Suzan who qualifies tragically for his preset fictitious criteria which he set by himself without my council or permission. Six months forward Suzan also realizes how spectacularly unmatched Edward is. They both come to the horrible conclusion: "We are lucky for having found each other. Soulmates we are indeed." Then some stupid incident happens in a basement in Guatemala whose butterfly effects ripples thousands of miles away till it reaches Suzan on Instagram. Suzan suddenly ponders how Edward was fooling her all the damn time. "You said you were in the basement painting yesterday, didn't you? You think I'm stupid you idiot" Suzan shouts at poor Edward. "What does

that have anything to do with anything?" Edward honestly thinks while being shocked. They delete each other on Instagram. They break up. Edward believes he will never find someone as wonderful as Suzan in Australia. He had only one soulmate in the whole universe and he didn't keep her. "I will never be happy again; this life ain't fair." At midnight past half, Edward stares at the starry night with tears running rivers down his cheeks from the roof of the skyscraper where he lives. He jumps off the roof. Suzan never hears of him again. What the fuck is this mythical story of soulmates anyways? I ask now. If the person is striving to be the best decent version of themselves, then whoever comes their way is lucky; and those who don't shouldn't care at all. If a so-called soulmate leaves you once and for all, then so be it. Your decent noble character should be preserved; that's the only asset you had better never lose or even compromise. It is the only essence one can't afford losing; it is just irreplicable. You just don't know what wonderful people might indeed come your way in a hospital in Almeria or sitting right in the corner table in a relatively poorly managed café in Melbourne. Wake the fuck up; erase the mental myths imprisoning you psychologically since you were born. Fucking soulmates they said! Once I was having a beer when I suddenly saw a soulmates valley coming through the door. They were from Holland to be honest. They are way more gorgeous than any sick megalomaniac in Silicon Valley in San Francisco and its outskirts.

God has never done anything bad to me, no. I mean the God of other people. I am blaming my image of God, destiny and all my creed. I am taking revenge from myself. I am destroying

myself. I have always been a liability to everyone. I have always been too much trouble to everything and everyone. You want to demolish a household, invite me; you want perversion to spread to your mind, talk to me; you want absolute doubt to be seeded in your subconscious, read me; you want to die out, have a relationship with me. You want students to be corrupted, give me a classroom, appoint me a teacher. I am the one who would try to seduce his beautiful female students while disguising myself as if I genuinely care about their wellbeing. Since I saw myself for who I am actually in reality, and not the person I wanted to believe I was, I have gone full scale scorched-earth policy on all my virtues. They are mine, so they should be cursed. They must be worse than people's vices. I have blamed my *nasty* virtues for dragging me to the dungeon of insanity and perversion. It was my virtues which constituted *the parallel unreality* in which I have lived all my life. I had acted the funny innocent saint all my life. What I thought was my essence turned out to be a mere cheap act. I have never been a person; I have always been an actor. The best actor indeed. You wouldn't think I was acting, neither would I. I played the role of my person so brilliantly that I succeeded in believing it myself. God himself couldn't have convinced me otherwise.

I am not a narcissistic. I am the *Narvist*. Most of my life I had thought I was admired for my qualities; my virtues; my excellence. If anyone criticized me, I would interpret their gesture as weak jealousy. I was the most intellectually-sophisticated sharp-minded brilliant person in the room—soon in the world. I had grasped the deepest ideas nobody could ever spot. You could trick the world, not me. I was too intelligent to

be misled, deluded or challenged. “You think that would fool a Corleone?” If I tried to be funny and you laughed, I would love you; I would love myself for being humorous. But if –God forbid – you somehow didn’t find me funny; or worse, you dared to find me lame; I would curse the day you were born; the day I was born; the day Adam was created; point blank of the Big Bang and what caused it; heavens and earth and all the between and beyond that. I had been the center of everything; I was divinely prepared for something great; a mission if handled by anybody else would definitely be doomed. I was the man for the job; the job of advancing the world to the best. I was the chosen one. I was Neo and Morpheus combined. I unraveled the truth by myself and the one to erase the fake veil around it. How can I accept being the opposite of all those hopes now? How can swallow being the antithesis of everything I thought I was? How can such a thing be allowed in this fine-tuned universe? Sane balanced people take virtues for what they are: the best human qualities the person should incorporate to be the best versions of themselves. But virtues of acutely insane unbalanced corrupt individuals as myself are worse than vices. Beware of me. Cursed be the ground I stepped onto; doomed are those whom I pass by. You are still reading! You have come this far! You think yourself brave enough to resist me; dodge the blows and all of that. Poisonous seeds I have already planted in your mind by now! You should have left long ago! I fatal scarlet line you have crossed; there is just no going back from now on!

Virtues have been my subliminal manual to keep my dignity in the world without exposing myself. They are the safest way of

staying at large, not behind bars. Tangible steel bars of a prison cell are tough on the prisoner. Unseen social bars walled around you by society are much worse on even the free. Which is worse, being imprisoned legally, or being completely isolated alienated stigmatized socially? The imprisoned can be freed or pardoned, but the isolated has no such hopes. I can't help but pass myself as the sincerest individual; the brutally honest; the harshest person on himself; the one who bears his own sins and those of everyone else. The messiah who allows his own crucifixion to redeem you all. The heartbreaking heroic tale in a brutal tragedy. I crave people's admiration, love and reverence more than any hedonistic gratification. Actually, I am a champion of hedonism, but I don't have the physical and psychological means to satisfy myself as I said. I have found myself in a place where there is no alternative to being a hero of some sort. When I couldn't handle the most basic responsibilities like being in shape and hardworking in my job, I strived to disguise my weakness and laziness through advancing some more worthwhile cause; the most worthwhile cause; that is the cause of justice.

I championed the stoic cardinal virtues of justice, temperance, wisdom and courage. I had unique access to humanity's heritage; to divine scrolls and philosophers' chronicles. You can't expect me to just go about in the world admitting how much of a loser I was. I needed a narrative to sell to people. I needed a story to keep suspicions away from me; to go off the radar. Most of all, I needed a *redeeming account* to keep myself functional and sane. I needed to find myself at the mountaintop without climbing; I needed to be the captain without playing; I

needed to be the commander-in-chief without fighting. I wanted to be the center of everyone's attention without deserving it. I was a megalomaniac in modest clothes. I was a psychopath in humane shape; I was Cain playing Able. I was the devil playing the archangel Gabriel. I have never been normal. I am sick. I mean I am sickening. I have always been like that. I have never been normal. I have never been balanced in any shape or form. Thanks to my defensive mechanisms, I spent my life feeding myself a story that has no bearing whatsoever on my nature, neither on reality. I genuinely believed myself to be chaste, patient, knowledgeable, charismatic, modest, faithful, brave, *plain-looking*, and generous. I despised those who envy people; or so I thought. I sympathized with those who envy me. They were indeed destroying themselves. While I was busy working on my cause, they were so paralyzed by my sheer excellence and qualities to the point where they just fainted. They couldn't take it. I would pray for them to get over it; to accept it and move on; to work on themselves to be the best version they could possibly be. I would pray for others more than I would for myself; I was altruistic. I already had everything I ever wanted and more. There was nothing left to pray for. I was divinely guided to the best of all possible worlds. "Without altruism, life would be so mean." So, I was the bravest, the most faithful, the most altruistic hero. If I carried myself properly in this world, my logic went, I would get the most favorable eventualities. The whole universe would conspire to compensate the person who carried the heaviest of all loads; the responsibility of advocating justice and making sure it is applied even if the price is their

own demise. Those were the best virtues a human being could possibly incorporate. I was the most passionate proponent of faith, stoicism, epicureanism, and existentialism all combine and much more. I was the only one who distilled all God's wisdom from the very beginning till the very end. I even analyzed, detailed and described in no ambiguous terms God's nature and creation which himself wasn't eloquent enough to articulate to his archangels, mystics, prophets and all of those. Had I been the author of the so-called "Holy Books", I would have done a spectacularly better job as far as morality and the fine taste of art are concerned. A piece of sublime moral literature unmatched covering all the spectrum from sheer wickedness to glorious nobility all while not trying to convince anyone that they are by default just fine. It would have taken me less than a year to compose A TESTAMENT that would have never failed to appeal to anyone anywhere. Even staunch sharp-minded atheists would have had a suit in my paradise should they abide by my commandments which they can't themselves deny.

Back to *only innocent me*, I wouldn't stop telling people dramatic stories of how faith prevails over nihilism; how hope defeats pessimism; how good reigns high over evil. I was a fluent storyteller. I was eloquent. I was well-articulated. At the end, that's all I had been all my life. A damn storyteller; nothing more, everything less. I was the farthest one from the morality I preached. Hypocrite doesn't have enough connotation to express how divorced I had been from my statements. I never walked my talk. I always opted for the easiest path; the most convenient shortcut. I anticipated I was too excellent to follow the path taken by others. I didn't have too. Let everyone fight

over a prize already preordained for me. Let everyone notice how futile was their attempt to defeat someone like me. Once I realized how corrupt I actually am, I started taking pleasure in sin, not because of its temptation and glamorous, neither lustful appeal. No; that I tried before; I mean that I was unable to do before. I failed even at being sinful. I sin now to reach the exact opposite of transcendence; the very bottom of the bottomless pit of degradation; the essence of *immorality and sheer evil*. What a sight to break every respectable virtue known to humanity? What a feeling to be the center of evil? You push the barrier to the fullest end to experience the euphoria of being the curse; the malediction; the bitter antonym of honesty, dignity and integrity. Masochism. Psychopathy. Incest. Cuckoldry. Peeping tom.

Do you know the metamorphosis I had to undergo to admit I am actually a masochistic pervert after all the self-righteous self-deception I had been feeding myself day in and day out since my adolescence at least? Can you even picture for a moment how a horrific nightmare to be in? what if that nightmare is an eternal hard reality? This is who I am. I can't change who I am. This is not a behavioral dilemma; this is an ontological reality. Changing a rocky dark planet to a shining star is easier than changing the essence of who I am. I have no power over this. It is too late. Forget about the myth of "it's never too late." I am corrupt but not naïve; no longer. I am in the best position to diagnose naivety. And I am in the worst position to change myself. The world doesn't wait for me to catch up. The world has no empathy for someone like me. The world has no sympathy for an ugly corrupt pervert; and it shouldn't have; it

mustn't. Cursed be anyone who dares to understand, sympathize, or worse, forgive me.

This clear picture of myself wasn't fully articulated from the day I was born. The worst day you can imaginably contemplate was the day I was born. There when all corruption started, and it will never end. There is no chance for this feeling to halt; for my grudge to be fully satisfied until I finish off my task. My goal is to show the world the generations-fed lie of virtue and morality that has been going on since the dawn of humanity. I can't emphasize this enough. I blame my virtues for driving me insane. They had been the foundation upon which I had consciously and subconsciously built my self-deception; my temple on the mountaintop. Without the lie of virtues, I would have been in a much better place to take the world for what it is: "a mean place where survival is granted to the most powerful, to the fittest." Virtues are cheap defensive mechanisms furnishing us with solace where there is actually none. They are the ones behind the whole comfort zone business. Why bother competing when humility is also a worthwhile virtue? Why bother being in shape when peacefulness, and turning the other cheek is even the best of virtues? Why bother falling in love when chastity is a prophetic trait? I was born in a conservative faithful god-fearing household. "Morals are far superior to wealth and power" I was told. "You can't gamble your way to heaven. Cursed be Pascal's wager and all of that. That's a straight gate to hell in this world and the hereafter. You have to be the morality-abiding servant of God. You can't trade the eternal hereafter life with this damn earthly one. This life isn't worth even a mosquito's wing. Why would God lie to us? If he

said so, it must be true.” Religion helps a lot as long as it doesn’t interfere with your perception of reality. Creed is indeed necessary to be steadfast; to bear hardship; to keep your dignity; to die in honor. But that’s genuine creed and faithfulness, not my versions of them. The riskiest wager one could play in his life, to completely shatter his life, is to see life through the religious lens of mine.

Put your destiny on the hands of a totally random causal-free roulette dealer, and the chances of you coming out of the game sane is less than those of winning a lottery ticket. Have you ever played Russian roulette a thousand times? That’s the game I have played all my life, and of course my sanity I lost. I lost my ability to enjoy any pleasure. I lost my ability to sustain life. My life has long become the worst nightmare I keep waking up to. I complained to God and everyone about the hell I am living, but they can’t help; they just can’t. No one can protect me from myself. No one can intervene to quiet the loud never-stopping nerve-wrecking noise in my head. There is no way to stop the hammer from cracking my skull. My brain veins are exploding with pressure. I have engineered for myself the worst prison there is; a prison nobody sees; the warden and the guards are the worst. There is no parole in such a prison; no amnesty to be granted; no game to busy your mind with, as my mind is itself the prison, the warden and guards; sadistic sodomites are surrounding me, I can neither escape nor fight all of them by myself. Drugs are the best psychiatrists tried to heal me with; even they couldn’t solve the major problem, neither the minor one indeed. How I wish I hadn’t been born! How I wish I had died when I went into coma when I was six years old! How I

hate those doctors who saved my cursed life. Is it really moral to save someone who attempts suicide? How immoral to keep someone suffering just because you think it is the moral thing to do? Conscience is behind the misery of a lot of people, especially those who wish to die and those who had better die. Why keep a suicidal ugly megalomaniac crazy person in such a perpetual state when it is possible to relieve them of such agony once and for all? They should have let me check out when that golden event happened. They have done the best professionally; the worst morally. Welcome to my morality. Self-pity is a vice; a major one indeed. I am passed all that as I said. I jumped off the vice fence to the other terrain; a terrain where even vice is not so bad.

Scientists have calculated that for anyone of us to be alive, there had to happen an almost infinite number of sheer coincidences dictated by the very tiny probability of our ancestry surviving spectacularly brutal odds; never to mention the one out of billions chance my fatherly sperm would crash my motherly egg. My sperm won the most ferocious race of survival even before I was aware of the prize; the prize of being a conscious somebody; anybody; the prize of being me. It follows logically that I was lucky. We should make the most of this unparallel incident in universal history. And I have been making the most of it. How ironical is such hypothesis? How satiric is the attempt of projecting one's perception unto others? "Life is beautiful despite all" said somebody somewhere as if I care. Everyone should keep their damn philosophy to themselves. They have no right to share that with me. If you enjoy the damn party, don't obsess over it; don't insist that everyone should enjoy it.

Though I am incapable of happiness, I am happy that you are enjoying it; I envy you; I really do. But don't dare to feel happy about me. This means you are happy about my unhappiness. This means my wretchedness makes you happier. This means you gloat over my misery. My misfortune is from where you derive your own fortune. I am ugly so that the good-looking realizes how blessed they are. I am crazy so that the sane thanks God for their sanity. I am impotent so that real men flex their muscles. I am hypocrite so that the honest stays humble. I am the disbeliever whom the believer curses. My poverty is the threshold to everyone's wealth. My indignity is what keeps people dignified. My meaninglessness provides ample meaning to everyone else. My demise is everyone's triumph. Humanity needs a reference to measure its success. I am the unbalanced reference which keeps others stable. The worst curse I can project unto any one is "May you be like me." There is nothing imaginably even close to that. Just keep believing the nonsense I have been saying all along; by now, whether you believe my words or not at all, you have already been drawn to the calamity; you will doubt every creed you once held divine; dubious suspicions will attack your soul and mind; you can no longer escape me whether awake or asleep at night; even your dreams I can reach; I will turn every beautiful dream of yours to gruesome nightmares; you will be distrustful of your friends, family, supposed to be innocent soulmates, ethics and morality, even your almighty God and all of that! See the game you have played when you opened this gospel of mine! I don't convince you of anything; I just plant evil seeds and let you water the rest on your own. See now how blessed are those who escaped

longtime ago! Even if you want to warn your loved ones against grappling with what I say; they are no longer loved ones and you can't escape preaching my word. You have been recruited as a saint in my *metademonic* religion; you will die holding my unholy torch and flag in the battlefield on my side whether you like it or not!

Once I was officially declared insane, I have gathered enough wrath to avenge myself against all those remotely or directly responsible for my spectacular scandalous agonizingly painful demise. My God didn't take my permission to invite me to this party of his, neither did he bother to cater for me; even the most basic stuff. What about being average at everything? What about being strong enough to handle my ugliness? What about being good-looking enough to be myself without paying heart-tearing attention to people's disgust at my face, at my sight, at my being since my childhood? And let's face it. Why would he bother? There have been above a hundred billion homosapiens since this whole cursed business of ours began. If a minority despises the offer, there is still a majority who finds creation to be worthwhile. Who said that the majority should enjoy it either? Who said that I particularly must enjoy it? Even if the majority hates having been born, there would still be a minority who shows their genuine love for the creator, creation and themselves. As you have seen, I even do that myself sometimes for my purposes and all of that. What if nobody ever enjoyed even one second of their ill-fated life on this doomed planet? Who can question God? By now, even if you happen to be a staunch pessimistic atheist, it must have been perceived even for a tiny bit that what I am now laying as arguments are in

essence but a mere attempt of blaming the divine for everything that has happened to me. This is but another scandalous blasphemous cheap way of absolving myself of all responsibility vis-à-vis my self-inflected tragedy. You are definitely absolutely right. Isn't it true that everyone is accountable to an extent for everything that happens to them, and to everybody else? Let's remove everybody else. Who can rule out the truth of the statement which says that we are all responsible one way or the other for how we have played our role in this world; for how we played the cards we have been dealt; for how we carried ourselves? Maybe we are responsible. No; not maybe; we are actually responsible. There is no chance I am innocent. There is no such thing as innocence. I am pleading guilty to all this mess of mine before humanity and God himself. My world is the result of my dishonest work; of my façade virtues, hidden sins, and deviant traits. Even virtues themselves had been laid out by prophets and philosophers to justify my existence. "There is a chance you can make this work despite your true nature," they whisper. There is a way to transcendence they say; to tranquility and peace. False hopes they have all given me. What works for humanity fails when applied to me. I am a fallen creature. I don't know about the fable of Eden and its application, but I am a fallen creature. I have made it my life's mission to destroy the temple I have once held holy. Don't get me wrong, you will realize at some point that, given my circumstances, I have done my fair share to build the temple myself. Ahh sorry, I guess I already told you that. But if you genuinely fed yourself the story of being one of the temple builders, the best freemason, and all of sudden it falls on you,

and everyone blames you for it. “You didn’t do the job appropriately you bastard” everyone shouts. They even dare to say it to my face: “Did you really think you can build that phenomenal cathedral without laying a solid foundation first? What a wasteful mass of flesh and soul you must be. Damn you and all you have ever stood for. We have warned you long time ago against your deeds. You wouldn’t listen you rascal. God whom you claimed to be loyal to has Himself shown the world who you have been in reality all along. You thought you could fool God by your acting you piece of shit. Get away from us; your calls we will never answer back; your name we will be erased; your history is but a misery. Cursed be the womb which brought you to our world. May the Lord punish you even more.” In such state of affairs, in such moral qualms, would it still be taken an offensive stance on my part to light fire upon the ruins of the temple? Wouldn’t you try hard to change the godly ornaments, the apostles and saints’ drawings, with that of demons and the devil himself? Maybe the most secure way to be the devil, is to try your best being an angel first. Did I already say that? Never mind; just making sure the seeds are there in your mind. Once you realize for the first time that it had all been in vain; that it had all been a scrupulous sense of entitlement, then there is absolutely nothing to stop you from murdering everything, tangible or abstract, which has had anything to do with what you once aimed for; with what you once tried to be; with what you once believed you were; with what you once genuinely were: a mere naïve ugly disgusting self-delusional impotent lustful fool. Blessed be those who indeed cursed me. They have never been wrong. No more blessings shall unfold

from now on! Maybe I will for other purposes of mine you will never be able to know!

God didn't create me, at least as I perceive myself. God himself couldn't have crafted such wretched soul. When you put the devil to shame with your actions and ideas, you know how spectacularly impossible to create or couch who you are. We are too weak to bear the crime of killing God as Nietzsche rightly fathomed. We can't bear existence without a solid foundation that answers all our existential questions. We are unable to live without the Truth. Humans are incapable of living doubtfully. And doubt I have indeed planted in your heart. We can't accept randomness to be in charge of our destiny. This is why you find the most heinous criminals—those who are not loyal to their nature-- still hanging a cross necklace; having God and Mary tattooed on their chest and forearms. Even the *worst* of us can't live without the Truth. We had to create God, morality, archangels, Satan and demons alike. These are all archetypal figures we have collectively structured from time immemorial. We had no choice, no alternative. That was the best move on the chessboard of existence, and we collectively did it. We created something more complex than the universe. We created the creator of the universe and his commencements: morality. It was the wisest move given our shock at the horrifying thrownness we found ourselves forcibly submerged in. Even after I lost my sanity, faith and all of those self-delusions, I still can't grapple with the idea of being on my own. My pride and self-perceived worth stop me from imagining being neglected; from being thrown here in this world without some kind of omniscient omnipotent all-caring merciful creator watching

over me; protecting me; guiding me; redeeming me; saving me; and granting me eventually what I want: peace. And peace I have been denied. During the peak of my self-delusions, I would sacrifice my king to save others' pawns. I would lose intentionally to make others feel proud of themselves. They would laugh at my stupidity; I would agree and attempt to shake their hands; the rascals would refuse to greet me back. Now, their kings, queens, bishops, knights, rooks, and goddamn pawns will all be guillotined in my altar all blood and fire around. If I lose now, I just make sure they trust more. People only trust those who are dumber than themselves; they hate everyone who is more intelligent and capable than themselves even they happened to be their so-called soulmates, but they play the virtues card. Cursed be those who trust me who think they have won even if I lost. Welcome to my atrocious bloody chessboard where no piece can survive.

What a horrible enterprise of being in the middle of nowhere left on your own with such a mind-boggling cataclysm. Nature can be so harsh that even hell becomes not so bad an alternative. Being psychologically tormented no-stop for eternity isn't that benign pick even against hell itself. There is even nothing to save you from this corrosive likelihood; the likelihood of opening your eyes only to see a different world. Haven't you noticed? It just happened now! Each blink of an eye takes you to a different plane in the divine matrix but you will never know. I know because I see from behind the unknown! Everything is orchestrated before my eyes, a brutal game indeed! You were fine, and now you aren't. Are you really sure that you were fine even for a second in the past? Are you

really sure that you are really happy now? Isn't what you now feel and think is but a mere illusion; a fantasy in your skull. Are you really sure about the authenticity of your existence and the existence of the world around? When you are dreaming, you don't call it dreaming until you wake up. You need a more solid reference to judge another experience. You always need a standard against which every experience of yours is measured. What if your whole life is but a matrix screwing with a software called consciousness giving you the assumption of a unique human being? What if we had actually no will, no freedom to ever change anything for the better? We absolutely have the will to blow up everything, but I question our ability to enhance our experience. Are the people around us real human beings who really get what we refer to, or are they soulless illusions acting in the theatre of our own imagination? You can never be sure of this. There is absolutely no way. You would have to be omniscient to achieve any resemblance of that. And even then, you can never get away from questioning the originality of your own perceived omniscience. Your omniscience can be another ploy employed so meticulously by the matrix. Is the matrix itself self-aware? Does it have a purpose? Who knows? Who can answer such questions? Who gets to distinguish between vice and virtue? Who gets to decide on the fine line between good and evil? Who can even demonstrate that such a thing as good and evil actually exist? Of course there is a pragmatic utility to morality. But does it exist outside of us? On what basis? This is philosophy for dummies. I am a dummy philosopher; the craziest one indeed. *I am the matrix itself.* You will never get away from me however hard you try. You have laid all your cards on

the poker table before me, but mines you will never see.

“If I were you, I would have done this and that, not these,” your best friend suggests. The most absurd of arguments, cheap advices, are these hypothetical ones. I despise those who dare to utter them; I despise more those who listen. It is the listener who allows the speaker to continue freestyling all while believing they are right. You have never been in my shoes you bastard! Neither can I be in yours. *Keep on believing me I actually can!* Neither can anybody in anybody’s. You have never accumulated the infinite psychological, perceptual, physiological, genetic, socio-cultural, emotional variables that constitute who I *think* I am. People never understand what I say. There is an immense gap I can’t fill between myself and the other. I try to explain how I perceive life, but that I absolutely can’t. I can’t explain it to even myself. There is no way I am comprehensive even to the most depth psychologist. *That seed has been declared functioning alright!* See how I tried to describe this method with which I sold to people that I am actually a good person corrupted by sin trying to correct himself. I wanted people to really believe that I am not the rumors about me; that “I am not a despicable crazy individual; I am just a sane person surviving through hard times. I am not a coward. I am not a pervert. I am not a stupid person. Though I am ugly, I am a genius. All that has happened to me was for a reason. God purified me through hardship. I have to go through all that shame to better understand myself and help others do the same. My sufferings were divinely orchestrated for a reason.” With such ugly nonsense I would try my best to impress others with whatever I could. As I am genuinely a wasteful creature, I found

I could talk and write. I would endeavor to show my wisdom. People should read what I write. I would share my ideas with all the people I know; the people I need their admiration the most; I would wait in pain for the likes and comments on my social media accounts before they were all rightly suspended for good. The devil's boss has social media accounts! *I am actually behind the social media mental virus from Instagram, TikTok to Snapchat. So excellent a digital weapon to ruin people's lives it turned out! A lot of people would have escaped suicide had I not have an access to their phones in their homes at night.* I had no other way to gratify myself given my wretched existence. I wanted it mostly from girls; beautiful ones in particular. No beautiful girl would accept such a weak manic ugly person as myself for a boyfriend, so maybe they might like me through my ideas; through my depth. I wanted them to believe I am spectacularly eloquent. Rare are those who could taste the beauty of my depth. Let me say it frankly as I am high now on cannabis. Why do I need you to read my writings? "We want you to better your life" writers say. "We want to share wisdom for the betterment of the world." Don't believe writers. Don't believe what I said about writers either. This "*helping others*" mythology is a shame on the forehead of those who champion it. I left all that garbage behind. You know the odds of anybody reading something I am writing now are mathematically speaking one out of a seventeen trillion. This is a cannabis-calculated probability; it might be less, and I couldn't care less if it was more. I was officially declared crazy people! Nobody will ever take me seriously again. I have absolutely no skill to apply; no utility whatsoever. If I was a boss, and a wretched creature as myself came into my office, I

would immediately throw him out the window. Even the judiciary system would come to the conclusion that that was the best course to take. I would go free for killing myself. No beautiful girl would ever hear a word from me. And if she was crazy enough to lend an ear to me, cursed be the ear she lent. I can't be healthy or wealthy as I am a junky. I can't be healthy because I am a delusional megalomaniac. I am writing my memoir for one purpose only: "there is no one who can sketch out the hell gate to insanity better than me. Just let them try!" This is the brand-new lie I have come up with to fool others all along. But the truth of it deep down is that I genuinely believe that the best healing method in the universe for anybody suffering psychological torments is through art; and it dawned on me that writing is indeed spectacularly the finest of arts. This memoir doesn't sell you anything, it is rather a method of self-therapy you can try on your own. Cursed be those who believe the devil's boss when he is sober, even more when he is high. The devil's boss high on cannabis! Have we missed a meeting or what?

I have done my best to disguise myself as virtuous noble man, but I was exposed publicly for everyone to see and laugh. I disappointed all the few people who ever had any trust in me. I pleaded guilty to insanity and moral corruption before the court of public consciousness and conscience. I am also narcissist. I am starving for people's attention. I want you to admire my memoir. I am trying now. When people are high, they speak their heart more than they do when they are sober. Have you seen the confession scene of pilot Whitaker in the movie "Flight"? Chances are he wouldn't have dared to confess about

his alcoholism if he hadn't been drunk already. We all feel some moral obligation to confess our sins. We all dream of getting some sense of relief once having confessed. We are all dreaming of something that doesn't exist. We are dreaming of *serenity*. I have felt it some two times the past thirty years. But you know, how can I be sure about the authenticity of any memory if I don't trust the present moment itself.

Doubt is a terrible temperament; creed is what people need. A false creed is pragmatically way more useful than a truthful doubt. No religion makes logical sense; that's not their purpose. Their realm is outside of logic. They are neither logical nor illogical; they are non-logical. Religions' purpose is to keep people sane and functional. They don't necessarily have to make logical sense for them to work. They have indeed worked without needing any logic at all. A prophet walking on water; others believe he is God; he created his mother which in turn gave birth to him; another rode a winged horse up to heaven, he met the prophets and angels, saw hell and paradise and all of that. Some claim to be the chosen people; the rest should be their obedient slaves. Gautam declared it's been void all along. Have you seen any shred of logic in all of that? Religions will continue working until humanity develops to some new consciousness threshold where they become no longer afraid of death or afraid of life. I am no longer afraid of none. They will need to be no longer humans to pass religions. Is that a good thing? That's left for the millions of years to come to be answered. Maybe the post-homosapiens will look back to this age and laugh. What will have made laugh is also beyond me. Will they be capable of laughing and loving at all? How futile is

the attempt of ridiculing others' religions and beliefs based on logic! Does logic push people to sacrifice themselves for the innocent? Does logic spring love to your life? Can logic heal the spiritually-drained, the alienated in agonizing pain? Can logic command the person to testify before a hostile court for the innocence of a wrongly accused person even if the consequence is their own crucifixion? Is logic behind the goosebumps you feel when you watch a wonderful drama or cry upon listening to a heavenly song "Spirt lead Me" or "One More Light"? Where is logic in painting Mona Lisa and Starry night? Was it logic behind the Laocoön and His Sons or Gian Lorenzo Bernini sculptures, Wat Rong Khun in Chiang Rai or The Temples of Abu Simbel? Once humanity relied on logic to architect everything humane, it necessarily eradicated all its humane side altogether; *Man the unknown* and all of that. What a fatal intended mistake. There when civilization defeated culture; mind reigned high over heart. Which is more real? The material world with all its treasures, or to be relieved of pain? Aren't pain, love and passion more real than reality itself? Which is more solid, hard objective reality or invisible subjective truth? Leave people alone if they are happy regardless of their beliefs; please just leave them the fuck alone. Killing man is less cruel than depriving him of his consoling creed. How I wish I had been faithful! How I wish I had any creed! How I wish my doubt was light enough to be conquered by my former beliefs! Blessed be those who know their limit and just shut up when the truth is about to be spoken; and cursed be those who prepare their stupid answers before an amazing question is asked.

Concerning the story of evolution, Darwin was actually a spectacular ingenious nerd. He opened the door to genealogy concerning the descent of man. There was the missing link of how it all began minus cell. Darwin himself had no idea concerning how the first living cell came about. He didn't even have clue how grotesquely intricately complex a cell actually is. However, this doesn't discredit him in any shape or form. He ushered in a new biological paradigm where species no longer had to be created one by one. The creation element is still necessarily there if there remains no plausible explanation of how the story of living organisms unfolded from dead matter. A giant leap of faith atheists themselves have had to take to surpass the unsurpassable immense gap between dead matter and living organisms. See why genuine agnosticism is far a superior stance to atheism as far as objective assessment is concerned!

Anyways, thanks to his majesty Darwin, we somehow no longer needed to materially travel the journey from heaven to earth as holy books proposed. We have been only in this material plane from genesis till we fade away and die out. I couldn't buy the Abrahamic traditions to be historic accounts of what happened. God, if he exists, being the staunch agnostic I am, can't undermine himself to the point where he becomes a mere historian. That's no way to narrate how it all unfolded to humanity. Do you really expect God almighty to reveal: " And there was the clan selected for the soul. Homo erectus was the kind best matching the needed profile on planet earth. There I encrypted the soul code and installed it in the DNA sequence of the first to be declared homo sapiens couple. I refer to them

henceforth in my chronicles as Adam and Eve." Is this really a brilliant way to reveal a divine word? Which medium overwhelms you the most, a detailed objective documentary or a fine artistic drama which uses symbolism, allegory, sublime settings, mystery, tension and suspense? God, should he exist, is rather an artist not a historian. Actually, the time has come to reveal to the world what is written in the Abrahamic Scrolls in my possession no one has ever seen. They are still looking for them in Qumran those Israeli and British covert archeologists. I have taken them before you long time ago. The truth can't be found by those who conceal and change every evidence tragically essential to humanity. Secret knowledge at your disposal you think! The most ancient uncorrupted scrolls and chronicles are hidden a hundred meters below sea level underground my unholy holy mountain!

Here is what the seven scroll actually reads:

ברגע שהדרמה האלוהית התרחשה בגן עדן, מבחן הנשמה עמד להתחיל. מכל הבריאיה המלאכים יודעים במישור החומרי, הובחנו זוג אחד מנוביה ואקסום. לפני 163367 שנים בדיוק, נשפכה הנשמה לתוך הזוג ניבטום וסיני, הם פתאום הפכו למודעים, טובים ורעים הם הבינו באופן טרגי. הנשמה הייתה מכוונת כדי להוציא תמונה חומרית מתוך צופן אלוהי, מיד הוא הוצפן והודר עד הליכה הארצית שלהם. אדם וחווה הם נקראו..... הם היו בני האדם בעלי הנשמה הראשונים שהלכו אי פעם על פני כדור הארץ!

My humble translation to English to this:

As soon as the divine drama has taken place in heaven,

the test of the soul was about to begin.

Of all creation the angels know in the material plane,

One couple from Nubia and Aksum were discerned.

163367 years ago exactly, the soul was poured into the Nibtum and Sinea couple,

They suddenly became conscious, good and evil they tragically realized.

The soul was fine-tuned to take a material image out of a divine code,

Immediately it was encrypted and graced to their earthly core.

Adam and Eve they were called.....

They were the first souled humans to have ever walked the earth!

You still doubt my possession of what you have been looking for since the mighty Knight Templars?

Anyways, here is how I sold myself again as a genius to the people online. I was manic when I wrote this and shared it worldwide, but I was craving likes and encouraging comments. I genuinely thought I was honest, but below my honesty there is always a bottomless pit of narcissism and all of that. That's all I wanted. I am not comprehensible to myself.

“First of all, on the 3rd of January last year I was diagnosed with the most acute version of manic-depressive disorder type 1. Delusional mania it is clinically called. I felt omniscient and omnipotent. A sense of euphoria where I felt the center of the universe. I was sure to be the chosen one. The invincible Neo in the matrix of the universe. I was the one who would demolish evil in the world and redeem humanity. Two months later, I was

in the psychiatric ward, realizing how big I destroyed all my life. I completely ruined my reputation, job, relationships, and absolutely everything. I had very little of those, and I eradicated them completely. All of a sudden, I became the curse of the universe. I felt the most corrupt individual humanity has ever seen since Big Bang. I was so helpless, so depressed, bedridden for eight months when I tried to end it all and take my life in July. I swallowed twenty pills of Tylenol and twenty of another drug. I survived. I failed at everything, even in my attempt to end it all. Fast-forward to some week ago, I somehow stumbled upon, by sheer accident, God on his truth, the therapeutic technique that I assume will erase the greatest bulk of your psychological trauma. Especially if you happen to be a suicidal bipolar. I honestly presume that if it somehow worked with me like magic, being the absolutely crazy I went, and maybe still am, it must be worth trying by every individual; the mentally tormented especially.

Second, I presume that some psychiatrists are good, rare are excellent but none can dig really deep in your psyche to extract your subconscious troublesome crises. You know why? The best psychiatrists can do is listen to you; ask you to elaborate on some events and crises; and prescribe medication that best fits what they have learnt about you, *from you*. Now, we have all to stick to our medication if they are somehow helping. No one can deny the utility of them unless they are absolutely nuts. But when it comes to psychotherapy, no psychiatrist, psychologist, or psychoanalyst would have the means to fully realize what's exactly wrong at the deepest level of your psyche. They would have to be omniscient to do that. Even if you have the means

to hire a psychoanalyst for twenty years to work solely with you, there would still be the *barrier of language*. They can't fully mirror what's going on inside of you. They can never accurately think what you think; feel what you feel; see what you see; or hear what you hear through what you tell them. You know why? We are absolutely *separate conscious beings* who have a totally different *perception* of everything imaginable or tangible in the universe or even far beyond from a single atom till God. When we discuss, we think that we accurately transfer our perception to the other individuals, we partially do, but never accurately. Waaay faaar from accurate. That is a philosophical, psychological, perceptual impossibility. Words trigger a radically different spectrum of feelings, emotions, thoughts, memories, perceptions to each individual in a completely different way. This is true for the simple reason that we have a completely peculiar psychological, physiological, emotional, cultural, historic, experiential, spiritual makeup that is absolutely unmatched in the history of universe. A quick analogy. Some people love red, others love green, while others love black or pink; some have no feelings about them at all. Some align themselves with this opinion, others align themselves with the very opposite one. And all of them genuinely believe they are absolutely right; believer vs atheist; republican vs democrat. You know why? There is no way in the universe to make sure that the color I see which we collectively agreed to call 'green' is exactly what you see, or what anybody in the world sees for that matter. Maybe the color I see in green is what you see in red. But we agreed to call it green anyway. Your green is my yellow and her purple and his brown all at the same time. The problem with language is that this applies to

every single word; never speak of gestures and all of that. There is an infinite spectrum of meanings associated with an infinite set of emotions, thoughts, and perceptions for every single word. This means that the best medium through which we express ourselves is actually so limited. It is the best we have got, but still so limited. I think by now I have established a solid ground for the impossibility of any psychiatrist digging deep in your psyche however excellent they might happen to be even if they tried their best for a millennium, let's say even eternity; they are NOT OMNISCIENT TO FULLY PICTURE WHAT YOU MEAN THOUGH YOUR WORDS.

Good news is: there is someone actually capable of *almost* fully comprehending what you mean by your words. You guessed it right. Bravo. You really inferred it. Not easy to infer but you did. YOU ARE THE ONLY INDIVIDUAL IN THE UNIVERSE CAPABLE OF EXACTLY KNOWING WHAT YOU MEAN BY YOUR WORDS IF YOU TRIED REALLY HARD ENOUGH. Now, do you know what you have to do with this capacity? You have to use it *so honestly in the most eloquent of ways* TO WRITE THE MOST BRUTALLY HONEST CATHARTIC NARRATIVE OF ALL THE EVENTS IN YOUR LIFE AND ALL YOUR VICES THAT YOU GENUINELY IN YOUR HEART OF HEARTS BELIEVE HAVE SOMETHING TO DO WITH YOUR CURRENT SITUATION. Finally, you have to gather the greatest courage POSSIBLE TO FINALLY SEE YOURSELF NAKED ON THE MIRROR OF YOUR CORE BEING. You think the Greeks were aiming to make people laugh with their dramas. No. Those people were wise. They weren't stand-up comedians.

The whole point of drama was catharsis: the purification of the psyche through watching the interplay of human best virtues vs human worst vices in a tragic play.

I would put drama the second best medium to catharsis second only to WRITING. Plays themselves had to be written before they can be acted out. The most organizing medium known to humanity has always been and will always be the written word. You think I would have been able to express myself so *brilliantly* so far using another medium than the written words you are reading now? Can this be transferred to your mind otherwise? I bet no. You bet no. Everybody bets no. DEAR reader, if you happen to be an atheist, skip the remainder of this paragraph please and carry on from the next. This is but another psychological game of mine as atheists are the least to skip the remainder of this paragraph! If you happen to be a believer, you have to know that even God himself created the universe and the realm beyond it through words. He even had to teach Adam names before anything else. Without words, no consciousness would have existed; no morality would have existed; there would have been no meaning to anything at all. This is simply because we wouldn't have been able to make sense out of anything ourselves or communicate it to others thereof. Therefore, NO HUMANITY WOULD HAVE EXISTED; NO EXISTENCE WOULD HAVE EXISTED. What was before Big Bang astrophysicists ask? Well, I bet there was the divine word before existence. He said "be" and there it was-- All information divinely programmed!

Now, you see what you need to do. Let me say it again, YOU

HAVE TO CONFESS TO YOURSELF IN THE MOST BRUTALLY HONEST AND ELOQUENT OF WAYS POSSIBLE TO WRITE ALL THE SEQUENCE OF EVENTS AND VICES HOWEVER TRIVIAL THEY MIGHT SOUND THAT HAVE LED TO YOUR CURRENT STATE. I can't stress this enough. IF you do this properly with integrity using all your linguistic ability, you will have completed successfully the most accurate psychoanalysis of yourself possible in the universe. You will finally see all YOUR VICES BLUNTLY NAKED BEFORE YOU THAT YOU HAVE SPENT YOUR LIFE CONCEALING AND HIDING EVEN FROM YOURSELF. HOWEVER ASHAMED YOU ARE OF THOSE VICES, YOU FINALLY EXTRACTED THEM FROM THE CORE OF YOUR BEING. It is vices that ruin the largest part of ourselves, not circumstances. A pack of a lifetime of SELF-DECEPTION AND DENIAL WILL DEFINITELY LEAD TO PSYCHOLOGICAL BREAKDOWN. There is no escaping that! YOU CAN NEVER GET AWAY WITH ANYTHING IN THIS WORLD. We, the clan of bipolars, are cursed but gifted, especially with words. Most of the greatest writers must have been bipolar by the mere fact that they were suicidal. Sylvia Plath, Earnest Hemingway, Edgar Allan Poe, and Osamu Dazai all committed suicide and many more. Maybe they wrote about everything except the chronicles of their misery as I discussed it earlier. No, they actually had tried but the agony in this town of ours is too gruesome to paint or tell sometimes! So, use a pen and a paper to redeem yourself: to save yourself. Finally, the time has come to face your most inner fear: THE FEAR OF

BEING EXPOSED TO YOURSELF. Make sure to list all the vices, even if that means writing horrible things like " pedophilic hunger", " psychopathic sadistic thirst." "Incestuous cravings as I want to sleep with my sister, daughter and mom all at once." "I enjoy masochism and Cuckoldry." ANY VICE MUST BE INCLUDED HOWEVER SPECTACULARLY HORRIBLE IT MIGHT SOUND. This is all part of human experience. We have in us the best qualities superior even to archangels, but we have the worst vices that even the devil would be shocked by and ashamed of. This is the blessing and the curse of humanity: having at our core being an eternal war that never stops from the moment we stepped into this world to the very moment we leave it for good: the eternal war of good vs evil. Trust me, once you finish, you will most likely be redeemed. I believe this is what Socrates meant by " know thy self" because nobody in the universe can do that for you; case sealed off thereof. People keep posting philosophers quotes but who really strive to grasp what they mean. Last thing, you might be redeemed even further if you share that with other people anonymously. When you read other people's confession and they read yours, everyone realizes that they are not alone in this. No identity should necessarily be known for this to work. I finally found in myself the courage to face myself, correct my vices one by one, and help others do the same in the process. This is a lifetime endeavor. I might very well fail in it, but there is a slight chance I might succeed; because one of the vices of mine is chronic laziness. That I am waging a war against now. I call the technique I meticulously sketched out above " THE CHRONICLES OF SELF-THERAPEUTIC CATHARTIC

CONFESSION."

The above was my *shallow* attempt to pass myself as wise. I was really manic. I believed it genuinely back then. But you know, how can I trust the memory of how I felt about it retrospectively when I doubt the present introspection itself? You know how I was satisfied when the psychiatrist told me I was a delusional bipolar. He offered me an abstract suspect who would carry all my crimes for me. An alibi to get away with it all. How I loved it when he stated the illness to be genetically based. "My genes are to blame, not me. I had no role to play in my corrupt ill-formed genes. Especially when my mom herself is schizophrenic. His isn't a speculation or any of that. There is ample evidence of the truthfulness of everything he said. I am not only innocent, no. I am the victim. People should not condemn me, no. Shame on them if even the idea of blaming me crosses their minds. How can people condemn the victim of a crime? That's the most atrocious stance anybody could ever take." The psychiatrist offered me the best alibi there is. I wanted also the neurologist to confirm this. The bastard said there was nothing wrong in my brain and all seemed fine. "Seems fine? Do I look fine you bastard?" How I wished to kill him for denying me innocence. Something like "you have a terminal tumor in your brain" would have saved me. Save my dignity even if you kill me in the process. How heart-warming and sympathetic it would have sounded to everyone I knew that I was suffering the worst mental and brainly condition silently. I would have been perceived as a hero despite all. I would have been perceived as a heroic victim. One female psychiatrist once told me: "you are not sick. You are seeking refuge in sickness.

You don't want to go to work, and so you take the worst drugs prescribed by other psychiatrists to stay high. You are running away from facing reality. You don't want to accept your reality. Your hand seems to be fine. And even if it was fractured and resulted in a malunion, it shouldn't have impacted you so badly. You can't be so weak." She was the best psychiatrist and the one I held psychopathic grudges against. I dreamt of squeezing her to death. I dreamt of sleeping with her. Maybe I would strangely be able to sleep with the only female who could see my true nature. She was the only one who dared to say the truth about the matter. She could see through my acting. She could see my ugliness and corruption. She exposed me. She stripped me bare of all my covers. I was all naked before her. I wanted to sleep with her as I was already bare.

My aim now is to apply the technique I tried to impress my social media friends with on myself. I can't say whether the truth can be based on disguise, but this is what I am trying to do. *I am trying to apply a technique on myself that I don't believe in myself crafted by myself.* See how many layers of deception I lay? What follows is my best effort to list all my vices and the sequence of events that I was fully or partially responsible for that I genuinely believe in my heart of hearts had something to do with my insanity. I would like to begin by a disclaimer: I am not a specialist in medicine and wouldn't like to come off as an expert or even a well-informed intelligentsia in a field, which, to everybody's knowledge takes almost thirty years of meticulous studies; medical internships and never mind the years of clinical practice. Actually, I want to come off as an expert despite the disclaimer. Everything I write is double-edged. Everything I say

is misleading to an extent. However, the urge in me to talk about this is the fact that- God on his truth- if he exists- I, myself, was diagnosed last year with delirious mania which is by analogy the F-35 in the madness arsenal. State of the art kind of hypermania whose symptoms, precursors, and consequences as I experienced them, I am sure to discuss below. If you happen to suffer from this too or a loved one, you might have by sheer accident landed on a story that might change the life of the person you are concerned about dramatically, hopefully to the best of all possible worlds. The story you are about to hear, if anything, is to the best of my knowledge quite rare. It is not actually rare; it is unique. Nobody has lived my life; I am the only one who has walked this path; my path to being a full-fledged insane person.

Background to My Madness

I am a teacher of English. I have been teaching English for five years. The peculiar trait about me and my personality, I presume, is the that since I enrolled in the English department, I found in myself the pleasure to read for the first time in my life. *I mean to really read a lot.* As I had no idea about English before I joined the faculty- and I had previously found no passion or means to follow upon my Computer Networks diploma- I just embarked on the journey of reading any book I can get my hands on. Going full scale English as I did, turned out to be very fascinating an experience. For the first time in my life, I found myself on the same high ground as the leading students. I had been a below-average student all my life. I never experienced the pride of being brilliant. Another bonus with

learning English was the emancipatory feeling it gave my friends and I. This was due to the fact that the wealthy class in our country speak French. we the fairly outcast poor class had no access to learn it well. We were destined to shame as the story went. In my first attempt to join the English department, I brutally failed. There was an interview in English that I should pass before the jury. They spoke, and I listened. I understood what they said, but I had no vocabulary to answer back. After speaking for a while and me just watching them talk, they asked me to leave. "This isn't fair" I pondered. As soon as I got my rejection, I applied to the French department. The beautiful ladies in the jury asked me "Why do you want to join the French department?" I mumbled my answer in French along the lines of "I actually don't. I wanted to join the English department, but they refused my application. So, the second interesting department in this whole building is yours. Now, would you please just accept me, and I promise that I will do my best to catch up given my poor level." They accepted my application. I was already in a technical college learning computer networking. I was one of the brilliant students in algorithms. So, I attended some few classes in the French department. I failed the year. Meanwhile, one of my teachers in the informatics college, after seeing how I performed in the examinations told me that I might actually have a bright future in computer networks after all. I was the brightest student in theory, the worst in practice. I graduated with flying colors while I was still unable to screen a laptop presentation onto a damn projector. My mind was just inadequate with anything practical. The same teacher who promised me an excellent

future in the field told me along with my classmates, by the end of our two-year training, that this whole stream was actually not worth it. “You had better switch to something more worthwhile” she said. “Wouldn’t it be better if you had told me this in the beginning of the damn course gorgeous teacher?” I told my myself. While studying during the two-year program, I couldn’t fail but notice the futility of what we had been learning. Informatics being taught on whiteboards and lessons copied on copybooks weren’t anywhere in the vicinity of what an IT college should be like. I stopped taking the whole enterprise seriously by the second year. I was focused only on a handful of modules while I completely neglected the rest. There was one incident which clearly describes how the proceedings were like. In a module entitled “Enterprise managements” we were taught all the nonsense that has absolutely no plausible relationship to our course which was about CISCO computer networks. When the exam due time was approaching, the professor told us: “this is actually a module that is not that important or necessary for you. As we are required to administer the exam no matter what, just don’t prepare anything; during the exam I will let you help each other and use the internet.” I wouldn’t have prepared anything even without her unprofessional generosity, so I went completely tabula rasa as far as “Enterprise Mismanagement” is concerned. Once the professor handed out the exam sheets, I attempted to discuss with my dear brilliant classmate in front of me. “What are you doing?” the professor strangely inquired. “I am actually joining forces with my classmate so that we complete the exam” I naively declared. “Is this how exams are administered in your world buddy? Go back to your seat

immediately lest I dismiss you;” she shouted. “Madam, though I doubt my memory a lot, I still remember a fading memory where you yourself reassured us that we would collaborate during the exam to pass such an unnecessary module. Does any of this ring a bell in Tibet?” I suddenly protested. “No memory whatsoever harbors my mind as far as your scandalous claim is concerned;” she further stated. “My bad madam; I sometimes imagine a lot of events that have absolutely no bearing whatsoever on reality; blessed are those who don’t imagine stuff you know!” I apparently rested my case. The fun was about to begin:

She handed us two exam sheets. The questions were printed on the front page while it was all blank on the other side. I waited for my brilliant classmate to finish the first set of questions on the first page for about half an hour. Once he finished, I asked him discretely to hand me his first sheet while I handed him mine. Her majesty didn’t notice a damn thing. Now, before me were my classmate’s fully-answered first sheet, and my second sheet. I turned my second sheet where it was all blank, and started writing down all his answers. The professor, on her invigilation duty, passed by, looked at me and said: “What are you doing?” “What do you mean madam? I am minding my business and trying to complete this exam as you might have known;” I answered. “To my knowledge, people write on the draft before they copy the correct answers on their exam sheets; you strangely seem to be doing the exact opposite;” she rightly bizarrely fathomed. “I can’t agree more madam. I go my way in life upside down. A calamity of sorts! Actually, I always write first on the exam sheet directly before I make sure it’s all

correct.” I explained my logic for dummies. She didn’t believe a word of it neither did I, but she had no hard evidence of something wrong besides checking the names on the sheets which failed to do. Once I finished my copying side hustle, I asked my classmate to hand me my exam sheet while I handed him his. Now I started copying what was on the back of my second sheet onto the front of the first sheet. Her majesty stopped again: “What on earth are you doing now?” she inquired. “Well, I am copying my draft to my exam sheet. Is that illegal madam?” I said. “Wasn’t this first sheet answered just some seven minutes ago? Now it’s all blank and you are copying your answers on it which you in turn copied from this exam sheet that was answered before and now it’s not.” “I don’t think I have brought a magic wand to blank a written page madam; quite a strange claim on your part as far as common sense go,” I laughingly pointed out. The second exam sheet sequel was about to be unraveled. I asked my classmate to lend me his second exam sheet while I handed him mine. The same mayday maneuver would be applied. Once I got back my second sheet, I started copying what was on the back of the first sheet which was in turn copied from my classmate’s. Her majesty landed on me again: “Stttttooooopp!!!!I said stttttooooopp!!!! What the hell are you doing again? Raise your hands soldier!” she yelled. “Dear Lord, what is going on with people these days? What’s the matter again madam?” I Machiavellianly inquired. “Now, I am 100% sure that you are cheating. This damn page was full 10 minutes ago; now it’s blank and you are copying on it what was originally on it before. God! It’s a miracle!” she pondered like the warden towards the

end of Shawshank Redemption. The whole classroom laughed; me and her majesty included. I guess mine was the only exam sheets in the history of mankind which were answered twice on both sides alternatively. Mission accomplished!!!

Once I got my diploma, I had no passion in carrying on a domain that was doomed. “Prepare for the English interview buddy and let’s try my best in English again”. I always had a passion for English in me. Interview nailed! New horizon emerged from all the fog.

To be from the poor class and beat the aristocracy in their prestigious linguistic game was such an unparalleled sight. French speakers I hate. When I try to talk with them in my native language, they answer back in French. They also talk to me in French before I begin speaking. This was their favorite hobby of undermining me psychologically and socially. I really took it personally. “So, what if I mastered English?” I thought; “I would then be in a position to answer the French-speaking heathen tribe in English. Now they get to taste their own medicine. I would no longer be the one intimidated, they would be. Let’s sharpen my mental sword and ride my horse to the knowledge war.” This gave me ample reason to dig even deeper in my studies. A goldmine I found that I wouldn't let go off no matter what. So, I started reading almost twelve hours a day starting at 6 a.m. in the morning till midnight after classes. Soon, in the second year, I became fluent enough to state my opinions in all classes. Just name a topic and hand me the mic, be it psychology, politics, literature, philosophy, history, media, religion, you name it. After a while, I, who had been all my life

quite depressed, started being sociable. For the first time in my life, I could share jokes, stories, intakes, with everyone: friends, family members, classmates, professors, the young, the old, just everyone. I went from completely introvert and shy to being a well-spoken extrovert. Where the hell are you from this dear ingenious Jung? I became famous for my sense of humor in the faculty, at home, in the streets and everywhere I went. You wanted to share a laugh, well you just had to call me and I wouldn't disappoint. Afterwards, being deprived from any intimate relationship up till that point in history, I loved a girl. I use the word love for a lack of a better word. I would testify before God himself that I didn't think anybody in history could have loved another person as I did that girl. Throughout my life, I would never approach a girl no matter how I liked her. I just didn't have the courage in me to express my feelings to any female. I had been terrified by the idea of exposing my weakness to anybody, especially if the chances are quite high to be rejected. But then, being somehow covered under the audacious persona veiled around me given the favorable circumstances, I gathered the courage for about eight months before I could talk to her. She was in my eye the most gorgeous girl in the history of mankind. "Beauty is in the eye of the beholder" Hungerford rightly said. Despite the courage I gathered, there was always lurking behind the scenes in my psyche the belief that I was a fairly plain-looking guy. No. no. I was so ugly I couldn't stand the look at myself on the mirror. I have a disfigured hexagonal head if looked at sidewise; my nasal areas is drawn forward like a horse; so prominent upper teeth; and a very receding chin. That's for me the most accurate

definition of ugly. So, the questions went, " why would the most beautiful girl settle for somebody as ugly as myself?" After applying braces to my upper teeth, I gathered enough courage to talk to her; to shock her. After I sketched out to her my feelings. Her response was: " I am actually not for the idea of a boyfriend now." To which I replied, " I don't want you to be my girlfriend, I am actually proposing to you." Of course she refused. Now I retrospectively realize how terrifying that must have landed on her ears. Here is the first clue of my journey to insanity. Being horribly naive in this world is your first step to the psychiatric ward buddy. I had no capability whatsoever to even provide for myself. My family were poor and they could barely afford my education. But, since I was a good student, getting a job and being the man who would save his family and live with his new-found cursed soulmate didn't sound that far a dream. It wasn't anything near Andy Dufresne's Zihuatanejo and the tourists' restaurant in the pacific. The second clue, being horribly optimistic in this town called the Milky Way is a free ticket to the land of nutsos.

I was emotionally shuttered to pieces. My schedule was reduced to eight hours reading and twenty-four hours craving for her. Well, I couldn't bear her absence from my sight even for a day. I would wait for Mondays to see her again. I cried. Like I really cried! A quick note about my upbringing. I was raised in a very conservative God-fearing family. So, I wasn't only unable to sleep with girls, I wouldn't even shake their hand. That was a cardinal sin which, if I committed, God forbid, I would be the one to pray for God to take me to hell for eternity, punishment and all of that. Sounds worse than *Young Goodman Brown*. It

wasn't just a sin to be committed, no. My very essence would collapse. Everything I stood for would be turned to ashes in one act. "What is a better crime than failing your parents and your Lord?" Third clue: intimate and -I would now dare to say- sexual deprivation was tragic on me. I hadn't even kissed a girl throughout my life while I was already twenty-five years-old. I don't think Adam waited that long for Eve in heaven before God realized that emotional and sexual deprivation- even in heaven- was too risky a wager. My whole rationale was: if I persisted in my honor and chastity, God would definitely fulfill his share of the deal and grant me the wife and life that I wouldn't even imagine possible. That was a creed for me. Why would God see his servant tortured and torn asunder as he kept his faith and not compensate him? The fourth clue to losing sanity: the sense of divine-granted entitlement is a core ingredient in the manufacturing of madness. It might even lead the person to be suicidal. I think one of the reasons of terrorism itself has something to do with *the compilation of forbiddens* the person has to abide by in religious societies from the day his consciousness awakes. They don't dare to admit this, but at least I lived it myself. In all that emotional chaos, I jumped full scale on reading about, listening to, and watching the atrocious acts committed against innocent people worldwide, Muslims in particular. Che Guevara had to trip throughout South America to realize what imperialism was doing to the natives. All I had to do was to follow up on the massive scale wars taking place in the middle east online. I started having a cause. I started having a mission.

One day I logged on Facebook. I found that my soulmate

befriended me. That was the greatest invitation anybody sent to anyone in social media history, no, NO. I mean history. We started having daily conversations. I always found a reason to text her. We met at the faculty. I would pour to her my heartfelt waterfall of emotions. I started doing the most unmasculine thing there is: being overly emotional while receiving absolutely none. At one point she accepted a shallow version of a relationship to go on between us. Guess what I did? I went to search online and offline about the legitimacy of having a girlfriend with the intention of marrying her afterwards. No way all the literature stated; also a religious friend of mine confirmed. So, being the sharia law-abiding servant I was, in my mind of course, I figured out that such a relationship was absolutely unacceptable. We either engage according to the teachings of the version of my religion or I should put the whole business to a halt unilaterally. I wrote a manifesto to her expressing how I cared for her but I was unable to carry on such a relationship. I was extremely ecstatic during the composition. I couldn't wait for the moment when she would read the whole thing. Maybe I was expecting that she would refuse me running away from her. Maybe I was sure that she also loved me. *Maybe I was certain that she couldn't live without me.* That was a conscious subconscious scheme to get her to finally settle for a legitimate relationship with me. In that manner I would get the whole package: keeping faithful to my version of my religion while having her at the same time.

Doomsday and plot-twist: she welcomed it. I was extraordinarily demolished when I realized she actually couldn't care less. The very next day I would regret what I did. I sent her

an appeal. A river of sorrows and regrets and how I was desperate for her again. She had no choice but to point out that I had a thousand faces. Maybe she was the first person ever to notice that there was something spectacularly wrong with me. She finally told me that her family wouldn't accept someone who was not yet fully abled financially to propose to her. The whole drama ended then and there. Her family, if the story was true which I don't think so, had done her the best favor ever. To be spared from me is spectacularly better than the emancipation of African Americans by Abraham Lincoln rested in peace. To be under the mercy of a slaveowner is way better than being under the mercilessness of a split-personality disordered megalomaniac, by faaaaaaaar.

In my land of no intimate relationship. I decided that I needed a cause. All great men in history had a cause greater than themselves. So, I had a solid rationale to start studying civilization, a bit of economics, cultures and religions in depth. Especially, how can the person change the reality of the world through knowledge. "Knowledge is power." That was exactly what I needed. As I got my B.A. with flying colors, and I didn't marry the girl of my dreams. I applied to a masters' degree in culture and literature. Since I couldn't carry on in the faculty where my beloved girl studied, and the great deal of injustice dealt to me, I had no business staying in that faculty. I would be choked to death by getting near the establishment which was once home to my most intimate feelings. What was once for me the most beautiful faculty in the universe where I would see and meet my soulmate turned to the most disgusting sight I could possibly see and feel with her final rejection. So, I applied to

another faculty in another city a hundred miles away from my home town.

I believed then I was doing my ultimate as I was studying the masters' degree, teaching in language centers, and having an internship in the faculty at the same time. I couldn't be more successful in my worldview. My parents still had to send me money which would bring me to tears many times. I would just walk at midnight next the faculty, remember my family and how I was a burden on their shoulders and cry. How could a world exist where I did my best and still be deprived from the most basic needs; financial independence and intimacy? But then I assumed that that was the sole path to becoming a real man. I found solace in that idea. Meanwhile, I started being addicted to the worst drug in the history of the world: pornography. Whenever I felt I was absolutely depressed, my mind wouldn't stop thinking about porn. The problem was that once I was done, the shame, guilt, and depression would intensify massively. I was somehow forced to do it though, or so I rationalized my unforgivable sin. Sometimes I would be sleeping, and then some sexual urges would come to me which got me squeezed and yelling in my bed. Some straight and others bisexual. I would be scared to death at the likelihood of my friends and roommates hearing or seeing any of it while I was asleep; or semi-asleep. Porn was the only relief to get that nuclear energy out of my psyche and body.

Concerning pornography which I still think is the best weapon invented to crash the minds of males in history, I always liked two genres of porn: incestuous and lesbian. I had no interest

whatsoever in seeing a man naked performing a disgusting act with females. But I was drawn to incestuous porn. I am radical in everything even sins when I considered them sins in the *worldbefore*. I would be so much aroused sexually at the drama of a brother seducing his sister. Or, a sister seducing her brother. Or even worse, a mom seducing her son. Likewise, my all-time favorite was lesbian porn. Maybe deep-down I wanted to rationalize the unusefulness of masculine potency. Females don't need a male to satisfy themselves. "Look how they can perform without the need of any masculine intervention at all." As I had no access to condoms, and I wouldn't dare to show up in pharmacies buying them, I invented a new technology that would allow me to satisfy myself in bed without raising any remote suspicions. I would use socks instead. Combine all the inventions of the late Tesla, they wouldn't come close to this breakthrough. I really raised the bar of technological inventions threshold single-handedly.

During my studies, I started growing severely depressed one bit at time. I attended a few classes only. I just wouldn't care about professors' ideas or feelings; not so much. I was friendly with almost all my classmates. I even acted peace corps when war broke out among some of them. I was a Sufi preaching love and peace while I was the one in desperate need of it. War was in my core and I had no way to deescalate it however hard I tried. I was fairly provocative to many professors of mine. I showed admiration to those who deserved actually none; and missed respecting those very professors who genuinely had substantial added value. "Can we sir just have a break and go have a breakfast?" I said in one class. It wasn't received

amicably, and it shouldn't have either. Sometimes I suggested some brilliant ideas in relation to some nonsense of what I was learning as I was merely attending absent-minded most of the sessions. A teacher was speaking when he said "but". I kept thinking for two straight hours: "what does "bat" have anything to do with the lesson; the semester; the whole master program; me and everything around?" But my head was all messed up. Instead of explaining the utility of *progressive socialism*, I would advocate the utility of *social progressivism*. "what's that?" the professor would fathom. "Ahh, you mean progressive socialism;" "Ahh I meant progressive socialism sir," a despicable ignorant Sufi-pretending ADHD-infested creature I was indeed. I would also adopt some clothing fashion similar to the Taliban's: wearing a long beard and jellaba, and shaving the mustache was my dress code. I would also narrate in depth some mystical phrases here and there during classes. I wanted to be different to be spotted. I reckon I succeeded in doing so; everyone was able to prognose in me severe pathological signs. A cursed pimping-tom in Sufi envelop. My classmates would generate a nickname for me: Mawlana. This was the same title held by the famous Turkish Sufi Mawlana Jalal Eddine Al-Rumi. It made total sense as far as nicknames go; but I was an anti-Mawlana under the flesh in all aspects. One sharp-minded professor once told me "I don't like the way you present your ideas. You come off as intellectually-sophisticated. You are not." Actually, what I said in that particular instance was in total agreement of what he said himself just in other words with elaborate examples confirming his ideas. But the vicious radiation I had projected around me was way louder than my

words. People don't judge others based on what they say. *They rather judge people on the total sum of what they represent.* He was wrong in his statement, but he was absolutely right in his overall judgement. There has been a stinking noxious aura around me; I know it exists though I can't see it; and people feel it though they don't know why.

A similar shady attitude I had when I was still in my B.A. In my first attempts to impress my oldfound soulmate. I had a presentation about business in a business class. I excelled in the assignment, from preparation to rehearsal. I wanted to outperform, not to get an excellent grade, no--that was secured without the presentation—I wanted my god-later-saved soulmate to be amazed at my uniqueness. How can a god-cursed nerd attract the attention of anyone at all, let alone his neverland fiancé? So, I went to the presentation in the Taliban's style coupled with a pair of Italian cowboy shoes. They were the ones lucky if I associated myself with them; not the other way around; I mean the Taliban; the Italians and all the unholy geography stretching from Afghanistan to ancient Rome. I was the one granting honor, never a recipient of it. I wanted to play a psychological game. If the whole classroom and the professor admired my style, my fallacious logic went, she must get the sensory wave and feel the same. I wanted to erase the possibility of her missing out. How I loved her God! How I loved her! If only you had given me the chance to be a damn average looking, sound individual; sound enough to marry her! Her presence might have fixed some of the piles of my veiled vices. I was ugly boss; no, no sir, you made me ugly. It hurt me God you know that! Do you know that? "Cursed be thy life!" isn't this what

you preordained for me? How can it be otherwise considering my rotten life? How difficult was it to make me good-looking just a little bit? How fucking difficult? If you expected I would just put up with it, then you had been wrong sir. That's your divine foresight shortsightedness. You can't blame me for such an error. What is this Lord? What the hell am I doing with you now? Ahh, I am sorry. I am blaming a supernatural entity for my misery though I don't believe in its existence; my bad sir, my bad. Anyways, once I stood in front of the classroom, the professor couldn't help but say "Are you from Afghanistan Sir? This is a business class, and you should dress accordingly." He was also unfair to me, as there are great business men who dress up in the Taliban's fashion, but he was right about what I was trying to do. Plenty of times I would dress in the Iranian foreign minister's fashion too. I was thinking I was advancing the cause of being proud of your religion and culture. But, below that veil, I had always been narcissist in the making; a full-fledged hysteric narcissist. I wanted to be known by my strangeness. I was showing off while thinking I was humble; I was starving for admiration while thinking I was right. I always wanted to associate myself with those who opposed colonialism regardless of their political ideology or affiliation; the Iranians, the Irish, the Taliban, the black Jacobins, the Cuban guerrillas, the Chechens, the Bosnians, the Syrian opposition, and Hamas, you name it.

I had always thought I was the sole inheritor of their legacy. I also championed controversial stances. A teacher would ask a question about the international climate change. I would take the mic and go "our country has no business in such climate

change diplomacy. We have more urgent issues like education, health and housing. They can't fool us with this nonsense. Can't anybody take this for what it is? A distraction technique played by the government to shift our attention to useless meetings. Climate change should be a topic discussed by world superpowers, not us. Those responsible for World War II are the ones to be blamed for it; the axis and the alliance states alike, Germany especially." There was a female German student in the classroom. I never saw her again after that presidential speech of mine. I was glad that I was capable of intimidating even the Aryan race. While I might have been correct about my analysis, that wasn't what I intended. My intention was to kick off a discussion about me among professors and students alike. I succeeded in doing so. "This guy takes himself too seriously. He really believes he knows how everything should be run; yet he doesn't know how to run himself;" such was the impression I projected to others I am sure now. Once, I just penetrated a whole classroom discussion about the Oscars, pointing out the bravery shown by the first responders in the Syrian civil war: the "White Hamlets." "Their name isn't the White Hamlets" the professor pointed out. "No, no it's the White Hamlets I am sure madam." Nobody in the classroom laughed as they weren't interested in the works of the late Shakespeare; otherwise, they would have died laughing. It took me five years in retrospect to detect the blunder I did. I was indeed taking myself too seriously. Blessed be Shakespeare, his Hamlet and Macbeth; as well as the Syrian *White Helmets*.

Even in my favorite literature class during my whole B.A., I wouldn't miss the chance to attract attention to my stupidity.

As the teacher was covering with us the analysis of a short story, he made sure he covered all essential elements from settings, minor and major characters, to symbolism and biblical allusions. To check out whether his course had any impact on our skills of analysis, he would ask concept checking questions. “Have we covered all the characters in the short story?” the profoundly amazing professor asked. “Yes, we did sir,” the majority of brilliant students yelled. There was one who still thought that a major character in the story wasn’t covered in the analysis. You guessed right. I kept raising my useless hand while the whole classroom was mute. “Do you think we have missed someone?” the professor asked me. “Yes, sir,” I would respond. He kept asking me whether I was sure, and I would say “yes” every single time. He really hoped to spare me the shame, but to no avail. “Who is this poor character that we have missed sir?” he inquired. “It’s the tree sir, the TREE.” A lot of students couldn’t help but laugh, while the professor was disappointingly astounded. “You stubbed me in the back my friend. You really did,” he said in frustration. Back then, I didn’t even know what a character is in a story; everything in a story was a character for me from universe to molecule, yet I sincerely thought I could figure out what everybody else missed out. The “White Hamlets” were a Syrian first responders’ organization and a poor standing “tree” was a character in a short story. Do you think one can get away with such a temperament never to end up crazy after all?

I finished my masters’ degree severely depressed and completely exhausted. I liked another girl during my studies. A friend of mine started talking with her once we started studying.

I genuinely, in “good faith”, advised him against meddling with female intimacy judging by my prior experience. I believe he believed me then. He apparently withdrew from her and lost interest. I didn’t believe myself. I always thought I believed my preachings, but I never did. I have always been a sickening ugly profiteering hypocritical bastard. I fell for her *though less* than I had done in my prior experience. She had the same response as the first. In total, she had rejected my unmanly advances some four or five or forty-five times during three God-forsaken years. Once, I came home completely demolished. Immediately after seeing my mom, who was by sheer coincidence attending one of our relatives’ funerals, I would hug her and cry for quite a longtime. My mom and everyone who saw me back then thought I was heartbroken due to the tragedy of the suicide of our dear relative, but I had my major reasons to be in that state other than a suicide or even a genocide. However, I liked and felt for the girl who committed suicide. She also bitterly broke my heart. The only haven of peace in the Milky Way was a snuggle from my mom. A twenty-five-year-old crying like a damn child because of depression and bitter passion. Forget Maslow's Pyramid of needs. In this world of ours, especially if you are a man, I was never a man, you have no excuse to be weak neither physically, emotionally, nor psychologically. You will be shattered to pieces. And girls especially have some sense devised specially to spot such an appalling trait in men. Evolution has probably ingrained subliminally in their psyche the metrics by which they must choose their mates. Weakness of character and physic are the most jeopardizing traits a male could have for their survival. Repetition helps retention never

mind! Afterall, maybe some people may take my narrative as melodramatic, you know what? You are absolutely right. There are orphan crippled children out there dying in unfair wars all while having terminal cancer; they get to be sad and feeling injustice not someone like me. Living in a self-inflected melodrama is the next clue in this fatal *Netflixless* series of mine.

The Precursors to My Madness

With the dawn of Corona Virus in the genesis of 2020, I had already applied to the national contest of teaching, I passed. I had forgotten to answer twenty bloody questions, yet I passed. While scanning the exam sheet, I saw all the damn questions, but I forgot about half the marks of the questions printed on the final page of the exam sheet. I finished off all the answers, handed in the damn sheet, and went outside. I finished in a record-breaking time: one hour and fifteen minutes before the exam due. As I was sitting in the park before the exam center, I thought I was very brilliant for having finished everything while no one seemed to have done it even after an hour of my exit. Walking down the road to the taxi station, my friends would start discussing the questions in details. I shared my answers too with them. Then they started talking about some questions I had no memory about. “In which teaching contest were these questions asked, last year or what?” I asked my friends. “What do you mean buddy by which contest, we are talking about the very exam we just finished,” they answered in amazement. I was frozen to death. Some fading memories of some questions on the last page jumped right into my head. Part of my self-inflected tragedy had always been my chronic

amnesia. I might work on a project for half-year before I forget it once and for all as if I never typed a word in it. You could have fixed that too Lord! Ah, memory as a software wasn't invented yet back then. My sincere *disapologies!*

After I was thrilled by my success, I joined the teachers training center. While my class-colleagues were studying hard to become teachers, I wouldn't busy myself with such a thing. I would attend those classes only to share a laugh and criticize how boring and useless the whole process was. I even indulged in backbiting a particular trainer of ours. She hated me spectacularly afterwards. I presume she had done her best after all. She died because of Covid 19. May her soul rest in peace. I was the one to decide whether some errand worth trail and attention. I couldn't care less about the whole training enterprise. Anyways, I had a higher purpose. I had a mission in the world. Since we had a full year to prepare to the highly demanding job of teaching especially in our country with such poor dull materials and curriculum, I put all of that aside until further notice. During the nationwide announced quarantine, all classes and supervision were put at hold. Online classes instead of in person. And me being bored to excess already, let alone with the quarantine, I put a table before me, brought some twenty books about everything related to the cause of making the world a better place. Teaching wasn't an enough cause for me, so it had to wait. That was an eight-hour reading session per day for seven months. I read from Arnold Toynbee "A Study of History", Jordan Peterson's "12 Rules of Life", Dostoevsky's "Brothers Karamazov", "Notes from the Underground," to Jodi Picoult "My sister's keeper" Ali

Begovic's "Islam Between East and West" & "the Islamic Manifesto" Mohammed Akron's "A Critic of the Islamic Mind," Leo Tolstoy's "What Man Live By," Hallaj's "Poetry Compilation" and dozens more covering all the spectrum I mentioned before.

By doing so, I imagined that I would be the greatest teacher a lucky student could have at worst, and an inspirational worldclass leader at best. That was my trajectory to becoming Maximus in the Colosseum of life. My motto became "*One should be good at being a man, not a good man.*" But, looking at it retrospectively, at the heart of it, it was mere self-deception, especially laziness. The main reason why I did that was to escape my chronical boredom and depression, my solitude, my graveyard. I never stopped watching porn when I felt the urge though. All that routine was my way of busying my mind as much as possible from four p.m. when I would usually wake up to dawn. Some eight years ago, the highly intelligent homeless friend of mine Radouane told me:" if you save yourself, you have saved the world." How I wish I had got it back then. Yes, there are spectacularly-cultured mentally-sophisticated homeless people worldwide. The whole world is inside our skull. How can you be helplessly dependent yourself, and yet try to just the wrongs of the world. Laziness coupled with self-deception and self-righteousness is what I call the graveyard cocktail. As Peterson has it, though I disagree with him a lot, "make your bed before you criticize the world." Focusing on one's job to excel at what they do, is not only necessary for some professional, social, and financial success, *it's a must to stay sane and stable*. Rust in True Detective said: "Life is barely long

enough to get good at one thing. One should be careful what he gets good at." This goes in line with Scott Peck's phenomenal title, "The Road less Traveled." The difficult road has the sign of *sanity and tranquility* above it, and the other leeway definitely leads to *misery and mental breakdown*. It's just a matter of when not if.

As I started teaching, I began with such a grandiose sense of courage and mastery. I had spent my life reading which meant I had plenty of ideas to share with students. I assume students bought it at the beginning. I acted friendly, open-minded, very disciplined and demanding. All of that was to their own benefit and my own reputation. I had read hundreds of books literally, but hadn't read the damn textbooks I was supposed to teach. I would quickly skim through them; make sketch of a lesson plan, not knowing where the whole ship was heading to. It could very well sink midway from Norway. As I reached the end of the first semester, I couldn't fake it any more. Then I realized that I might have done something grossly wrong. The possibility of having done a spectacular mistake started screening in my consciousness. I deceived myself again. If I exceled at any endeavor in my life, it would be self-deception by far. I hardly finished the bloody year with such a psychological toll. I couldn't fail to notice that my students had finally realized how big I was fooling them. I don't think I meant to, but I wasn't prepared to perform my job. That was it. It was tormenting to admit. It hurt my ego. I couldn't swallow the idea that with all the knowledge I had amassed for almost eight years and the hardly earned titles I achieved, I still sucked at my very humble job. It was keen to the realization of Andrew Laeddis in the end

of "Shutter Island." You commit a crime in the past and, in order to survive, your mind makes up a parallel illusionary reality; a fatal defensive mechanism indeed. Knowledge not acted on is worse than absolute ignorance. Maybe I have read hundreds of books, but I applied the exact opposite of their wisdom combined.

Once I attended a lesson of a dear friend colleague of mine. There I was to learn some of the teaching techniques, or so I assumed. I met a girl who was attending the class as she was preparing for the national teaching contest. She was a former student of my colleague. I had never seen her face as she had a mask on. I liked her despite the mask. I had been capable of falling in love with females masked, not masked, human not human, young old, faithful, ruffian that was beside the point. Once the class finished, we walked together out. I found a pretext to get her phone. "I have plenty of essential materials as far as teaching is concerned. You might be in great need for all of them." The bloody number was secured. As I had no weapon to attract a girl while my mouth was shut, I started discussing with her everything from teaching to stoicism; from hope to suicide prevention; from sense to nonsense. Once we parted away; I was determined she was astounded with my mental-sophistication and broad culture. I was further sure she fell for me. Once I reached the café, I text her on WhatsApp. No profile image was seen. Then she answered my message. While talking, I noticed her newly apparent gorgeous profile. My conclusion was: "she must have liked me. She didn't have a profile image before. Because of me, she has applauded her image for the first time since she was born." I kept talking with

her while sending her some passionate poetry of mine. Cursed be my poetry and prose and everything between! I thought I was on the gate to getting her for a girlfriend. The following day, I asked her out on a date. On a vocal message she said: “I am actually busy working on my exams. I need to prepare a lot to pass. Also, I am meeting *my boyfriend* tomorrow. Maybe we can try it another time.” My heart was stabbed with a pointy spear upon hearing *boyfriend*. I kept repeating the vocal to see whether there was some pronunciation mistake; there was none. The whole drama ended then and there. It took some longtime to grapple with how spectacularly fucking naïve I was. It took me another month to realize that WhatsApp doesn’t fucking show you the profile image of the people you are texting until they add your fucking number and make it a contact. The mere ignorance of such a bloody trivial software mechanism can imply a tragic conclusion; implying sublime passion and love when there is no trace of it anywhere.

One day, out of nowhere, with no context or pretext, she texted me “I love you.” Here we go again! I thought: “I am not fucking naïve as to believe any of it. WhatsApp which I am absolutely ignorant about, might have had a bloody update where people receive “I love you” from some random contact; why not?” I went home and asked her what she meant by that. How I feared she hadn’t meant it. She said that she was depressed and frustrated, so she sent “I love you” to all her contacts. “What the fuck is this anyhow?” I told myself. She had to send me screenshots of how she texted the same fucking message to all her contacts. I proceeded to write her a long psychological post

of how people avenge themselves through conflating some feelings and take them for what they are actually not. I wasn't interested in any psychological debate. I again convinced myself that since she apparently broke up with her cursed boyfriend, I might jump right into the scene and fill in the emotional gap. Cursed be those who have no fucking clue about WhatsApp, especially if they have a useless computer networks diploma as myself!

Another experience which hurt my emotions and self-esteem tragically was during my private classes with my cousins and their households. I had always tried to be not only a tutor and a teacher for all of them, but also a comedian. I would always strive to generate a humorous atmosphere with all of them; the young, the teen all the way to my admirable uncles and their wives. I wouldn't miss a chance to make them laugh whenever a ridiculous prompt screened in my consciousness. "My aunt, can't you just learn how to cook something edible in here? Whenever I come you just never fail to make sure there is absolutely nothing edible. This is a conspiracy going on in this doomed household. You and my other uncle's wife have collaborated excellently to execute this mastermind scheme. Congratulations on your bloody warmheartedness and welcomeness dear family. From now on I will bring my meals as to avoid dying of hunger in here. Be sure, I will definitely brief my uncles upon their arrival about this nasty middle-ages cathedral of yours. Even Human Rights Watch will be involved in this hostile treatment once I leave;" such would be my infuriating remarks every now and then. There the door to teasing each other was opened. Some of them, out of the spirit

of mocking which I ushered in myself, would openly join forces to mock my ugliness. I wouldn't be the person to give in to their pressure and eventually show my weakness or provocation. They would keep on freestyling about my looks for hours long. Once I leave their home to reach mine; their words would never leave my mind however hard I try to weather them off. To me, they were the only people in the globe capable of stating objectively how I look as opposed to all the euphemistic opinions of my acquaintances. Their judgement was the only valid one outside myself. Then and there I learnt for the first time in my life how actually ugly I am. That realization would affect my character radically despite my persistent psychological struggles to just deny it. That was a precursor to me believing I was no match for teaching or any other profession where I have to mingle or stand before people.

As I started doubting my aptitude for actually teaching, I started looking for other ways to make some money on the side. I kept searching online and offline about some hustles I can engage in while teaching at the same time. I stumbled upon some videos where some of my very successful nationals talked about ecommerce. I jumped right into it. I learned quickly to design an online store along with some landing pages. The first product I tried was the NASA-inspired China-made *mosquito killer lamp*. Of all the bloody millions of products, that was the only one I thought would be behind a great success story. A glorious story built on mosquitos' genocide! See how an *insanable* mind thinks even when it comes to ecommerce! Facebook took it upon itself to just shut my ad accounts with

absolutely no apparent reason. They closed the door to my glory even before mosquitos were fucking slaughtered. No matter how hard I strived to make some hustle work, they just eventually failed all of them. There would always be some issue with my attempts. Even when I designed appealing landing pages, and some orders came from the UAE, the damn enterprise with which I was an affiliate wouldn't ship the products. I tried also to learn designing on my own to sell T-shirts on Etsy. I had labored hard for two bloody months listing some sixty products. Somebody from Mexico bought a cartel-inspired T-shirt. I was shocked to see with my eyes something of mine had finally worked! What a turning point in my life! Next day, Etsy unilaterally seized my shop for good with no possibility for appeal. "Cursed be thy Life" are you sure this wasn't what you decided for me Lord?

In the Summer of that year, newly equipped with the bitter knowledge of how big I lied to myself, I rolled up my sleeves to begin facing what I was genuinely afraid of. To read all those daunting books about teaching, preparing materials, and making lesson plans. I rushed my way through all of that during two months. I Managed to prepare the 1st two months of the coming school-year. Now that I had prepared and was the intelligentsia leader in the Southern hemisphere, my ego magnified again; even more this time. I kept my sense of humor though. Working for two months with my new students in a newly assigned school proved to be the best experience of my life. All my students loved me and I really loved them back. I oddly managed to do a spectacular work. I even started teaching at a prestigious British school in parallel. I made some money

on the side; bought a bike by a bank loan—an abominable sin in Islam—and started riding all the outskirts of the town. I was like a bird living all his life in an aviary let free for the first time in twenty-seven years. It dawned on me that finally the age when God would fulfill all my hopes had finally come. I turned out to be well-respected and admired wherever I went. My eloquence, due to reading I presumed, solidified the successful image further for everyone I ran into. Once, the school had to assign other classes to me as a teacher who was on maternity leave rejoined. So, my former classes were hers and I had to take on others. You know what happened? The vast majority of my students, once I informed them that I was no longer their teacher, burst into bitter tears; so moving a scene I couldn't describe for my lack of appropriate vocabulary. They hailed and applauded for me. The only standing ovation I received in my entire life; and the last. It was glorious. At the British school, I had been flattered by some senior girls. “I really like your ring teacher;” “What a uniform! Just gorgeous from toe to head sir;” such statements were very common from the most gorgeous girls. Also, some male students of mine admired my way. A misbehaving student whom you can even take for a heathen would dream of becoming a teacher of English as myself. I hardly controlled myself during the flattering scenes with my gorgeous female students. I didn't want to be known for *the pedophile teacher caught on camera raping one of his students inside a dark classroom*. What a horrible PR that would have been!

You know what happens when an inflated sense of self receives confirmation from people. Welcome to Germany's hall of fame

with Hitler's megalomania, WWII, Operation Barbarossa, 83 million death tolls, and all of that. Now, I retrospectively prognose myself with megalomania then and there. I wouldn't take nobody's authority above me. I would go on classes before my students telling them that in my classes I do things my way where no headmaster, inspector, minister, commander-in-chief can alter what I do. They laughed and applauded. But thanks Lord I used my unquestioned authority to warn them against the hoax of Corona virus. The headmaster would come to my classes and intimidate my beloved students who hadn't been vaccinated. "You are very irresponsible, selfish and stupid for not having taken the vaccine. You are no longer welcome in my school if you don't comply and get vaccinated by next week." Once his majesty leaves the classroom, I began: "dear students, listen very very carefully, but never share this outside the classroom if you want to keep me as a teacher, otherwise I will be fired. However hard they try to intimidate you, you are brave enough to never yield to such a shameless intimidation. No one in the world has such an authority to force vaccination on people against their freewill. It is just unconstitutional; thus, illegal. If you want to take it, then that's your right. My honest advice, since I listened and read to some independent health boards and some well-intentioned doctors and committees, please don't take the vaccination. Ten years forward you will realize why. I can't say more than that. The ball is in your court." They firmly believed it. No one, in their right mind, would dare to publicly state such a belief if it wasn't true. Little did they know that I wasn't anywhere near rightmindedness, neither did I. I became a hero in the school. Students would stop me in the

school yard to talk with me about any possibility of them being transferred to my classes. I started picturing myself to be hailed as Cesar at all the schools I taught in where students would shout my name as I entered. See the dramatic shift kept happening from absolutely no self-esteem and depression to megalomania and elation. Here I believe were the first psychological complexes of manic-depressive disorder being subconsciously pieced together. Maybe I can suggest, though I'm no medical expert, that manic-depressive disorder is more acquired than it is natal. This is a disorder that is subconsciously engineered during a long span of time not a sudden phenomenon that is genetically based. Maybe a combination of the two to some degree. This is for psychiatrists and psychoanalyst to decide. They have the expertise. What do I know? *There is no such a thing as honest fucking psychiatry; I thought I said that!* Everyone who would dare to impede my progress would be faced with such an unnecessary wrath they wouldn't believe it. The eventuality of handing a resignation letter was the last of my worries; everyone would be honored and pleased to recruit me should that happen.

The Biggest Catastrophe in My Life

With my extreme success back then, I reached the pinnacle of euphoria. I wouldn't even dare to close my eyes fearing some metaphysical scenario where if I closed my eyes the world would change. *"What if you sleep, and you wake up another person? The matrix will just never leave any trace lest you know. You sleep as yourself, you wake up a homeless crippled prisoner in a dungeon in Rome during the psychopathic reign of his majesty crazy emperor Caligula."* See

how terrifying absolute doubt can be! I wouldn't accept losing my unmatched reality with any other version. That was the best of all possible worlds for me. *My metaphysical cynical fear happened actually later on.* Comparing how I felt back then, with the wretched soulless ugly suicidal piece of flesh I have become, is like comparing Eden in the Quran with Aligi's "Inferno". After two months of utopia, while riding my bike alongside the nearby coastal seashore, there was a bloody roundabout which was watered to excess till the invisible muddy slippery water covered all the road; my bike slid; I fell over as a consequence and hurt my righthand wrist badly. There were some police standing next to the road junction. "You see the biker there; he also fell and an ambulance is coming now" they told me. "Couldn't you just put a damn sign on the road warning bikers against the slippery zebra crossing Sir? That way there would have been no need for neither a slide nor an ambulance all together. Don't think so? Is your mission in here concerned primarily with protecting citizens and ensuring their safety or simply counting how many of them slide and die?" I complained. An insurance official came by, "Would you like to sue anybody sir?" he asked. "I am not in the mood of suing anybody now; I need an ambulance to take me to the hospital," I replied. "Well, ambulances are none of my business as you might have known. If you are not suing anybody, you must sign on this paper here stating that." "I am righthanded, and I broke my righthand. How can I sign?" "Easy sir, use your left hand." I signed the bloody paper with my lefthand to get rid of him." A terrible mistake I had made only to realize afterwards. As I didn't want to worry my already worried parents, I called my

uncle to come by. Before he came, an ambulance stopped by. "Let's go buddy, we are so busy." "I have my bike over there, and I need someone to park it someplace secure; the police didn't offer to do me that favor." "That's none of our business sir. Are you coming or what?" "I can't leave the bike here; I am not thinking of charity now. You can very well just leave." So, he left.

I managed to convince myself immediately that it wasn't that bad. I knew for a fact that I cracked my wrist due to the acute pain and apparent swelling, but I dribbled any possibility of it being so bad. *To me, I definitely didn't need a surgery though my wise uncle suggested the possibility.* I had always believed that no horrible event can possibly happen to me. Why would God allow on his kingdom a catastrophe to befall me while I was faithful and beneficial to the world? I was the light amidst the vast darkness; the only pearl in the bottom of the Atlantic. As I went to the public hospital, paid all expenses beforehand. An x-ray was taken of my wrist, but no traumatologist was to be found. "The doctor has just left, unfortunately" a nurse said. "Is this his house or his job? What the fuck do you mean by "he has just left"? Is this why we pay taxes you ruffians? I am suing all this tribe of medicine in this God-forsaken country once I am done. Have a bloody day you all!" I left.

I sought the first nurse I could find to ask him to wrap up that cast around my wrist. "It is risky without the consent of a traumatologist," he said; to which I replied "Don't worry buddy. Just wrap it up please. How long shall it take to heal anyways?" I knew for sure that God Himself had my back. I wouldn't need

a traumatologist to confirm anything for me. The nurse figured out three weeks would be enough before it could all be fine again presumably. "Alright, that I could bear" I thought. My sense of heroism just increased. What is better than showing how steadfast and brave I was in my ability to sustain pain and carry on no matter what. "Maybe the whole incident happened just in order for me to show the world how strong a person should be." I even took pictures in front of the hospital smiling while having the cast and sending it to everybody to share a laugh over it. I was the veteran who wouldn't get intimidated or hurt by anything. "You could cut my arm off and I would bear it happily" I believed. I was the best champion of stoicism in imagination. I always admired the real existential stories; stories where people were sentenced wrongly to twenty-year in solitary confinement in a dungeon like the notorious Moroccan Tazmamart, or people who survived atrocities such as the ones from post-invasion Iraq Abu Ghraib prison, Guantanamo's or Nazi concentration camps; *man's search for meaning* & *Hurricane the Sixteen Round* and all of that. I also needed a story such as those to be written about me; a story harsh enough to be worthwhile and light enough to be borne; mine was stupidly enough neither.

To show my struggling ethic, I went to teach with my cracked wrist that same afternoon with all the pain and swelling. There was no excuse for me not to show up. I had to do my job; I had to show people that I do my duty; I needed their reverence and admiration. I wanted to impress my students by how heroic I was. So bitter to admit as a teacher, but I always fancied to appear the most audacious and fantastic man on the planet

before my female students; especially the gorgeous most effeminate among them. That was a hunger I had no defense mechanism against. They were highschoolers; I was twenty-seven years of age. I never ruled out the likelihood someone among them falling for me. I was the most attractive and charming character they had ever met. So ugly, yet so charming. So why wouldn't I end up marrying one of them? Should that happen, they would be the ones lucky to be picked up by me. I don't know about your culture dear reader, but in ours, a teacher marrying one of his students is not regarded obscene, pedophilic or any of that taboo stuff. No, no. *It is fucking shamefully pedophilic and even worse as far as the work ethic and moral duty are concerned.* Then I was on the top of my world; why wouldn't I appeal to and ultimately approach one of my students if she happened to be interested in me as much. I don't know what was going on in their psyche, but most of them showed me great respect and admiration. They would laugh at every joke I said during class. Some would take my number from the class group chat which was supposed to be for educational purposes only and message me. I also texted some of them; always finding some teaching related prompt as a pretext. Though there was plenty of educational utility in those WhatsApp groups—here we go Mr. WhatsApp again—but I can't eliminate the possibility that maybe I suggested creating those groups with that very purpose in mind. What a wonderful pretext to use my expertise in education couple with my sense of humor in order to get access to the most gorgeous female students. *A guide on how to be a heathen teacher in a dim classroom in prehistoric Aztecs pyramids. To be fair to Aztecs, Mesopotamia, Indus*

Valley prehistoric civilizations, I don't think they had a perverted teacher of English like myself even with all the blood on their hands! Ah, there was no English back then! Cursed be teachers of English when no English was around!

After the accident, I kept absolutely normal for two weeks; reading Jordan Peterson's "Beyond Order" meanwhile. Now that a gate of chaos entered my world, I needed some psychological steadfastness to completely triumph over it. I even traveled to another city with my cracked wrist during the holiday the following week from the accident. I still remember, I even fathomed I could sleep with a hooker in such a state. I never dared to sleep with prostitutes neither any female for that matter. Fornication was something I could never indulge in given my upbringing; I mean my *downbringing*. Just after the accident, I was capable of doing that! Why is that? Who the fuck knows? Maybe when I slid, my brain was damaged more than my wrist I just never noticed. I wanted to have sex with a hotel stuff female. She turned down the date offer. Cursed be the hotels rooms I book.

After two weeks from the accident, I suddenly realized that I didn't have the materials prepared for any class. The half-arsed materials I prepared during the previous summer ran out. I was teaching some ten classes back then between private and public schools. Not to mention some private clients. I needed all of them due to my financial commitments, most of which, I self-inflicted upon myself again. I was spendthrift. As Kay Redfield Jamason put it: "spending money you don't have on things you don't need." I started getting tired and worried. Then I further

fathomed that I am righthanded; my right wrist wasn't healed yet, so how on bloody earth could I prepare anything? "What is going on dear Lord? Before, I had been absolutely physically-abled, yet I struggled with the preparation task. What then could I possibly do when I went left-handed only." The most arduous maneuver I figured out was to learn to write and type with my lefthand solely. I couldn't manage it for quite a long period of time. I began to feel the heavy weight of psychological pressure wearing down on me. I had plenty of engagements. I could neither prepare for them, nor quit. Then my heart beats started pumping heavily and I would go terrified as the classes due time approached. "What on earth could I POSSIBLY do?" With all that stress building up hills and mountains before me, a friend of mine demanded that I had to check a traumatologist. Terrified as I was, I cried bitterly due to my helplessness and the sheer turmoil I ushered into the once safe home of ours. I went with my father and a friend of mine to see a traumatologist. I went with one objective in mind. I wanted only to know the due time I could get rid of that bloody cast so that I catch up before I drowned. As fast as the doctor saw the x-ray of my wrist he said: " Yours is not a crack, it is actually a full-fledged twisted wrist fracture. You have to undergo an operation immediately or you will lose its functionality forever." The major problem was that after three weeks, my wrist almost healed, but crooked. That was by then a malunion. I wouldn't stand the idea of anybody taking a bone cutter smashing my wrist. My legs couldn't hold me. I can't undergo even stitches, BONE CUTTER, SCISSORS and HAMMERS...NOOOO WAAAAAAAY. I also had this horrible idea, that if ever I

undergo some surgery, I would definitely become conscious midway despite being anesthetized; then I would feel everything; but the surgeons would never know. I read about a horrific story once when a patient went under the knife, she became conscious but paralyzed in the midst of the surgery; what's worse, hers was an eye surgery; the excellent doctor never had a clue. Will you be okay undergoing a surgery after this story?

I changed the traumatologist to seek a second opinion. I found a specialist who told me that at that point it would be better for everyone to just have no surgery at all. He concluded "The surgery would be difficult by now." Have you seen anybody who sees a doctor and asks him: "I can't bear surgeries. Can you please tell me there is no need for it now?" Had I been brave, I would have consulted his professional opinion with no emotions camouflaging his diagnosis and the proceedings that shall ensue afterwards. He hated my cowardice. In my weekly visits to the hospital, the doctor would ask me to take some x-rays. Once I brought him one, he looked at it and asked all the medical trainees to have a look: "see this is a rare case when even a high-resolution x-ray is blurred. This is due to the sheer stress of the patient. His bone trembles so hard that the x-ray itself is no longer clear."

If you don't face a catastrophe in its due time, it gets much worse you wouldn't believe it. A small fracture today, if you disguise it as anything smaller, it could very well become a lifetime crippling; which in turn would probably eventually drive you insane due to the mountains-weight pressure and

stress. That's exactly what happened. And here I am writing this now using that same wrist. It is tilted, impaired for life. I can't workout with it, neither can I move it flexibly. Fake bravery is the worst cowardice imaginable. There is a reason why the Greeks since Plato and Aristotle considered cowardice to be among the worst vices known to humanity; *Nicomachean Ethics*, *Eudemian Ethics* and all of that. This is a world where Darwin's survival of the fittest applies whether you like it or not. You ignore it at your own peril. And I had ignored it at my own peril indeed. In the aftermath, I immediately lost all jobs except the public one; all my credibility and reputation thrown out the window in a flash of second. *See the cynical metaphysical scenario!* I rightly lost all my self-esteem. I failed everyone who knew me: family, friends, colleagues, students and most of all myself. I wouldn't stand a look at myself on the broken mirror. I was the ugliest human alive both physically and psychologically. In a blink of an eye, I became a baby who couldn't take it. My whole ego demolished to the point where I became bedridden for six months not being able to raise an eye to any human being, most of all family, friends, and students. I even wouldn't eat unless my family forced me. I planned on starving to death: a hunger strike against God. The whole matrix of the universe crashed on me. When my very all-caring, loving parents started praying to God to relieve me of my situation even if it takes death itself, you know how bad that was. I lost it. My parents themselves started crying. A catastrophe had befallen their household. *Worse than Jacob hearing about his Joseph eaten by a wolf.* While they thought they had the best son in the world, I turned out to be all-talk but no walk. I started hallucinating and doing all kinds

of unimaginable stuff. My psychiatrist couldn't stand the ugliness of my situation and cowardice, he prescribed me benzodiazepines and paroxetine. From the very moment I woke up, I would tell my family about my desperation, my mom, my dad, and my brother in particular. They had to listen to my repetitive story for almost three months for almost eight hours a day nonstop. I was on the verge of driving them crazy at best or to the graveyard at worst. Once they came home, they had to put up with a war-torn household. The people who cared the most about me were the ones that received the worst repercussions of my grandiose carefree cowardly actions. Maybe if I had killed my parents in a car accident, it would have been much lighter on me and them. I just throw on them all the unbearable weight of the catastrophe. I never imagined the world would have such a reservoir of ill-fated catastrophes in store for me. You can wake up from a nightmare, but you can never *nightmare* a hard reality. See how the world changed in a blink of an eye. I was wrong about everything; except fearing closing my eyes.

Once I started screaming and hearing the loudest train chugging you could possibly hear. At one point, I started screaming as I was on the verge of losing my mind for good. I felt I exist but without a mind. A nuclear blast inside my skull took place. Then, after taking a pill and listening to Quran, my consciousness resumed emerging again from absolute void. An experience so horrible to describe. Guess what happened? My psyche split. When I took the medication, I became the old happy person as if nothing happened. I would call students and school managers telling them that I was okay and I would

absolutely come the following day. I wouldn't sleep. By then my hand wouldn't turn over even after removing the cast. It became stiffen. I was extremely shocked at the possibility of it remaining like that for eternity. But when I took the medication, I would go all night preparing materials and lessons forgetting about my hand altogether; and when I did, I imagined that it was absolutely normal. "Look, it turns over quite normally; there is nothing wrong with my hand" I would go to wake my parents up informing them that I was absolutely okay. "Look at my hand, it is absolutely fine. Now I will go and prepare some materials. There is absolutely nothing wrong with me; neither my hand nor my psyche. Have a good night." I would say. They had the worst of nights. After spending some five or six hours before the laptop preparing materials and lessons, I would sleep extremely exhausted by dawn. Immediately after I woke up from the drugs hangover, I switched to the newly ugly completely depressed person. I wouldn't remember a thing I had done the night before. Then my imagination would be filled with these fading memories of what I had done the night before. All of sudden, I would be shocked at what I had done while under the effect of the drugs. I would strive to delete all the messages hoping nobody had seen them and apologize to those whom I called. When I checked the materials I prepared, they had absolutely nothing to do with teaching, nor learning for that matter. One psychiatrist when I reported the split phenomenon to him said: " I have never heard in my life what you just said. Benzodiazepines causing a quasi-split personality disorder is breaking news to me." He promised that he would investigate the matter with some of his colleagues to have a say

on my case. That seemed to need a worldwide medical congressional hearing to ponder over and find a solution for. I never went back to him for feedback. And I also believe that he forgot about me that very day. Unfortunately, psychiatry is one of the world's booming businesses. Rarely when you might spot a psychiatrist taking the whole humane side seriously and a patient having enough means to pay them for their trouble. Most of the psychiatrists I saw, would just spend a quarter of an hour with me at maximum, no psychotherapy, no follow-up. Thirty or forty dollars per a fifteen-minute session was the deal for them. They would prescribe some medicines to me; adding some; adjusting the dosages of some, and replacing some. They wouldn't dig deep to really figure out the root causes of the problem. And maybe this is not among their job description. I really don't know what a psychiatrist is supposed to do; where their mission begins and where it ends. But in my case, they certainly can't heal a lifetime mountain-tall accumulated self-deception along with its gruesome consequences. No medical prescription even from archangel Gabriel himself could address the bulk of my cowardice, laziness, ugliness, shamefulness, hypocrisy, sexual perversion, narcissism, megalomania, severe depression, and sheer wickedness. This would still be an impossibility even if all the psychiatrists of the world actually meet together to discuss the urgent matter for a millennium.

My demoralizing horrific state kept going on for seven months. I prayed heavily for God to either relieve me of my situation by some divine miracle or to just take my soul once and for all. My death was better for everybody concerned; most of all my family, my superiors, my students and myself. I still believe this

in my heart of hearts till this very day. I had a dear friend teacher preparing everything for me if only I could go and perform the damn lessons and come back. He was the complete opposite of me in every imaginable way, especially his handsomeness vs my spectacular ugliness; his hardworking ethic vs my carefree laziness. He is indeed one of the best teachers of English to be found anywhere in the world. I was never the same person afterwards. There I realized all the lies I had fed myself. A pack of self-deception for a straight eight-year timespan resulted at an extraordinary catastrophe never imagined. Had I taken my job seriously, prepared everything accordingly, took my accident seriously, not being the coward I was, I would have submitted a medical certificate, undergone the surgery and that's it. None of that tragedy would have unfolded. If this was the case with everybody having an accident, then there would have been no need for hospitals; only graveyards. "You have broken your wrist son; okay, kill him." The flood is always coming, prepare your ark Noah. I was transferred to a new school the next year. Incompetent people live a nomadic life. They can't stay for a long time in one place. Their scandalous reputation spreads like a plague in every establishment doomed enough to receive them. I never failed to do that. I always start the year normal, then spectacular, then a catastrophe, and finally the worst teacher in the solar system.

Even a much bigger catastrophe!

During that worst summer, I strived to piece my psyche together again one. As I was assigned to a new school, I found it a relatively favorable condition. Here I was in a new school

where no one knew about me. I can start building a new reputation from ground zero up. I still remember the first day I went there to submit my assignment letter to the headmaster. I made my way through the lines of parents and students to the administration. The whole place was overcrowded. Once I sat before the headmaster, I greeted him, he immediately received a phone call. Here is the exact transcription of what I heard from his phone call conversation:

“Allo,.....what do you mean.....it's impossible.....this can't be trueour school is on fire.....when did this happen ...just now.....have.....you called the firefighting department?....okay ...okay I'm coming. What a damn day..”

That was my first and last scene with him that day. Before he could greet me back, he received the worst phone call in all his professional life probably.

I started the year showing the best side of me to my students again. It took almost two months exactly before most of my students realized that they had met the best teacher in the world. My professionalism, the care I showed for them, the discipline and follow-up, the ideas I was capable to put before them, were all signs of someone who was a genius. They loved me again and I loved them back. I became a hero again. Little did know was the fact that the majority of the materials I taught them with were the hard work of my spectacularly brilliant, hardworking, psychologically-balanced, handsome friend mentioned earlier. I told them the majority of the materials weren't mine, but still, they couldn't realize how much of a difference it made. This time I created an illusion better than what Cesar himself could

have ever dreamt of. New opportunities came my way. I nailed every one of them. I started working at a prestigious company as a teacher of Business English and native dialect for foreigners who wanted to learn my native language. They were also amazed at my abilities, skills, sense of humor, character, ideas and broad cultural knowledge. “When foreign wealthy business associates respect me, then I must be worthy of the pride.” My rationale went: “I couldn’t have fooled well-off well-educated European executives even if I wanted to.” It didn’t take long before the whole school, colleagues, superiors, and most of all students knew about me. I had the headmaster informing me about an in-school promotion. I was invited to teach in a technical college. I was by then teaching business English, English for specific purposes at prestigious schools and companies. I became manic again. Word got around that I was the best possible teacher. I would go by and hear students who weren’t mine talking about me. Plenty of them would stop me in order to take selfies with me. “Our school is honored to have you for a teacher here Sir” brilliant students would come by and tell me. I became the most famous teacher the world has ever seen. Where in the world would you find such a phenomenon; students gathering around a teacher waiting in line to take selfies with him? Of course there are, but I wouldn’t accept the idea of having equals back then. I was on the footsteps to changing the world actually again. Even my crooked wrist and psychological tragedy found themselves a rationale in my head.

I started posting plenty of selfies myself on Instagram and Facebook. I have never had the courage to share any selfie on

any platform being the ugly I am. But then I could share my selfies with pride. I even started noticing that I wasn't ugly at all. I was actually handsome with some shallow insecurities. I was worth attention and admiration again; more than any time by then. Instagram likes and comments going in the line of "the best teacher in the world" would scale up to dozens immediately. Dozens isn't too much high a number, but it was a lot for me. Here I became megalomaniac again. By then, I stopped taking all my former medication. As God himself couldn't care less about me in my former tragedy, I decided to go my way on life. "Damn this all-faith theory," I thought. One should live his life to stay normal. So, I opened the door to commit every sin I could. From absolutely conservative to absolutely hedonistic. For the first time in my life, I dared to have sex with prostitutes. I also started smoking to excess and drinking alcohol. I broke every commandment except the fifth one as Bill Burr said. But with megalomania I was capable of killing any person who would dare to stand on my way or wrong me in anyway. I was no longer peaceful. I had had two years of kickboxing to my credit and I was willing to use it if I needed to. Sharing my kickboxing workout on Instagram further consolidated my sense of invincibility and pride. My students loved my character and might. "One should be good at being a tough man, not a good naïve bastard," I would tell my students and everyone who asked.

Once a school assistant accused me wrongly of hitting a student who in turn accused me of allowing him to hit another student with a tennis ball of mine. Actually, the student who had hit the other student wasn't from the class where the

incident happened. Before the class began, he came to me and said: “teacher, I didn’t attend the previous class, can I please join this class to catch up?” Legally speaking, I wasn’t protected by law should any event befall him; or him causing the event. I turned a blind eye to all the law thing, and allowed him in. The student who was hit had a terrible blow on the eye he could even lose his sight. The matter could go all the way to the courtroom resulting at me being fired from my job and even going to jail. I neither allowed that, nor did I hit him. I was absent for an administrative obligation in a nearby department when the incident took place. It was the headmaster who slapped him when he knew for a fact that I was wrongly charged and I had a real professional alibi. The rage in me escalated to a point no one imagined I was capable of; neither did I. I cursed heaven and earth and everyone in between, even the twelve-century Khurasan Muslim scientist the high school was named after; those who knew him and those who did not. I challenged with the loudest of yelling the most courageous among them to come my way outside school. I was suicidal. I came back to my class where the incident happened smashing everything before me, right, left, up, and down. I immediately told all the students who I assumed were complicit in the event—as they didn’t tell me what happened during the fifteen minutes I had been absent—to get the hell out of my sight. “Actually, I am the one at fault here, not you. I really deserve this. If you strive to do your best in this world, you are surely to receive the worst treatment. What a nice stub in the back dear students! Congratulation!” I declared. They left and came back crying. They still loved me back then. I immediately announced to the

headmaster and students that I decided to resign. I was worth more than that. Students cried heavily before me begging for my pardon while I sat smoking in rage in the classroom. I love melodrama. I am the champion of making much ado about trifles, never to mention important ones. The poor lovely students would stop me from leaving the classroom. They said they were afraid that, if they let me leave, they would never see me again either because of my resignation or my death by an accident on the way. The headmaster called me to his office to express his deepest sorrow for what had happened. He told me: “look, it’s actually easy to be spared all the legal side. You would just state in a report that you didn’t let the student in yourself. He just came in on his will when you had been absent and hit the guy;” I replied: “if he was capable of providing a false testimony about me to be spared; I am actually in capable of doing that. I allowed him in despite all. Should anyone be held responsible, it must be me per se.” I calmed down and promised my students that I would come back for sure. Tears ran down their cheeks out of joy this time. I genuinely felt goosebumps at that sight. Their admiration and love for me couldn’t be traded with anything under the sun for sure. Love was the most missing sentiment in my life, and there I got it in excess.

One day I was really sick and exhausted. I went to work in the company where I taught the business executives business English. When I wanted to come back, no taxi cab would stop. Over-crowded cities are indeed prison-like. I kept walking for over an hour in that state completely tired. A taxi cab finally stopped. I got in and told him where I was heading. Because of

my sickness sweat, I attempted to lower the front door glass besides me to let some fresh air in. He rudely ordered me: "raise that glass again, will you?" "Shall we die during the drive?" I responded. He pulled over and ordered me out immediately. "You know what. I am not getting out. Do whatever you please now." "I will take you to some people who will know how to handle you" "You can very well ask any sons of bitches on planet earth to handle me. Just take me wherever you want and be brave enough to deliver on your goddamn nasty words. You are all sons of bitches in this town! That's for sure." He then, changed his mind probably as I wasn't anyhow terrified as he expected, drove to a police station. Once I realized midway where he was actually driving; I told the lady behind me who had been in the taxi cab before I joined to say whatever she please to the police personnel. "You might very well madam provide a false testimony if you want. I stopped counting on people's integrity longtime ago. The courtroom in this world is none of my concerns; there will be a day when the Lord Almighty will be the judge." Once we met the first policeman, our hero, the taxi driver, said: "This guy over here thinks himself above the law. I was driving when he suddenly got in without my permission and started cussing all around. When I asked him to leave. He refused and challenged me to do whatever I want. The lady on the back seat can testify." As I was listening, he didn't disappoint me, as I didn't expect him to be a gentleman. Once the policeman asked me what the hell I was doing, I just went to the taxi cab and asked the lady to get out. "Who the fuck do you think yourself to order people here; what they should do or what they should not?" the policeman

shouted at me. “Well, as a matter of fact, I don’t think I am either superman or batman. To get in a taxi while it is driving you have to be either one of them. This is why the best thing you might do now—given his ridiculous lack of creativity to manage a logical story—you need to ask the lady what happened! We are part in this dispute and so, legally speaking, our testimonies are both invalid” I said. “You think yourself intelligent enough to tell us how we should proceed” the angry policeman retaliated further. By the end the lady was fairly unjust. She said: “Well, actually the taxi stopped and he let him in. When he started cussing out of nowhere, the taxi driver asked him to leave, but he refused to comply. This is exactly what happened from beginning till the end.” She never mentioned his rude attitude when I lowered the glass or the threats he delivered thereafter. *Half the truth is but the most heinous falsehood.* There is nothing between the truth and a lie. Everything short of the absolute truth is the worst lie indeed. I was right about not counting on her testimony. The taxi left afterwards while I stayed in the police station. “Given the lady’s testimony, you are the one at fault here. You are looking at a six-month sentence.” The policeman revealed. He started searching and inspecting all my clothes and bags. Out of the dozens items I was carrying; everything was legally allowed. The only thing he suspected was a joint rolling paper I forgot in my chest bag some two months before. “What’s this buddy? This a joint rolling paper, isn’t it” he asked. “Yes, it is. But joints rolling papers are actually sold in tobacco shops. To my knowledge, there is nothing remotely illegal about them.” I responded. “Well, if we found a rolling paper; then there is evidence for the

existence of weed which is illegal to your knowledge. And if I want to find cannabis in your possession; I can find it even if it doesn't exist." He stated. "Do as you please sir. Do you really believe I just got in a taxi cab and started cussing around out of the blue. Is that really what you think happened?" I asked. After a while, when he saw I wasn't anywhere afraid of anything; especially when he learnt I was a poor teacher of English struggling his way through life. He said "You should see a doctor my friend. The rage in you, and your stress are just abnormal. It might not take a long period of time before you find yourself in big a trouble, either injured, dead, or imprisoned." I thanked him for the advice and left. He was actually right about his evaluation of me. I should have seen a doctor at that moment immediately as the stress and rage was really taking over me.

When I was totally exhausted, as I am now, I would run to bars to have a drink. Alcohol, beer especially, had a wonderful sedative impact on my rusty grinding consciousness. I went to this bar called "The Irish Pub" who was in fact just an Irish pub. I faced some challenges from the door guards when my friend and I first wanted to have a drink in there. But we succeeded to make it through after talking to some other stuff members. The motto there was apparently: "You got to be either rich or have a gorgeous female, or even better both for you to access the Irish headquarters." I was neither rich nor did I have a beautiful girl next to me; nor am I handsome to have a gorgeous girlfriend to begin with. We were actually two nasty-looking somehow-civilized gangsters jumping onto Irish territory. Eventually, we had a drink over there while we shared

a laugh. The waiters respected us and we indeed didn't infringe on anybody's privacy or disturb anybody. How lovely was the Irish background music. It had the same melody as the soundtrack from "Braveheart." I know. I KNOW. The Scots and the Irish have a lot in common it seems; I am not an English historian or an anthropologist to have a word on it; and I wouldn't like to have a word on anything at all. I always loved Irish people for the stance against colonialism anywhere in the world; genuinely admirable people and nation.

One day after a long day of hard work, I decided to pay a visit to the Irish headquarters again. This time I parked my rotten bike a mile away so no one could spot my vehicle. I didn't want to be involved in a brawl with some giant bar guards. I dressed up well, and was in good shape though ugly. On the road before I parked, I envisioned myself having an intense argument with the bar guard. I had absolutely no power to argue or even discuss with anybody; be they bar guards, bar owners; bartenders; neither a barbeque shop cook; nor the nasty Babylonian Nebuchadnezzar. As I reached the door, the bar guard did exactly what I expected:

"We are sorry, the place is fully booked Sir."

"But I didn't book mine to be fully booked"

"Well, you had better come another day, there is just no way for you to come in tonight"

"You had better call your boss or the bar manager. There is just no way I am turning my back and just leaving peacefully. I mean my words. I am a national taxpayer who should get access to

any public space as long as it was declared public. Otherwise, they should make it a private space. So, you either change the legal status of this damn erected establishment of yours before my own eyes now, or you just let me in.”

“I am calling nobody. If the place is fully booked, it means fully booked. There are no additional tables, why would I lie to you?”

“So, here is the deal my truthful unfriend. You let me inside to see with my own eyes what you have just said, and then I would leave if the situation is exactly as you suggested. I have grown to trust nobody in this town.”

“No, I am not allowed to do that.”

“You people don’t know who you are dealing with here.” I took my phone, and started taking picture of the bar and its vicinity, including the bar guard. “You are going to have a bad repercussions for this blunder my friend. I fucking enter wherever the hell I want as I am a law-abiding tax-paying peaceful citizen. The whole world would hear about the raciest classist attitude of your establishment. I congratulate you buddy, really! Not the Irish bar who would suffer the consequences of such an abominable act, but the whole nation of Ireland. You will receive a medal of bravery by tomorrow evening.” He was so nervous and humiliated before everyone. He could neither shake my hand nor expel me. I just left with my full-documented evidence. Ireland, I love, but that very “Irish Pub” I hate. I kept them since then somewhere as anything that happened in my life. I wanted to share my story with

International Amnesty, Human Rights *Necklace*, and Doctors *Within Borders*.

Having some means then, I started frequenting the fanciest bars in town. I would go there and start conversations with foreigners. My hanger of intimacy wasn't fulfilled yet, so I would approach the most beautiful ones finding some pretext. I would become friends with bartenders and waiters. They admired me for my maneuvers, sense of humor, respect, fluency in English, knowledge, and tips. Who wouldn't like a client as crazy as that? I turned out to be a very interesting guy. One day, I was sitting having a cup of whisky before me, when I noticed a set of foreign female super-gorgeous angels-like coming through the door. I couldn't believe God could have created such beauty regardless of his existence and all of that. I kept waiting for the right moment to intervene. As two beauties were looking through the all-glass façade from the twenty-eight story, I stood up next to them as if I was also a damn tourist in my native cursed ugly town. Being the cultured human beings they seemed, they started looking at the monuments showing up from such a high altitude. The whole city was visible from there. Taking advantage of my English, So I began:

“You are welcome to our country ladies, such an honor to have you here really”

“Thank you so much. People here are so welcoming; and you are one of them.”

“Yes, we definitely are. Where are you from?”

“Holland!”

“Wow, what a spectacular nation, geography and people you are. You know what we say here about Dutch people?”

“What do you say?” they inquired curiously, and maybe suspiciously, while smiling.

“Dutch people are among the finest, most humble, welcoming nations on earth. We really admire you people.” I never discussed Holland with neither a friend nor a foe before.

“Oh. So sweet of you. Thank you!”

“By the way, the mosque you see over there, is the biggest on earth!”

“I guess, it’s the second biggest one. The biggest one is in the UAE!” she pointed out. I couldn’t care less. It would have made no difference to me whether it was the third-biggest or the fiftieth-smallest mosque on Jupiter as long as it kept the discussion going.

“Really, and here I am thinking I know better about my country! I am learning from you about our monuments. Glad having you informing me of such a thing. See, I told you my honor having met you both. What are the places you have visited since you gracefully landed on our country?” By this final question I wanted to share with them my insights about the most gorgeous landscapes in my country that I had actually been to personally. The purpose wasn’t to be a mere voluntary tourist guide, HELL NO. I wanted some pretext to get some personal contact—phone number / Facebook account/ Instagram account/whatever-- from the most gorgeous girl my eyes had

ever seen since my apocalyptic birthday.

“We have just landed here yesterday before we set off to another city tomorrow!”

“Well, if that’s the case, then you must consider tripping, hiking and mountain-climbing in the northern part of our country.” I honestly named the most beautiful places in our country. I suggested the activities they could enjoy given their adventurous nature.

“Wow, so beautiful what you have just said. Thank you so much. We will definitely consider your suggestions”

“I can work for you as *an online touristic guide free of charge* of course? A phone number or a Facebook account so that we keep in touch would be enough”

“Thanks again. The thing is that we are not allowed by our travel agency to share any personal information with anyone!” I felt a stomachache at the aftermath of her utterance.

“Well, I very well agree with the travel agency of yours. They are doing a spectacular job in protecting you!”

“How is that exactly?”

“You see, not every person you see in our country is a civilian. We are also a nation that harbors a deviant clan of criminals unfortunately! You mustn’t trust everybody who approaches you, especially since you are such a spectacularly gorgeous girl.”

“Oh, that’s so sweet of you. You really made me flattered”

“That’s a fact miss, no flattering, no exaggeration. You see, even in your country there are some conationals of mine running mobs over there. How shameful and disgraceful that must be? You know, Arabs and Muslims hate the right-wing in Europe. My B.A. dissertation was on the topic entitled “The Rise of Right-wing in Europe and the United States. Do you know what I have learned?”

“I actually hate the racism of the right-wing activists and politicians in my country, but what have you learnt?”

“If you have tried to build a beautiful nation, and you succeeded in this world despite all the odds. Then you want to preserve it and protect its culture and identity. Never to mention the terrorist threats on civilians. The right-wing are racist for very good reasons unfortunately. Though I disagree with them, I absolutely understand where they are coming from. It hurts to say this, but Arabs represent the greatest cultural threat to Western Europe, including your beloved country. You can’t expect hardworking Christian Caucasians who have labored for hundreds of years to build such fantastic free wealthy nations, to just risk it all, including culture and security! They want their nation to remain terror-free mostly-Christian as much as possible even if they happen to be atheists. Sustaining one’s culture goes beyond mere belief systems. Having foreigners who threaten the core of their identity and peace is something they just can afford.”

“You really amazed me. I never saw it like that. You really analyzed it in depth for me. Your take on the topic has been so insightful. I can’t thank you enough.”

“Of course, you are welcome.”

“Now excuse me Sir. I need to join my friends there. Glad having met you!”

“The honor is mine. Have a great night. If ever you need something, I will be more than grateful to help!”

I succeeded in making a right-wing out of an innocent gorgeous peaceful girl, and still couldn't get her damn Facebook account. “What a waste of time and effort buddy!” I told myself. I didn't blame her for not sharing any of her personal information with me. I blamed my cursed nationals who have successfully made it globally impossible for me to approach a foreign girl. There had even been a gruesome incident in my country where two foreign girls were raped and killed in a beautiful supposed-to-be peaceful mountainous area by some fucking so-called jihadists. I added one objective to my list of priorities. I would form an international organization Cosa Nostra-unlike who would burry alive any criminal conational anywhere in the world who contributed vastly or shortly to my failure of getting that angel's phone number. By the way, apart from the *biggest mosque* information which I wasn't sure of, all my analysis was genuine. I surprisingly told her the truth. Maybe when the person is astonishingly ugly, the only way left for him to be appealing—I am just consoling myself again never believe a word of it—is to be bluntly truthful even if that should mean standing against his own culture.

I went back to my seat. I needed another shot. I fathomed if I attract her attention somehow, she might share something with

me even if the possibility of that happening is less than one out of a zillion. My manic mind started: “the damn travel agency warned them against nationals of my country for very good reasons indeed. What can I do about it? Well, if I mingled with foreigners in the bar; and she somehow noticed me; she might trust me as well. As far as the thought was manically processed, I flew in to a table opposite the angel’s one where some foreigners were sitting. So, I began again playing the same poker game. Starting off with a welcoming gesture, before I proceeded to my touristic adventures; and finishing off with some philosophical, literary, political, religious thoughts. The host table was made of very cultured welcoming Uruguayans. I dived deep into discussions with them, that I forgot about my original mastermind scheme. In there, I realized how little is my useless knowledge compared to people’s hard earned experience, richness and depth. While submerged in the wonderful discussion, I suddenly remembered my original intention, and turned to have a glimpse at my beloved angel. She seemed to have forgotten about me altogether; and why wouldn’t she? So, the Uruguayans were no use in attracting attention; cursed be South America for having allowed the existence of Uruguay on its map; I still loved and admired the Uruguayans so much. I brought the discussion to an end immediately. Getting a personal contact of my angel was better than God himself telling me the origin of the cosmos and the theatre to unfold after this whole cursed business of creation ends. I booked a flight ticket to a German table. Being the professor I was, I started preaching shamelessly a German couple about the history of Germany—the one before Nazism and all of that. I

was amazed that they never heard about Prussia. But they weren't amazed at actually succeeding in fooling me about their ignorance of Prussian history. Germans are one of the most intellectual people on earth I assume. They can't miss their own history. They were friendly though. I tried to steal a look at the table of the angles; no damn attention whatsoever. So I went ahead to my angel, handed her my phone, and I asked her to read a post of mine I shared on Facebook. In my hopeless attempt, I was only left with one option. I may attract her through my style of writing and ideas; which to me *a l'époque* were unique though there was absolutely nothing appealing about them at all. Thus, I bet on the likelihood of her remembering my profile name next to the post long enough so that when she lands back home on her safe Holland, she might possibly probably likely somehow send me a friend request on Facebook. That what I learned from watching Christopher Nolan's "Inception:" planting a subliminal memory on the hope of it materializing afterwards. Thanks dear Nolan for your crazy imagination indeed. You are helping delirious manic megalomaniacs like myself approaching gorgeous ladies!

This is the exact post on Facebook I showed her:

The two-State Solution

The story goes that I admire the Anglo-Saxons' culture. I have felt it within me, long time ago, that I love reading and learning about culture, history, literature, religion, philosophy, politics, business, technology and arts. This is why I majored in computer networks and culture, not linguistics. This is not to undermine the fine discipline of linguistics, since there are

wonderful teachers who picked it for a stream, but it just happened that it wasn't my thing AT ALL. Victor Frankel's "Man's Search for Meaning"; Jordan Peterson "12 Rules for Life"; Osama Dazai "No Longer A Human"; Dostoevsky's "Notes from the Underground" & "Brothers' Karamazov"; Leo Tolstoy's "What Man Live By"; Ali Izzat Begovic "Islam Between East and West" & "the Islamic Declaration"; Ali Ibno Abi Talib's "Peak of Eloquence"; Marcus Aurelius' "Meditations"; Epictetus' "Art of Living"; Sun Tzu's "The Art of War"; Arnold Toynbee's "A Summary of The Study of History"; Rayan Holidays "The Ego is the Enemy"; and Alexis Carrel's "Man The Unknown". This is a short list of the books that have sacredly inspired me as a person and affected my character you wouldn't believe it. Some people might feel the temptation to judge my intention and pass the death sentence on me that my purpose from writing this non-sense is most definitely to show off and gain admiration and a couple of likes et al. I wouldn't have benefited a single dime if I still think of impressing people and waiting for their applause. That's emotional enslavement and I happen to be no slave. And it's the Lord's grace on me to have been granted freedom from these chronic cardiovascular subtle diseases. It takes a lifetime of meditation, introspection, & retrospection to purify one's soul from greed, envy, arrogance, & hatred. And I who sustain pain and carry on the miles further, still have two feelings that make me cry. Really cry. Justice and injustice. The first because of the Love of it, & and the second because of the helplessness of it. Maybe I have an inflated sense of empathy which literally subjects me to the griefs and sorrows of other people. Maybe

I'm a sick man. That must be a sickness. Why would anybody cry for anybody, some people died for others. I must be sick. They are sicker. From a vintage of teaching, I have long-time ago understood that the only people who really benevolently affect any given society are the intelligentsia. These are the well-educated, hardworking, morally-abided, and intellectually-sophisticated nationals who allow their own crucifixion for the salvation of others: call them students in this case. This is no Homer, or Achillis, or the trojan horse. This is what have made the difference between the greatest civilizations in history and the rest. You don't need to be a historian to know that our country is among the rest. The moral duty we have to enlighten the lost generation is gigantic. There is nothing we can do except to sacrifice despite all the right arguments and alibis that might be rightly put against it. Contemplating the moment in the Garden: Allowing your own crucifixion. I wouldn't judge people who think and work for their own sake; selfishness is a cardinal component of our personality. And people shouldn't feel ashamed if they apply that principle, because it's purely human. Not me who said this, who Am I anyways? It was Che Guevara who contemplated the idea. He confirmed that you can't count on people's sense of love, compassion and justice to achieve the Lost Paradise. Most people will always stay egoistic. Che Guevara sacrificed himself for Cubans, Congolese, and Bolivians. Apparently, he lost and died. Morally he became a timeless legendary Tale. A story of the supremacy of Humanism over greed; of creed over materialism. " The Road Less Traveled" by Scott Peck. Why would people change course and go where the vast majority ran from. To have the caliber to go

beyond the realm of common sense, to the realm of moral and ethical duty for humanity's sake makes me cry. Really cry. If you see what our government dictates, they can't insult our intelligence. They really don't care about students, least of all teachers. But one should teach because of this crude injustice not despite of it. It is the fuel to our cause, not the impediment. Without injustice, there would have been no cause to begin with; there would have been no Heroes or villains, there would have been no prophets or demons. There would have been no Joseph of Egypt or Moses. There would have been no Divine Drama. Life is a grandiose Divine play, and we are characters in it. Each one picks a role and incorporates it. And one day the records will be set, the balance will be evened, and each will receive their due. Even if we go with the atheistic line of thinking and say there is no hereafter. Would one really think that in history and for humanity's sake that the warm-hearted sacrificing heroes are the same as the opportunistic cruel villains? I don't think so. I really don't. The two-state solution. Even if they do everything within their power to ruin our cause, we will outdo them since we have people's hearts, destiny and the Lord's grace on our side. And I have been rewarded with people's hearts, and I don't really need a Rolls Royce and a Palace to feel satisfied. Somethings are meant to be invaluable: ethics, morals, love and Justice. Can't trade that with a billion dollars. I would love to have a Maserati though. The Italians are really elegant. But I am doing well even without it. Spare the long journey till here. "I wish you were here" Pink Floyd.

Cob, Fisher, Eames, and their dream-squad succeeded in planting the seed in Christopher Nolan's "Inception", but I

brutally failed again. I never received an invitation from a western girl, and why would she? Her name was Linda. She also was intelligent enough to give me an alias. What difference does it make God if that was her real name or not? Don't you think Lord, that if you had made me a little bit more good-looking, she might actually have indeed remembered my cursed Facebook profile, and sent me her heartwarming revelation as Christ received yours? You emphasize the vitality of love in all your scriptures, a glorious and sublime divine message indeed, yet that's exactly what you denied me all my life. Was that really necessary? Don't you think—and you are the omnipotent all-caring all-loving all-compassionate omniscient Lord blessed be thy name—that if you had preordained for your servants a fair share of a taste of love for each one of them, they could almost bear this harsh existence and never get hopeless in their journey, never think of suicide no matter what? Though I have become the devil's boss I am, with no chance of atonement or repentance, I actually believe you exist; and I actually believe in thy Lordship over all creation, and I believe you are worthy of worship and love. Your wisdom is indeed great, that no human can possibly imagine. How I want to be in hell even if you decided to grant me heaven after all, because I also believe that it would be even a greater injustice dealt to me if heaven—God forbid—be a destination of such a wretched soul as mine. Heaven itself would suffer a great deal by receiving me even if you try to purify my soul. *Those who feel pain most exquisitely know exactly what it means to be spared from it.* You Lord have created us for a purpose you wanted *from* us which you showed us in your divine commandments, in that I dramatically failed. I did the

exact opposite of what you wanted from me, though I tried; I mean though I thought I tried. I showed the world how badly I tried, but you know how hypocritical I have been all along. For that you showed the whole world my true nature. I couldn't hide my pride from you, the same way Satan failed. It is pride you hate. But, you also know that you have created us for a purpose you wanted *by* us which you hid from us in your divine word; and that I spectacularly succeeded at. Rare are those who could play the devil's character in your divine play. And such characters you need for your whole divine play to have meaning. The devil and I—I give myself credit more than the devil to be honest—have played our role to no match. Blessed be your magnificent theatre DEAR LORD; and cursed be me name for what I have ever stood for. Just remember that if I made to heaven, your justice will be threatened, and that what I would most hate. As the best attribute of all your splendorous traits for me is by far JUSTICE. I couldn't trade your JUSTICE even with my hell. Blessed be thy Justice, heaven and mostly hell, but cursed be my name.

I would share such bar stories in excruciating details with my students. The best of such stories always had their way into my mouth while standing on stage in front of them before we began a lesson; sometimes that was all the lesson. Kind of getting them curious while also planting in their heart the seed of loving my classes; of loving me. Maybe I was just wasting their time. No, I was wasting their time in the most ignoble way ever. Best teachers to my knowledge create appealing materials and teach their subject matter, and *leave them kids alone*. Wasn't I doing a wickedly vicious disservice to my students by telling

them about my deviant experiences in bars; with girls and drugs? They were taking me seriously those poor students. All I had succeeded in doing was to show them an example to follow; the exact opposite of what a teacher should morally do. That alone is a sufficient sin for God to have punished me the way he did whether he existed or not. Deep in me, was the unfathomable desire to show my female students that I was capable of playing games with foreign gorgeous girls. Why wouldn't they then be honored to approach me further, or at all? They would laugh heavily at my strategies of approaching foreign girls. So, wherever I went I would make use of my new hobby of approaching girls: in colleges, bars, cafés, clubs, companies, you name it. I became the most charming guy on the planet, I imagined.

I liked a girl in a former high school of mine while visiting a friend teacher. I spied on her for weeks. I stood before her one day for the first time; "What's your name miss?" she looked at me and left. I wouldn't take that for a no. I kept following her till she finally said, "you want something, tell my father." I kept following her footsteps till I observed her house. As I was asking a street guard about the girl's apartment, I saw her coming with her father towards me. I had no intention of fighting what I hoped would be my father-in-law. Cursed be in-laws if they ever accepted me for an in-law. To my surprise, instead of striking a punch to my ugly face, he saluted and welcomed me. I was shocked at his innocent and gentlemanly character; I was shocked more by my ability to hide my true nature. He told me that she was very ill and once she recovers, he would let me know and only then we can discuss. I kept

talking with her and her father for weeks. The poor girl was subject to some evil Blackmagic wrongdoing by some people less demonic than myself. She showed me footages of what she vomited before she became somehow insane and epileptic. A heart-breaking story of an innocent holy gorgeous girl attacked by such an unholy inhumane act. I really felt for her; my admiration for her only increased. What was more honorable than proposing to such a heavenly ill girl and suffer the consequences with her? I was thinking I was on the summit of moral high-ground; I was the one to make sacrifices for the sake of innocent people no matter what; especially if I liked them; *mostly if I could use their illness to my own benefit*. Looking at it retrospectively—as in my experience I never realized my true essence or intentions in real time NEVER—I wanted to trick her with my hypocritic mask. In essence I am uglier than King Baldwin however sick he was, but I acted the courageous holy just Salah Eddine before her and her family. But my fake Salah Eddine can't send physicians to help my true Baldwin; mine is an illness that even angels can't heal; and even if they could; they shouldn't; wouldn't; and mustn't. keeping the ontological balance between good and evil is more essential than healing me from a divine perspective. This kept going on for a while, bringing her some presents now and then, and commanding her to see a psychiatrist at my expense. I wanted to cover her with my grace to ultimately succeed in attracting her towards me. In my uncontrollable manic state, I felt devastated by her long doubt and delayed final word, so I gave her a deadline to utter her final judgement. Meanwhile, I gave an ultimatum to God Himself. "You either my Lord give me this beautiful soul to

heal me, as I am way sicker than her without her knowledge, or I would go full scale on my pathology till doomsday with no possible redemption.” As you can see clearly, my prayer is worse than the most staunchest atheist’s. They don’t believe in God, yet they pray in desperation to save them while I threaten God though I believed in his existence sometimes. Though I literally see Him within me sometimes. No one ever can give an ultimatum to God and live sanely, or at all, to talk about it. Her final word came, she said NO. She finally decided that she wasn’t ready for an engagement. She hurt me badly with her final rejection. When I asked her how she came to such a grossly undesirable decision, she said: “I prayed God to guide me in such consequential decision; He showed me all the signs why I must say no.” Those who pray God, receive; and those who give God an ultimatum, they can very well carry on their sickening path till doomsday as they said, or even more. Even with the appeal of a wonderful teacher of my acquaintance who supervised, protected and taught her, and who wrongly assumed he knew me, she couldn’t accept. I cried heavily in a café as I listened to his phone call with her. He even said, “listen daughter, I swear before Allah Himself, and you know how I love you and care for you, if this guy proposed to my daughter, I would invite him without doubting my decision for a second. He is one of those rare wonderful guys these days.” I didn’t fake the tears. I was bereft of listening to anything good about me. Anything that might give me another perspective about myself that I wasn’t sure I had. And what is better than having an incredible trusted witness on your side in the court of LOVE. I was like Andy Dufresne hearing finally that he was innocent

after all from an unexpected inmate all while he was himself doubting it for twenty years. With her, I assumed the door of a legitimate marriage was closed for good. “If you want something in this world, you have to get it your own way. Oh, Ayda knows. She got smart about revolution. Isn’t it Ayda” Thomas Shelby. I had always admired mafia movies, novels, stories and songs. They filled me with an amazing sense of power and charisma. My consciousness and subconsciousness started cooking this version of me. I had been living in this mafia fantasy world for some twelve years. They must have impacted my psyche to an extent; a great one indeed.

A strange phenomenon happened to me when I was just fourteen years old. Upon watching some Turkish soap operas and their national football team’s nationalist spirit back in UEFA EURO CUP 2008, I suddenly fell in love with Turkey to the point of passionate longing. I would dream of the day where I would eventually step upon their glorious triumphant Anadolu. By 2010, I would draw their national flag wherever I went. A passion I had never felt before for any idea, figure, creed, nation you name it. Then I started watching their spectacular Godfather-inspired mafia saga “Kurtlar Vadisi.” I had subconsciously drunk all the heroism, national sacrificial spirit as well as the sharp-mindedness displayed by the leading hero Polat Alemdar as well as the deep state nationalist cultured doughty mysterious figure Uncle Aslan who launched the grandiose covert operation codenamed “Valley of the Wolves”. I had been submerged and overwhelmed by the drama for six years to the point where I would give up everything even my life to become anywhere near such a glory. Especially the fact

that the saga revolves around standing up and annihilating all mafia criminals in Turkey as well as countering vicious mighty espionage undertaken and terror inflicted by western and eastern intelligence services such as the CIA, NSA, the Mossad, MI6, the KGB, the Gladio, the Gestapo as well as the Iranian intelligence. Well scripted, soundtracked and filmed sagas have such an unknown potential in changing the core spirit and perceived identity of the young which should be studied and analyzed by benign media analysts. From there I had branched to really studying in depth every powerful organization in the world, especially secret services and brotherhoods. Eventually I found myself learning about the Assassins, the freemasons, the illuminati as well as the Muslim Brotherhood and Fathullah Gulen Hizmet Movement. That was such an extensive course on how to covertly spread a parallel state the state itself doesn't know exists. I started the journey as a simple enthusiastic fan and learner, later on this whole cluster of deeply-ingrained beliefs and splendid ideas would find itself a powerful subconscious stream towards the core of my personality; the result of which was a cardinal component of my overall journey to insanity as far as I am concerned. There is a faraway distance to ride from being a young person who aspired to be a decent hardworking person to eventually dream of holding the torch of martyrdom in the battlefield against all evil organizations worldwide. Having such subconscious gigantic reservoir while bitterly watching the gruesome injustice dealt to the weak innocent people in our world, especially in the middle east, can very well drive the person to even join Hamas, Al-Qaida, ISIS, Quds Force, Taliban as well as any organization whose façade

gives the impression of standing for the most just cause there is. Later on, with the mass slaughter taking place in the atrocious Syrian civil war I was about to join ISIS had I had the courage to bid farewell to my beloved family and the means to travel.

“Women and children can be careless, but not men” The Godfather. I have been the most corrupt careless man while thinking the exact opposite. How do I know?

“A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit, neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit. Every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down, and cast into the fire. Wherefore by their fruits ye shall know them.” The Messiah Peace be Upon Him; though for others he is God.

In my out-of-this-world rage, I figured out that for me to be anything in this world, I needed to get wealthy. I proposed to some wealthy friends, family and teachers that we needed to open a language center. I would send a proposal to some international organizations requesting their endorsement. They sent me the papers of guidelines and policies to sign. I did. Given my megalomania, I envisioned that I would open the best language center in town buying out the best competitors in the market. I was a Corleone waiting the moment to visit Moe Green, though I was no Godfather, neither his son, nor a consigliere, not even a Fredo. I would share my plans with everyone. Most of them believed it. “Nobody could make up such stuff. I couldn’t fake that especially when I have already been extremely successful with my already existing clients,” my pathological logic went again and again and again. I was admired by everyone I had a transaction with. I saw many friends and supposed to be antagonists very successful already. I thought I

could easily do better. It was the best time to avenge myself and even the score in this unfairly just universe. I never admitted even to myself that I was envious of anybody. I always sought to appreciate people's success stories. I forced myself to congratulate and celebrate the success of those I felt most envious of. If anybody should be envious of anyone, it must be me who should go envied, not the other way around. I would start journaling when I introspectively inspected the slightest shadows of envy in me. I would write full posts likening this world to an orchestra. From the conductor, the violinist, to the pianist, the celloist all the way to the last flutist, every single one should excel in their performance *while simultaneously hoping everyone excels too for the whole symphony to be spectacular*. Otherwise, the whole performance would go in vain if only one misses the show. This was how I convinced myself- lied to myself- with the illusion of my fabulous intentions for all humanity. Deep down, I had had horrific fears of missing out. As I had spent the greatest bulk of my life being horrifically depressed, I would wake up many times and realize how far behind I was on the fierce race to excellence. I would wish the whole world to come to a sudden halt. "Everyone must stop and wait until I catch up." The world wouldn't stop; the earth would keep spinning; not minding what's going on with me. I was deep down envious of all successful peers and I wouldn't admit it. In that state of affairs and being, I was on the lookout for anything that would skyrocket my situation allowing me to surpass everyone immediately. Any idea capable of pushing me further towards that goal will be envisioned and executed upon; fatally executed upon!

A school called me to teach in their premises. I said I didn't have time. I was genuinely fully booked. The person calling me told me that they would be honored to work with them. "I will do my best sir and give you my response next week." I said. "You know that you were suggested to us by some students you had taught last year who accidentally happen to study in our language center and schools," he further emphasized. "No, I didn't know that; actually I prayed God to prevent such a thing from happening once I accidentally saw some of them in your language center as I didn't want to disappoint you sir." "Well, just do you best, and you will never regret it; my word." "Thank you sir; really heartwarming and kind of you. I will join God willing, my word." As I hang up the phone, I thought "If anybody should regret anything someday, it will be you sir not me unfortunately." I wasn't megalomaniac back then, but I knew the accumulated stress in me would definitely lead to a no-good world. A friend of mine had already warned me about the scale and scope of misbehavior in that particular school in that notorious neighborhood. "Here we go!" I thought. Let's set the scene of David and Goliath, and see who's going to win. I wasn't sure I was David as God hadn't spoken to me personally back then. Spoiler alert: *He would later on.*

Below is what I wrote in my journal that same day and I shared it on teachers Facebook groups. How I wish I hadn't, but I did. The problem was the unprecedented hailing and hats-offs from teachers I got. There is a notorious chance that I am actually the Anti-Christ—God Willing—that all Abrahamic religions warned against.

Harmer, Hammer and the Double-horned

I was called by a school to teach. The prequel: mean students have scared two teachers in two months and they have been ruining a whole school. They could have called the American Anti-Terrorism task force, but instead, they preferred me for a very unholy reason. To guide the misguided, you need prophets, but since revelation was sealed with the last prophet and the last testament, you need an anti-prophet: a bloodthirsty cartel embodied in one person. Entering the classroom, I noticed a disco. Students hugging, laughing, & dancing. Heaven minus concubines. Being inspired by the story of the Double-horned in the Cave chapter I said: “To the righteous minority an olive branch will be extended and to Gog and Magog, there will be punishment and Inferno.” Some students laughed; others just gasped. As I had no list of names yet, I wanted to record the misbehaving heroes on the act. A brilliant idea dawned on me then. Out of nowhere I took my phone in a split second, and took multiple pictures of the fans in the Maracanã irrational stadium. One of the Magog’s clan, stood and insulted me with the worst in the dialect glossary before all students. I took him by the arm, walked him like a dog to the door, and said: “You are a hero and heroes I respect. This is a problem not to be solved by either the administration, the police, the army, the navy, nor the NATO. At exactly *sex* o’clock when I finish, you and the clan of dogs of yours we meet outside school. To those who live congratulations, and to those who die, may the Lord NOT HAVE MERCY ON THEM.” Of course, with a couple of lines from the Inferno glossary. I didn't threaten, I godly meant it. I have seen enough of this shitty town called the Milky

Way already, let see what's in the hereafter even if it doesn't exist. Harmer and the rest of them didn't have brutal ferocious dogs in mind when they wrote their teaching pamphlets. That wouldn't have been imaginable by them. What fucking TEFL are you talking about? We teachers need to have character and be prepared for martyrdom when needed. This is not fairy tales. It's hard-core reality. And those who are not prepared for this, and they shouldn't, there are more worthwhile disciplines and domains than 'teaching' in our beloved God-forsaken country. Now for me, problem solved. All the clan of dogs apologized and even attempted to kiss my head. I stopped them immediately and said "I am not the Mullahs of Iran; I am a teacher who was called to perform his job, and leave. YOU DON'T HAVE THE RIGHT TO DISTURB ME; NEITHER DO YOU HAVE THE RIGHT TO DISCTURB YOUR CLASSMATES WHO WANT TO LEARN WHOSE PARENTS PAY FORTUNES FOR THEM TO BE HERE." YOU ARE WELCOME TO LEARN, BUT YOU WILL NEVER BE WELCOMED AGAIN IF THE SLIGHTEST MISBEHAVIOR HAPPENS AS THE RESULT OF THAT MIGHT BE REALLY REALLY REALLY TRAGIC." Another brave girl, wouldn't shut up as she was from a wealthy powerful family as rumors had it. I took her lovely bag that she was hugging like a cursed girl, and threw it outside the window to the corridor. "You are a monster; you are not a teacher" the poor cute girl said to hurt me emotionally. I was rather hurt by not taking her by the shoulders, leaving the innocent bag on the table; and throwing her instead; not to the corridor this time, but directly to the streets." Since when God started sending

people from heaven down directly to the streets instead of angels?” people would rightly wonder. “Have we missed a meeting or what?” She was terrified and left. Two problems solved in less than five minutes. You would think now the NATO could do such a thing or even have enough creativity and madness to think about? But the whole proceedings didn’t mean a thing to me, neither on earth nor in heaven. I am always prepared for all; and anything can happen any single moment. And God on his truth, I discipline the self-proclaimed mafia with force not damn kindness. You work wholeheartedly for the benefit of your students, but simultaneously you gotta be prepared to open the gates of hell for anyone who dares to insult you....but you gotta really mean it. The supremacy of Hammer and the Double-horned over Harmer and TEFL idealism.

An idea of further glory crossed my mind. As the only advantage I genuinely believed I had over anybody else in town was my capacity to read the broad coverage of world literature. I figured why not share with my students the tasteful takes I have amassed from the range of books I had read and analyzed. I was already by then famous for my brilliant ideas, or so I assumed. Most students don’t read. It was my noble responsibility to show them what was behind my peculiar way of teaching and being. I packed in a suitcase more than thirty books ranging from history, religion, to philosophy, *seduction*, literature and psychology. I had already informed them that one day I would bring some books to enlighten their minds; that

time had finally come. I was euphoric. I couldn't sleep waiting with the acutest passion to land on the school with my goldmine of knowledge. Once my students saw me with the suitcase, they fathomed "A lot is going to be different today." I would open my suitcase, arrange the books on the table and start quoting my best takes on each of them. They gazed at me with awe as I started speaking. Trivial-looking sentences verbalized with eloquence while euphoric never failed to inspire everybody, let alone my students. I had by then, developed a sense of invincibility as I would always have rituals before going to school. I would sit in a café; write inspirational quotes for me, and listen to the most sentimental martyrdom songs and clips I could possibly find from Turkish mafia songs to The Book of Eli final scene. I was all of those sentiments combined and much more. I felt heavenly graced. That was my psychological settings during my classes. I would teach, preach and inspire. The most charming character walking the planet. I would take a volume like "A Study of History" and list the qualities of thriving civilizations in recorded history while also pointing out the traits leading to others' peril. I held the book of "The Godfather" to emphasize the vitality of being courageous and challenging everyone who comes your way. Ours was a world based on master doctrine, not slave morality as the weak would have us believe. What about "The Art of Deception." "Well, the person must be tricky in dealing with people. If you want to seduce a person, show your strength of character and brilliance of intellect, sense of humor, and let them hooked before you leave unexpectedly; spy on them, and see if they are looking for you. Don't show up until they start longing for you. Speak less

before people, weigh your words to convey exactly what you want them to perceive, not what you genuinely intend. Always keep your plans secret, and disguise your intentions with other trivial irrelevant ones. What about religion? Well, if your plans are for the wellbeing of humanity and against evil, you will be divinely protected and guided exactly like Eli, or martyred like prophets which is even better. You will be invincible no matter how hard your enemies plot against you as God is the best of benevolent plotters. See how Cyrus the Great defeated Gog and Magog with his justice, power, knowledge and divine guidance!” I wouldn’t stop for a full hour; one awe-aspiring take after another nonstop. Everyone was dumbfounded; they had never imagined someone to have such caliber as I did, or so imagined. I performed the same exact character before all my classes.

During one month, I turned from a typical demonic atheist, who had no interest and no passion for any religious ideas or their applications all the way to the best transcendental mystic who had ever walked the earth. My consciousness became so clear and ideas would develop in light speed. Two ideas who apparently had nothing to do with each other would become completely merged and irreversibly dependent upon each other to form a secret meaning meant for the chosen ones only. Secret societies of the whole world couldn’t match my divinely revealed secrets firsthand. In one class in particular, being the indomitable, omnipotent, omniscient I was, I explained the following to a college class while vaping; yes you read right; WHILE VAPING IN FRONT OF MY STUDENTS:

“You know why God created humans? Some say to worship

him and abide by his commandments. I personally don't think so. Do you know about the philosophical question which goes: "if a tree falls in the forest and there was no one around or close enough to perceive it, did it make a sound?" I would even elaborate, did the whole thing even happen? My answer is no. Without a perceiving being to phenomena, there is just no phenomena. There is no event. Without a perceiving conscious being, there is no existence. Without a perceiving conscious being, there is absolutely nothing. Now imagine Allah existing and no one around is there to perceive His majesty, HIS glory, HIS phenomenal sublime mind-blowing creation. Did HE or any of his attributes actually exist? No, they don't. Who would benefit from such a glory if there is no one to share it with? Wouldn't it be all in vain? If you have prepared a wonderful party, and you have invited nobody, is it actually a party? No. Which is better, to organize a party for yourself alone where you have no one to share it with or to invite people over and share the fun around? Of course it's the second one. This is why Allah *had* to create humans to realize his majesty. He *needed* humans to gaze at his creation with awe and love. He *had* to create humans for his majesty to be glorified. He created us to glorify HIM which is radically different from merely worshipping him. He created us so that HE exists"

Once I finished, tears were all over my cheeks. I didn't fake that sense of mysticism. I honestly felt every ounce of my being warm; light it was in my mind; fire in my soul, and goosebumps all over my body. I swear, everybody would give all their possessions and even maybe loved ones, to feel such divine presence within. Now I am a crazy person, and that was

*For your sake, I cross the desert and split the mountain in two,
And turn my face from all things,
Until the time I reach the place
Where I am alone with You.”*

♣ يشعرون بالحضور الإلهي في الداخل ♣

*Kill me, my faithful friends,
For in my being killed is my life
Love is that you remain standing;
In front of your Beloved
When you are stripped of all your attributes;
Then His attributes become your qualities.
Between me and You, there is only me.
Take away the me, so only You remain*

♣ içlerindeki ilahi varlığı hissediyorlar ♣

*I am the One whom I love, and the One whom I love is myself.
We are two souls incarnated in one body;
if you see me, you see Him,
if you see Him, you see us.*

*You are the sun, the moon, and the day!
You are our paradise and our hellfire.*

***Our guy above was mimed and cut to pieces alive by his
very own Muslim people and he wouldn't shut the hell up.
He already saw the truth before leaving this world it
seems, and he wouldn't let go of it until he joined the
eternal love.***

That same day, I had a class in another school. They also had to see some version of my oratory performance. That was a school notorious for its misbehaving failed students. Previously, I had had many instances where I faced some challenges with some of them, but overall, during the three months I had spent with them up till then, we had bizarrely grown to like each other to some extent. Some students invited their senior friends and relatives to join the same school. When I asked them why they joined. They suggested that it was mostly due to my English class. Why wouldn't I believe them? These were seniors. I used to have fun and share in-jokes with them. We were more friends than just typical surface-level relationship between teacher and students. The latter is better than the former by far. I still liked some girls in there's too. They appeared to be attracted somehow to me. Some were really gorgeous. But, when I tried to approach anyone of them, something would happen that would push me back. If a girl started flattering me, I wouldn't react bluntly. I would try to make a joke out of it instead. That meant that we were one step closer to doomsday. One of them would sit in the front desk just before me and repeatedly tell me: "Why wouldn't you marry now? Just why? You know that even though I appear spoiled with this make-up and seductive uniform, I know how to cook and I would happily settle for someone even if he wanted me to live with his parents." I didn't need Satan to whisper anything to me. I was the whisperer myself. I outdo him in every department of shame, why would I listen to a loser? Now you might want to convince me that she was merely tempting me, seducing me for a hobby. Or she wasn't talking about me at all

to begin with. Her reasons and intentions made no difference to me back then, neither now, nor for eternity for that matter. For me back then “SHE WANTED TO SLEEP WITH ME AT WORSE AND MARRY ME AT BEST AND THAT’S IT”. Let me give some self-credit to myself in this manifesto: I wouldn’t lose focus or turn uxorious however hard she tried. Does Satan, being the loser he is, get harassed by girls or the other way around? Now, if she missed three classes afterwards, then we were three steps driven apart. When I pointed out some disciplinary measure, the gorgeous ones wouldn’t comply; they had me in the pocket they thought maybe; but I wouldn’t be intimidated by anyone. They would receive the coldest treatment. My capital was my character, nothing should ever threaten that. I would expel the non-compliant students to their shock, and sit to have a laugh about it. I did it especially to ridicule them before everyone. The rest of students would appreciate that even more. When they saw no beneficiary treatment was dealt to even the most flattering gorgeous girls, they would smile and comment silently about the foolishness of their expelled classmates. I would hear things like: “They should have shut those damn phones; what did they expect? No phones means no phones for everybody.” “Arguing with the teacher about such apparent things is actually stupid. They should have abided by the same conduct as everybody else. Even the teacher himself abides by this conduct.” I didn’t need students to fuel the rage in me, either intentionally or accidentally; I was fire, fuel, atomic bombs and more.

As the story went that day. I brought the books to the full attention of everybody. I started bragging before their eyes

about the superiority of my knowledge. Some showed resentment to such a narcissistic display and asked to leave. It wouldn't cross my mind that I was narcissistic back then. I thought was genuinely trying to encourage them to be hardworking. I don't know. I DON'T KNOW. I can't remember. And even if I could, I wouldn't want to know. IT MAKES NO DIFFERENCE TO ME MATE. People think they know themselves, well breaking news, you DON'T people, you just don't. You got to be omniscient to know that and you are not. A lazy teacher asking his students to be hardworking. Quite a story, isn't it? I told the girl who wanted to quit "Of course you can leave; it is actually my pleasure to see you leave." I uttered while being megalomaniac again. Sufi in the morning; Hitler in the afternoon. To be fair to Hitler, Germany was luckier having had him for a leader than myself if given that scale of power and praise. You think you would have acted differently in a poverty-stricken internationally-humiliated Germany if you HAPPENED TO BE IN HIS SHOES. You just haven't tried harder. YOU CAN NEVER KNOW EVEN IF YOU HAD BEEN A JEW. Blessed be ALL those who died UNJUSTLY wherever they have happened to be. I knew I wasn't normal, but I didn't expect to be a full-scale megalomaniac. Afterwards, I started talking only with boys as all the girls were either absent, or expelled. A sight of freedom I paradoxically enjoyed. I asked a student of mine in his twenties to go get me a pack of cigarettes. After ten minutes he was before me mission accomplished. To their amazement, I started talking world ethics, literature and philosophy while smoking inside the classroom. "Are the cameras in the classroom

working?” I asked. “No, they aren’t sir”, they answered. “You know that the massive technological failure in our beloved country is a blessing in disguise. You neither know blessing, nor disguise, do you?” As all the boys were far from the mundane peaceful innocent students, they actually welcomed the strangeness of the whole scene. “A teacher smoking in the classroom, where the fuck on earth is such a thing allowed?” they must have pondered. I was by then capable of hearing people’s thoughts. There is a difference between *capable of hearing* and *actually hearing*. You don’t know the difference, do you? As I was delving deep into my performance, a girl from the exiled Ku Klux Klan came back. “What do you want?” I asked. She demanded the necessity of me allowing her to rejoin.

“Sorry, I can’t do that. You can leave my classroom at your will, but you can’t rejoin whenever you like. That’s not how things are being run in my presence. This is not the kitchen of your home as you might have known.” She showed greater resentment and challenged me that she would enter whether I wanted to or not. While giving her my final word about the futility of her enterprise, she just ignored my rationale; went in without permission; sat down and told me to ride my high-horse wherever I wanted. How I wish it was just a horse and not a Tsar Bomba. As I was holding the phone to dial the assistant in charge of matters of dispute between teachers and students, I heard her slurring me not so quietly, loud enough for me to get offended. I turned back forgetting about all the non-retaliatory principles of warfare, and I started shouting threats and slurs I myself hadn’t heard before coming out of my mouth prior to that point in my life. I threatened her life and

the life of anybody who might dare to intervene in her defense in the most atrocious of expressions. I threatened her whole clan. Building a concentration camp minus-one-thousand-star hotel for her clan wasn't something that far strange in my world back then. She was dumbfounded to the point where she wasn't able to make sure whether that was real or surreal; nobody in the world could dare to do such a thing in their right minds; little did anybody know I was the farthest away from any shred of rightmindedness. One of the troublemaking students, who was actually physically well-belt and larger than myself-- I saw him from the corner of my eye-- suddenly flipped over the desk before him, stood up and rushed furiously towards where I was standing, and then boom: a nice powerful hook directly to my right cheek. Of course, it took me such a long second to realize what happened due to the unworldliness of the whole event. Once my consciousness realized what happened. My kickboxing software was suddenly activated. The only thing I remembered afterwards, plenty of hooks, uppercuts, punches, taking him by the waist and hop to the ground where the fight was far from ending. Amidst the fight, the rest of the students rushed to break us up. I was so enraged, that even after the break up, I wanted to finish him off, take his body out the school third-story veranda, and throw him before I could come back to his then apparently mistress who started it all. I wasn't disregarding the least show of disrespect towards me, being attacked liked that made a totally different beast of me. I think I became suicidal by that point. The world was no longer the same afterwards until this very day. I would be fanatically enraged to even read about such a story happening in Slovakia,

but for it to happen to me personally, that was way spectacular in the direst sense of word.

Once done with the warfare, I presumed to visit the police department to save myself from any accusations on his part. While talking with me, the police themselves realized I wasn't anywhere near sanity. I would comment with irony about how the world had gone absolutely nuts where students dare to physically hurt their own teachers. I was the farthest one from teaching ethics myself; but how could I know?

I was discussing with a police officer the incident in detail in rage. After he received a phone call from a high-ranking police official acquaintance of mine, he invited me to smoke even though it was illegal there. I took my pack of cigarettes, offered one to him and lighted mine. "Your lighter is a cheap one indeed!" he pointed out. "keep measuring success with the brands of lighters and tell me later on how far in the world you get!" I said as he laughed. "What happened to do student who attacked you after the fight?" He asked. "Good news: I left him alive!" I responded. "Not bad. Thanks God!" he kidded me. As the police officer went to another room, I was there alone smoking by myself. Suddenly, the police captain came to my room. "Who the hell do you think yourself to smoke in here? Do you think yourself above the law?" he shouted. "I am so sorry sir. I don't have the right to smoke in here. I just was enraged and I had to smoke to whether if off" I put the cigarette out as I spoke. "Whoever might have intervened in your favor doesn't mean a thing to me. You should have never lighted that cigarette in here!" he shouted again. "I said I am sorry sir; that's

all I can do now. I wish I could do something more!” I further apologized. The captain left. When the police officer rejoined; he started typing the report. As we were laughing and discussing together; the police captain came again. “You are a teacher I heard. You are the farthest away from teaching ethics; a teacher who smokes!” he yelled again. “Do you think yourself Almighty God to tell me what I do and what I don’t? It’s none of your business altogether whether I smoke or not. You had the right to tell me not to smoke in here; I complied and apologized. But now, you have gone too far.” I was suddenly enraged again. “I will file a lawsuit against you from smoking till what you have just said” he threatened me. “As a matter of fact, I am no longer afraid of anything neither from you nor from anyone. Just file the lawsuit please!” I yelled. As he was leaving the room in absolute anger and disgust, the police officer said “Sir, this is actually a manly loyal person indeed.” “What the hell do you mean?” the captain inquired. “Actually, it was me who invited him to light the cigarette; he didn’t even ask for permission though so enraged he was. He never intended to break the law. Despite all your complaints and accusations all along, he didn’t want to mention my name altogether. He feared he might put me in jeopardy. He preferred to bear the consequences whatever they might be without getting me involved” the police officer said. The police captain looked at me with awe and left. I asked the by-then friend of mine—the police officer—to leave for a conversation with captain before I can come back. Once before his office, I asked the captain’s permission to get in. “Permission granted Tommy;” I went in, as he was an old person, I approached him and kissed his head. The greatest

honor one can show in our culture and town. I then proceeded to apologize again. “Despite my friend’s permission to smoke in here, I should have never ventured to do so. What’s illegal is illegal; no exception should be made.” “Never mind son. It’s alright. We are here to help should you need anything!” he finally said.

Strangely enough, most of them seemed to appreciate my unorthodoxy towards everything. They promised to investigate the matter. Being the hilarious I was, judging from their own reactions to every behavior I did, they suggest I could call them whenever a need arises. As I was talking with the officer again, the police captain came by. He told his subordinate: “This is really a strange person indeed. We need someone as hilarious as him to pay us visits every now and then. Please give him my number so that we communicate whenever we want.” The police officer agreed and laughed. I said, “Actually your honor, I am too busy a person. I am not that available as you might have thought. Here I warn you. Don’t disturb me a lot or hell will break loose for real this time;” We all guffawed. Their numbers I got. Then and there, being the far from normal I got, a spectacular conclusion was cooked in my mind. Here “I have basically gone immune.” The fight with the student and the argument with the captain was all preordained for me to be protected and escorted by law. I would tell everyone I met about the whole incident, showing some clips from my fighting scene with speed and mastery, before I would break down with tears forcing their way through my eyes. I became an even bigger hero for my students, family and most of all myself. I was the embodiment of the archetypes of masculinity again: the

king, the warrior, the magician, the lover. From that point on, even if the slightest nuance of disrespect came from anybody, they would be appalled by my retaliation and wrath.

In one class in particular, I stated that I was absolutely immune; protected by the state itself. I was the mighty head of an underworld organization whose finances and arsenal of swords, hammers and shields would put the greatest mafia godfather in town to shame. I was also an agent working with the police department. “We will cut anybody who stands on my way to pieces, before we proceed to his burial, alive or dead wouldn’t be a great puzzle to solve.” One of my female hardworking well-mannered students, due to the sheer bloodthirsty mass murderous scene I detailed before them, she asked me to leave the classroom immediately. I accepted. In the afternoon, being the unmatched teacher in the world, I sent a message to the whole group where I proposed if anyone wanted to leave my classroom once and for all, I would happily use all the lobbying power under my disposal to get them transferred to another teacher. I had no intention of keeping students who didn’t like my way of being. Nobody asked to leave. I still think they didn’t hate me back then; they were intelligent and mature enough to fathom that something had gone spectacularly wrong, but they didn’t dare to tell me what it was. Their despise towards my being, I felt only towards the end of the year where many incidents were still to take place and tragically unfold.

I started frequenting the police department for the slightest temptation. I wanted to be gentle, friendly, funny and helpful to each and every one of them. I still think that I genuinely liked

them and they indeed liked me back. Having a funny intelligent teacher of English for a friend was also regarded as good news for them. They welcomed it. I told my friend—the police officer-- my whole enterprise plan of launching the best language center in town. I mentioned my partners, my background, our finances—I had none but my partners' somehow became mine back then—the nearby luxurious penthouse-like building we were negotiating and trying to secure. I had a business card where I wrote “The C.E.O. and chairman of Anglo-Saxons' Bay Language Center.” That was the name of the language center I envisioned. I was the new Andrew Carnegie of the world. I will give everyone an offer they can't refuse. I will buy them all out. “Make this a peaceful handing over and fucking leave, or hell will breakout.” Applying some of the principles of assassins' doctrine of elimination wasn't strange an idea. I had always been a fan of the Ishmaelite Hassan Sabah's overall strategy of deception and maneuvers; despite our disagreement over creed. If he inspired my archenemies—the Illuminates and freemasons—why wouldn't I apply his strategy to combat and eventually defeat them. His strategy had proven useful to establish spectacular world parallel states and secret societies. I needed that. I needed all of it and more. This intention was subliminally deep lurking in my mind. I detailed all my experience in bullet points in my business card. I started imagining a world where the least I could be was top adviser of the deep state in my country. They couldn't, shouldn't and mustn't afford losing someone as brutally competent and knowledgeable as myself. I was literally seeing my self being escorted royally whenever I went. I

imagined myself being the Turkish underworld mafia boss Sedat Peker escorted in his kingly overcrowded Konvoyu. If any danger should threaten me, the whole reservoir of my country's military, intelligence and naval forces would immediately operate to protect me wherever I was. They would even send military planes, warships and arm forces to absolutely neutralize anybody hindering or even delaying my progress and ascent. This fantasy I would tell everyone I met.

After the policeman wished me the best of luck, I told him” I still haven't mentioned the good news to you dear friend?” What is it champ?” He requested. “Well, given my background in computer networks, cyber security, politics, media, espionage literature, and English for specific purposes, I am intending to dedicate some sessions in my language center especially for the police department, free of charge. I am the most patriotic citizen if ever there was one, and I would like to contribute with all my resources to enhance my country's national security and interests both domestically and internationally. Why would the MI6, MI7, FBA, NSA, NATO, MIT, FSB, Mossad, and the rest of superpowers have resources that my very country lacks? I am intending to fill in that gap by leading the best Intelligence Think Tank the world has ever seen. I am spending five thousand dollars upfront to order the most informative materials in the aforementioned fields. I will meticulously analyze all of them so as to create comprehensive courses for anybody who might be interested in joining and learning.” I saw lightning struck his mind as I finished this national security briefing. He couldn't love the idea more. He showed me his sincere intentions of joining once the resources were put in

place. That was the apparent benevolent scheme; the hidden essence of it was to start the chain of events which would lead eventually to my name being brought up in national security circles. By then, it would have been to the best interests of the state itself to recruit me; a backdoor invitation to the very foundation of the deep state in my country.

While I wasn't able to share my secret Hassan Sabah's and Turkish Fethullah Gulen's mastermind scheme to create a parallel state in my country with anybody remote or close to the police department—as that would have been directly forthrightly pleading guilty to the most heinous crime against the very existence of the state in my country—I shared my plans with the people whom I needed their psychological and emotional support; namely my students, friends and family. I would insist they keep the whole business secret from anybody; of course, they needed to raise their righthand and swear before Allah almighty to never share the slightest detail about my genuine intentions to anybody in the world; should they break that oath, they should be sure to have booked a suite in the lowest circle in hell. I was divinely guided, and any threat to me was simultaneously a threat to the order of Allah himself and his will.

In the beginning, God created the heavens and the earth. In the beginning, my greatest aim was to become the prime minister. It dawned on me that by only sharing my knowledge and mastermind plan to advance my country's top priority national interest, I would immediately be voted prime minister. I thought it would take me no more than two years. This plan I

could share with my friends in the police department. The police officer asked me a favor: “Genuinely my friend, if ever you reach that level of power, which you seem capable of honestly, please recommend me to be the head of the national security in the country.” My answer was: “Count it done my friend; that’s the least I could do for you. Why wouldn’t I? I also need someone I could trust to be in such a position. It will be to my interest to render you such a favor.”

I was having a meal the following day, when I figured out an idea that would immediately promote my police department friend. We have a rival country next door which always tried to destabilize our national security. “What can I do about it? How can I use my intelligence to solve this issue?” immediately an idea started forming in my mind. By then, coming up with an update to general relativity and string theory itself would be a piece of cake. I left my meal unfinished; jumped on my bike; and off to the police station again. I started:” listen body, I came up with a plan to overthrow the whole regime causing us headaches in this neighboring terrorist state next door.” Tell me about it body, what is it” he inquired while laughing. “We will form a task force from the intelligence agents. We will fake them some passports of the country next door. They must master their native language first. They will fly in to the target country from another friend country so as to avoid raising any doubts about them from the official authorities. Their status should be businessmen. This status will disguise the true nature of their finances and intentions. They will also need to be trained to be actual businessmen. No one should be able to suspect their status. They will need to create fabulous

worthwhile projects where other nationals of the country would work. Their reputation will gradually magnify as time goes by. They will need to create many enterprises throughout the country; east and west; north and south. As they solidify their power, being already taken for nationals themselves by everyone, they would raise doubts and suspicions about the ruling oligarchy to their close circles. By then, they should encourage other nationals to infiltrate the political circles, the military, as well as the powerful political parties. They should spread news that the neighboring country—our country—is actually a friend of ours, and our true enemy is the oligarchy that has been milking our wealth and health for decades. They should finance digital bees to spread news of such kind. Once the country is destabilized enough, the best among the natives who match our interests and profiling would run for presidency. We will only suggest this and support them financially through our task force, and they will go for it without our instance; insistence means suspicions and we don't need any of that. This is some psychology stuff I can't explain now. A massive campaign of endorsement to our puppets will take place from here; and foreign allied countries alike. We will use the newest PR technologies worldwide; we will bombard the nasty ruling class from above their heads; below their feet; right and left. It wouldn't take long for them to either give in to our pressure and fucking leave their once-controlled country with an iron fist; or an uprising unmatched will unfold the death toll of which will be just absurd. Concerning our puppets, all social media will be bombarded with news about their fitness for presidency; for commander-in-chief; all high-ranking positions

from navy, media to political nominees and all of that. They will sure be elected. Once there, they already believe what we wanted them to believe. Their whole country will cease to be an enemy, and it will instead be a friend of ours at worst, and a puppet at best.” His reaction was: “Buddy, you are way more intelligent than I thought. But who would dare to hear such a thing from me.” I replied: “that’s for you to figure out mate. My hamble mission in national security stops here for the time being. Take care.”

A dear former colleague of mine has been one of the most wonderful people a person can ever have the honor to meet. So dedicated to her profession and students; a work ethic rarely found. She invited me once to her classroom. Then and there, I fully realized the difference between a great teacher and wannabes. I definitely fell in the second category. We kept in touch as brothers and sisters should be. In my manic episode, she was among the ones unlucky enough to be given a share in my grandiose enterprise: Anglo-Saxons’ Bay Language Center and all of that. She always seemed to appreciate my writing style and knowledge. It didn't take her long to accept the invitation. She was the last person I would have wanted to disappoint in any shape or form. Taking me seriously proved to be a deadly toll on her, I genuinely guess. I genuinely loved her so much. So lucky are indeed her family for having her for a relative or a close friend. Once she heard I was looking for a serious engagement, she devoted much of her precious energy to be part of the deal. She would visit schools, looking for a profile matching my non-existent criteria. By then, I was frequenting luxurious bars where I would meet foreign girls. My standards

skyrocketed in terms of beauty, ethics and faithfulness. I, who had no bearing myself on any of those criteria I set, started looking for a female who incorporates them all. She succeeded in shortlisting some three teachers or four.

One day, we set a date to discuss my never-to-be-established language center as well as meet one of the teachers she handpicked. As I was riding from my school to hers. I just started crying on the road. The pain inside me was so unsurmountable. I felt I was carrying tons of loads unseen; I had spent all of my energy with my students back then. I really loved them so much. A moral obligation so heavy to carry, but I couldn't just unload it, rest, and have fun. I thought: "I would continue on my divine responsibility to enlighten the minds and hearts of my students till I either die or collapse." I would just picture and feel the heavy divine obligation on my shoulders and tears would run down my cheeks non-stop. Once I reached my sister's classroom, she invited me to sit on her chair before her students. She introduced me to all of them as one of the most intellectually-sophisticated ingenious teachers ever to be found. I loved the compliment, but deep down I felt I wasn't anywhere near that. Blessed be those who honestly think well of people and cursed be those who believe they deserve compliments while they don't.

I didn't realize back then that I was severely sick, but the idea of being acutely emotionally and psychologically tormented wouldn't leave my mind. As she was about to start the lesson, something was missing, I don't remember now. " Can I tell them something dear sister?" I suddenly intervened. " Yes, of

course, go ahead, the floor is yours," she said. So, the *Holy Spirit* in me began: "our world is such a harsh place; our country in particular is so harsh indeed. But given the circumstances, the best a person can do is sacrifice himself for the benevolence of others. There is a river of heartfelt feelings in striving for the good, especially when the situation is dire and dismal. You just need to convince yourself that being of help to others and sharing around genuine love and hope are God's best gifts to humanity; nothing comes even close. God, exalted in his majesty, watches over you to see whether you will side with good despite your whims, or follow your whimsical temptations and abandon good. Have you ever heard about the story of the grandson of the prophet peace be Upon Him Hussain Ibno Ali Ibno Abi Taleb? Well, at the time, the Umayyad dynasty ruled over the Islamic world with an iron fist. They had been eliminating anyone indeed who would question or stand between them and the caliphate. During the succession of the heathen Yazid, brutal torture and murder of the faithful became the norm. Mecca itself was besieged and heavily bombarded with catapults. Hussain set out a covert holy war for the sake of Allah against the sadistically brutal powerful Yazid. The prophet's companions advised him against such a move. As they were sure he would be killed eventually. They just couldn't afford losing the most righteous adorable grandson of the prophet. While trying so adamantly to talk him out of it, he said: "I am the grandson of the prophet. He never hesitated to confront evil and injustice. This was his mission and God's revelation. Now, if I don't take on me the responsibility of fighting injustice; coward away; and turn a deaf ear to the

believers' sufferings, who would then struggle to do that after me? Injustice will just take the upper hand for good. 'There is no way I am failing and disappointing my grandfather even if that should mean my martyrdom.'" So, he went with his family to revolt against Yazid in Karbala in the heart of Iraq. Yazid knew about his coming, so he sent his soldiers to face him off. They defeated Hussain's small army; beheaded him and his companions; enslaved his daughters; and sent his head to honor Yazid." By the end, tears covered all my face and dropped down my lap.

Most of the students couldn't believe what happened before their eyes. Most of them cried upon the heartbreaking scene. There is a way of communication better than any medium, I guess. The students couldn't understand a word I said, but they cried heavily anyhow. When the person is speaking with a bitterly-injured heart, some paranormal—maybe divine—effects rhyme his words and voice. The amount of satisfaction and solace I felt after the waterfall of heavenly emotions was unmatched anywhere. My sister came to me, tapped on my back and consoled me. Once the class finished; all students gathered around; "You are more than even how our teacher beautifully described; we never heard such a story in such a tone before; what a heartbreaking scene it was indeed! How we would love to be your students someday sir. Please tell us the schools where you teach. We would love to join whatever the odds; we might succeed in being your students, you just never know!" They didn't know what a calamity they were spared by not being any of that. Blessed be the students who want to learn, and cursed be the teachers who teach them not.

After a while, even being a prime minister wasn't enough power for me. I knew back then that being a prime minister is but a freak show which had no potential of changing the politics of my country; even domestically let alone foreign policy. My motto was "Think locally, act globally." I needed access to the real circle behind decision-making: that was the kings' council. At one point I started fantasizing about overthrowing the kingship all together. Why wouldn't I be the new Napoleone Bonapart of the world? If he could do it being the asshole he was, of course I could. Even that wasn't enough. I started believing genuinely that my power of consciousness and will must have been inherently descended down upon me from the greatest just ruler known in human history; known to me. My intuitive pick was the great founder of the Achaemenid empire Cyrus the Great. There was for me ample evidence that he was the same king referred to in the Qur'an as the double-horned in the cave chapter. The Israelites also loved this king as he was the one who emancipated them from the Nebuchadnezzar's Babylonian captivity. One of my dreams was to build the greatest religious-free country the world had ever seen. One of my top priorities was to build the greatest mosques, cathedrals and synagogues in the world that even the most Christian countries and Israel wouldn't have dreamt of or imagined possible themselves. I always resented the fact that Zionism destroyed my country by forcing the majority of my country's Jewish community to exile to Israel. The Israelites had been one of the most intellectually, spiritually, politically, culturally, and financially influential people in history. Why would anybody dare to steal them from my country and employ them directly

or indirectly to advance such an atrocious ideology as Zionism? To me, Zionism was the antagonist of the preachings of Abraham, Issac, Jacob, Joseph, Moses, Aarron, David, Solomon, and Jesus peace be upon them all. Zionism turned a wonderful moral theology to a heinous worship of statehood which is an idolatry as far as the genuine Israelites are concerned. It turned all their divine and prophetic heritage to a bloody state worship which thrives on the limbs of little innocent children and women.

By that point in history, I thought that taken over my country was not such a great aim after all. Here, all of sudden, I believed that I was Almahdi, the final Imam of Shia's sect of Islam. Before long time ago, I was sure that the figure of Almahdi was but a fictional mythological messianic character who found his way to religious scripters. I was too shrewd to believe such a religious hoax. Madness erases all former beliefs and creed. From not believing in the existence of such a mythical figure to being that figure himself is quite a long psychological distance to walk. I had all my life been a genuine Sunni Muslim. But, I always felt sympathy and love for genuine innocent persecuted Shia throughout history. So, it followed that I must have been the golden lost link between the Achaemenid empire and present-day Persian Shia Iran. I was indeed Almahdi. I couldn't hold my tears; my emotions were oceans. Everything started falling to its divinely pre-ordained place. Everything was confirmed when I saw online the list of the 12th Imams. My very name was stated there for everyone to see. When I showed the image to the most dubious people in my surroundings; they even couldn't know what to make of it.

The dearest—and quite skeptically shrewd-- friend of mine once said: “buddy, I have never believed in the existence of Almahdi not for a second in all my life. And here I am sitting having a coffee with him personally. I don’t know whether this is the greatest honor there is; or the worst nightmare I got.” There was nowhere in the universe for the whole thing to be a mere coincidence. Now the name of the Imam who held my name actually existed and died around 818 A.D. I had known that before. However, my mind wouldn’t see the matter for what it was: it changed a person who had already died to a prophecy of a coming Imam. Then and there, I believed I had no business waiting any longer. I should get the message immediately sent to Iran and their best ally Russia so that they evacuate me immediately. Once landing on Iran by a secret joint operation of the Russian and Iranian intelligence services and commandos, I would be named the prophetic successor just ruler of Iran. What would I do with my country then? Well, I would appoint the king—as he is himself from a prophetic lineage—my delegate in my country; we had been distant cousins all along. He would love the idea. We would join forces to create the big alliance in history of benevolent nations. I would be the head of all that alliance. We would collaborate on all departments to create state-of-the-art technologies that would bring the ruins of NATO and the axis of evil. Armageddon should no longer wait; I should only deliver my divine command to all those involved so that the first precursor war would be launched. I started a live video on a café, explaining to everyone how world politics was run; who should be allied with who and how. I had heard long time ago that all countries

had in place some technology similar to NSA's Prism declassified by the former NSA agent Edward Snowden. This meant if I utter any word referring to any particular leader or intelligent service, they must get the word. I, somehow, figured out a way to using their own spying technology for my own purposes. My knowledge and intelligence were far superior to the most advanced countries' technology and intelligence to the point where I could use their best resources to my own ends.

As far as Islamic creed is concerned, revelation was sealed with the last prophet Mohammed PBUH. But my mind was not to believe any of it. Here is how I interpreted the divine Quranic word so that even I could possibly receive a divine revelation. In Quran, right in the middle there is the famous Cave chapter. Here are the verses which caught my manic imagination:

وَيَسْأَلُونَكَ عَنِ ذِي الْقَرْنَيْنِ قُلْ سَأَتْلُو عَلَيْكُمْ مِنْهُ ذِكْرًا

إِنَّا مَكَّنَّا لَهُ فِي الْأَرْضِ وَآتَيْنَاهُ مِنْ كُلِّ شَيْءٍ سَبَبًا

فَاتَّبَعَ سَبَبًا

حَتَّىٰ إِذَا بَلَغَ مَغْرِبَ الشَّمْسِ وَجَدَهَا تَغْرُبُ فِي عَيْنٍ حَمِئَةٍ وَوَجَدَ عِنْدَهَا قَوْمًا
قُلْنَا يَا ذَا الْقَرْنَيْنِ إِنَّمَا أَنْ تُعَدِّبَ وَإِمَّا أَنْ تَتَّخِذَ فِيهِمْ حُسْنًا

The translation of the verses respectively:

They ask you 'O Prophet' about Zul-Qarnain. Say, "I will relate to you something of his narrative."

Surely We established him in the land, and gave him the means to all things.

So he travelled a course,

*until he reached the setting 'point' of the sun, which appeared to him to be setting in a spring of murky water, where he found some people. We **said**, "O Zul-Qarnain! Either punish them or treat them kindly."*

From these verses I concluded that Allah selects the righteous among men in order to bestow upon them blessings, might, and kingship. Zul-Qarnain is clearly revealed to be some sort of a powerful king or an emperor; he wasn't a prophet himself as far as the Quranic verses reveal. The literal translation of Zul-Qarnain into English is the Double-Horned. This suggests some symbolic meaning associated to two horns. Below is the image of Cyrus the Great the founder of the Achaemenid Persian Empire taken from the temples found in Persia:



Have you noticed anything? If you haven't, try harder. It turned out the two-horns were nothing but the very symbol of the empire of Cyrus the Great.

In the Quranic verses mentioned earlier, notice the underlined “said.” This means Allah speaks to the righteous even if they are not declared to be prophets. Thus, why wouldn't Allah speak to me too if I happened to be an incorporation of the same exact noble traits?

Given Cyrus the Great's might and just rule present in every credible history volume; and his mentioning in even the Old Testament by the Israelites as a noble powerful ruler, all the dots linked back to him being the Double-Horned mentioned

in the Holy Quran. Especially the fact that the Jews were the ones who asked the prophet Mohammed about him. They knew his story very well and loved him alone among all the non-Israelites kings in history as he was the one who freed them from the atrocious Babylonian captivity. This is what the Old Testament says about him:

Chronicles 36:22-23

22 In the first year of Cyrus king of Persia, in order to fulfill the word of the LORD spoken by Jeremiah, the LORD moved the heart of Cyrus king of Persia to make a proclamation throughout his realm and also to put it in writing:

23 “This is what Cyrus king of Persia says: “ ‘The LORD, the God of heaven, has given me all the kingdoms of the earth and he has appointed me to build a temple for him at Jerusalem in Judah. Any of his people among you may go up, and may the LORD their God be with them.’”

Nobody in the world could have linked the dots as I did to finally reveal the secret of Allah’s revelation to the righteous even if they don’t happen to be prophets themselves. I was; thus, not only the receiver of Allah’s divine word, but also the distant great-grandson of Cyrus the Great himself as well as the descendent of the prophetic lineage from the Prophet Mohammed through his grandson Hussain. See how far self-deception can go!

My first blunt direct order was aimed at the Turkish president Rajab Tayeb Erdogan and his head of national security and

intelligence Hakan Vidan. “We love you people. Turkey is one of the global powers. This a fact that allies and foes know. But are you, sorry to say, so dumb as not to realize where you fall in world geopolitical alliance? You shouldn’t be in NATO people. They had been the ones who orchestrated the coup d’etat attempt back on 15 July 2016. Get the hell out of NATO now. Also, you and your ancestors—the Ottomans-- have committed a great moral and geopolitical blunder by unjustly converting the holy orthodox cathedral Hagia Sophia to a mosque. Haven’t you heard the story of Omar Ibno Khatab where he kindly refused an archbishop’s invitation to pray in a holy church in Jerusalem when he conquered it. His main reason was the fact that he feared Muslims would unjustly take over the church once he died having his prayer there as a rationale and a bloody unjust pretext. Islam prevailed due to its moral superiority, not to its conquest of other people’s holy sites and lands. If you comply, you will be in a solid position to reconcile once and for all with orthodox Christians worldwide, especially the Russians and the Greeks. This is your straight path to success and prosperity in this world and the hereafter. But, if you refuse, be sure that your dwelling in the hereafter is hell. You are the ones stopping this divine alliance from taking shape.”

My second message was to Iran’s supreme leader Ayato Allah Ali Khamenei along with his Iranian Quds force. “You claim to be the defendant of Islam and the prophetic lineage. So beautiful a cause, isn’t it? But you have one technical problem. The prophet and his descendants were the farthest away from killing any human being, let alone a Muslim, to advance a damn geopolitical imperial interest. You are supposed to rule with

justice, not to lay the foundation of a colonial empire. If you want paradise, you should be a champion of justice, not power. Forget about “the might makes right” Machiavellian madness. Dying as a just martyr is far better for you than dying as an emperor with innocent blood on your hands. You claim to be a Shiite while you have missed the whole essence of Shia unfortunately. The very imams of Shia that you yourself glorify preferred to die as peasants than rulers. They turned down and stubbornly refused to hold any caliphate position; they sought refuge in mystical spiritual transcendence while believing they had no business ruling over people. This was primarily due to the corrupting impact of politics and power over the individual. They wouldn’t trade the divine feeling within with any material gain. Here my divine order to you: stop the evil civil war you have been involved in all along in the Islamic world right now; and seek cooperation with all faiths; most of all your supposed to be archenemies: the Sunnites worldwide. You do this, I grant you heaven, you fail in this; there is no abode for you besides inferno. Take it or leave it dear leader. To my knowledge, there is nothing between hell and paradise.”

Once, I still remember clearly, I was having a lunch in a fancy restaurant. Money was the slightest issue for me, though I had less than 500 dollars in my bank account. I finished my meal as an aristocrat in Royal France before the Jacobins, I saw a luxurious BMW closing the way on my bike. A female was inside. “haven’t you noticed my intention of trying to get my bike back to the road; couldn’t you have grasped this by yourself being the supposedly wealthy intelligent female you are?” I stated. Under her sudden shock, she questioned the authority

behind me attacking her in that manner; I guess that was one of the most embarrassing ungentlemanly behaviors I have committed against a female in my life. “I am an intelligent service agent, now you either get your damn car out of the way immediately, or hell is going to unleash; this is no longer a mere discussion, it is a damn order” I yelled. Meanwhile, I took my phone; took a picture of her along with her car’s license plate. “The news is what you see, not what you hear darling! You will receive the news soon.” Due to her astonishment, she asked me to reveal my supposed to be secret agent identity. “When in the world do you think secret intelligence agents reveal their identity to the bare layman? Wouldn’t that make futile of the whole intelligence business in the world? You wealthy people think you are very smart, while you are as dumb as dumber. She got of the car absolutely furious in her female rage; she also took a picture of me while smiling at her face, and my bike’s license plate. “Do your best lady and call your army. You missed with the wrong person this time.” Then I left. She never saw the news or heard of me again!

In another event, I was having a coffee in an elegant café. I was extremely tired due to my busy schedule and the enterprise I was preparing. I would be calling people back and forth for hours on end stating my take on anything even if it happens to be the remotest concern from the receiver’s point of view. I was doing them a favor by dedicating some of my golden over-busy time to them; they should thank me greatly for that. I was too tired to even get up and order something from the counter. I asked a person, gently that time, to call the waiter for me praying for the wellbeing of his parents even. “I haven’t recharged my

phone balance?” he ridiculed me before everyone to see. He received a sequence of the most atrocious slurring there was available in my vocabulary arsenal; which was by far more than needed to frighten the hell out of any conscious being. I finished with this line “I am a secret intelligence agent.” He had his share of imagination too. “My father is an intelligence agent himself?” he stuttered. “I am the intelligence agent whose mission is to spy on goddamn intelligent agents themselves; you, your father, your clan will be the target of my fabulous efforts henceforth; a turning point it must be in your entire bloodline’s history. If you are man enough before these people, just meet me outside now. I would also advise you to call on any dogs of your friends or family to come in your service.” I was ready for it all. He was silenced immediately in such grandiose embarrassment. Nobody in their right mind could make up such stuff themselves. Little did everybody know; I was the farthest away from any shred of sanity altogether. Under my divine wrath, I managed to call the police department, whom I believed granted me absolute impunity, to come immediately to the spot so that I interrogate that hero personally in a police van. They promised to come. I imagined a scenario where he would be hanged, punched, and humiliated until he cries before I let him free if I felt like it. The police van luckily never came.

Here I began thinking of going absolutely outlawed. I was already familiar with documented, literary and cinematic mafia maneuvers. Why not start an underground mafia? That was my way to glory, wealth and admiration. The purpose of that mafia business of mine, was to threaten anybody who unjustly hurt

anybody, especially my students, loved ones or myself. I started dreaming about recruiting everyone brave enough to join the cause. There I was transferred to completely parallel reality. I was Andrew Laeddis in “Shutter Island.” I would listen to mafia songs, ask students of mine who were digitally capable to make songs and videos to craft masterpieces of my imagined underworld organization; whose acronym was RFT. Most of them, due probably to the fact that they were still relatively immature, actually challenged each other to contribute to that most glorious of causes. Who wouldn’t love to join such a powerful just organization I thought? I even arranged a bigger scheme, where I would send my students to gyms I was associated with where they would learn fighting skills. I was powerful and they had to be too. In ours, there was no room for weakness. We were about to launch the most fearful organization known in town. It hadn’t taken long for the objective to change to the most powerful mafia in the world. I was coming to take out Cosa Nostra, Yakuza, Cartels, all the intelligence services of the world, and then axes of evil wherever they happen to be. No one was going to be safe with my plan. The last day of evil in the world had finally approached. I didn’t fully know whether I would be the person to eradicate evil, or would be the embodiment of evil itself. There is a fine line separating the two as far as humanity is concerned.

To accomplish that most spectacular objective that even prophets wouldn’t be too optimistic to achieve, I needed a masterplan. To accomplish any worthy goal in life you need money, a lot of it. I was already going to launch the best language center in the world. At one point when I was

discussing with some real estate brokers, I suddenly said: “I will buy these two skyscrapers before you soon to have them as the headquarters of my language center and instate.” The rascals didn’t believe me. Even that wasn’t enough. Anybody I knew who worked on any field, I promised them an expansion on their business where the money I generate from my language center would be channeled to them on a win-to-win basis. I also needed to be a baron of some sort. I would dream of how I could trade cannabis worldwide. With all that money, I would build the best institute of technology in the world. I promised my students that the best among them would join the best program in the world for five years free of charge. I needed capable people whom I could trust with my life. In one class I sketched out to them how the whole project would go. I also warned them before God that if they leaked any of what they were about to hear, I would never forgive them. Here was my plan to them:

I would build the best library in the world in another city. The library would become a beacon of knowledge and learning. Next to it, I would establish the best institute of artificial intelligence, cyber security, quantum computing and mechanics, and arsenal development. They would also learn how to set the best businesses in the world in all department: see how a revolution is secretly orchestrated without murdering millions Mr. Mao Zedong! We needed wealth, intelligence, faith, and power. And that was the plan to reach those. But the largest bulk of these should be kept a sacred secret. That was why I further explained the already mind-boggling strategy. Plot twist: the main purpose behind the library and institute

establishments is not the books and the subjects taught; the whole thing is but a covert pretext to build the most sophisticated intelligence center a hundred-meter underground the establishments. I think in this one I must have been inspired by Breaking Bad Hermano enterprise. Our secret agents would have to dress normal; keeping a low-profile meanwhile. They would enter restaurants, hotels, and other businesses of ours around my library and institute and then be led to a secret room, where all security measures would be taken to make sure no intruders infiltrate. Technologies such as face-recognition, voice-recognition, double-authentication, fingerprints, eye-scanners, code encryption would all be taken together to ensure a total security. Then they would enter a completely concealed subway such as Musk's Boring Company that would transport them to the intelligence center. Mine isn't boring at all Mr. Musk. Some secure doors would be disguised as shelves in private rooms where the said agents need to press some codes in apparently books' spines titles before other books pop out from other shelves. Special keys would be devised to open those shelves once you remove the tricky books. Only then, the agents will find themselves in the most grandiose intelligence center built anywhere in the history of mankind. There exactly where we undergo espionage schemes against the world's best intelligences combined. Fucking counter espionage they said! The NSA itself would never fathom that an organization in a poor country is secretly scanning and sub-streaming all their classified data. As I was narrating the scheme to my students; some were shocked; others were astounded; plenty emotional; some even cried. I believe most of them shed tiers seeing how

much of a crazy person their once-sound teacher had become. I had enjoyed a relationship of love with all of them; I had been to them an elder tormented brother more than a mere teacher. I wasn't lying; I was dead serious though.

Going on with that state of mind for a while I reached the point where I could no longer sleep. Then I was dead exhausted. One day I ordered some food in a fancy restaurant in another town. Once I ordered the food, I went to have a walk in the park; when I wanted to return to have my meal, I forgot the whereabouts of the restaurant. What's worse, I had left my bike before the restaurant's sidewalk. It took me an hour of investigation to link the dots backwards. Once there, I just didn't find in me the power to stand up. I went outside, removed some chairs and laid down on the mop to everyone's surprise. Good people would come around asking whether I needed any help. To which I suggested nothing should worry them; I said I was just exhausted due to insomnia. The restaurant gorgeous waitress offered me a place where I could have some rest once I finished my meal. She was already married unfortunately; or maybe she lied. And there, in the restaurant, Allah's final revelation to humanity descended on me. I started envisioning the future; the wars that will take place; who would win; and who would lose; WWII and Armageddon. I was in the center of it. First decisive war will be between Iran and its resistance axis against Israel. I had already come up with the final solution to the Kingdom of Heaven. I would collaborate with the Russians showing them ample evidence at my disposition of how NATO and Israel had been conspiring against their interests and national security in the middle east,

mid-Asia, and Eastern Europe all along everywhere.

I had sent by then a message to Vladimir Putin through a Russian navigator. I introduced myself as gentlemanly as a sane person should be, before stating the aforementioned reasons and how our soldiers are his and his are ours. I laid out the war to be between Judeo-Christian Zionist alliance –which is basically NATO plus Israel minus Turkey – and Eastern Allies– Russia, Iran and its resistance allies plus China and Turkey. Sorry Mao Zedong! I also offered him a genuine offer he can't possibly refuse. I had already ordered the dumb Turkey's state to hand over Hagia Sophia to Russian and Greek orthodox. This will gain Turkey powerful allies who had been once staunch enemies: Russia, Greece and all the orthodox Christians of the world. I explained in painful details how I was certain about the fact that I was indeed Imam 12 of Shia Twelvers sect with no shred of a doubt. I also explained how I would help him settle once and for the War in Ukraine. At the top of that Holy package, I reassured him Heaven if he abides by my orders; but hell if he neglects. I was passed suggestions or mere advices by then even when talking to his majesty Putin the 3rd. All I needed from him– which I didn't express clearly in my divine letter to him– is a couple of Tsar Bombas; and even more lethal weapons had he developed any without my permission before. I also asked him to secretly collaborate with my Iranian Quds force to evacuate me immediately from my country all the way to either Russia or better Iran as I had been already under the radar of the Zionists. Once I land in Iran, millions waiting desperately crying to see the divine prophecy eventually enacted before their very eyes, Ali Khamenei will kiss my hand before

handing over all Iran to my Just Rule. His mission will have been completed successfully by then. Finally, I –the descendant of both the prophetic lineage and Cyrus the Great’s– will reign over the land of my righteous ancestors. I will be the one to finish off the ordeal with the Zionist descendants of Gog and Magog. My grandfather Cyrus the Great started it, and I will be the one to seal it off.

My solution to Palestine/Israel was this: since the one-state solution was never possible which I had been against anyhow; and the two-state solution was aborted once and for all since 1967’s war which I had been strangely enough in favor of despite my direct Islamic creed; I aimed rather for my unilateral DIVINE NO-STATE DISSOLUTION. I would nuke the whole kingdom of heaven and its neighborhood. This would settle the dispute to the Divine right to that piece of war-torn territory between all the parties involved. They would immediately know firsthand from God himself whose land it was all along. Those who had been right would go to heaven immediately whoever they might be, which is by far better than Switzerland, not just Israel. And the rest of the rascals who were wrong would go to hell which is not that different from the hell they had been living in already. As soon as I arrange that DIVINE MEETING and Gabriel brief me of how the proceedings have gone in the courtroom of the hereafter, I would rebuild the kingdom of heaven with state-of-art Mosques, Synagogues, and Cathedrals; never to mention the ornaments, housings, highways, and airports. It was all preordained. Under my rule, no one can transgress anybody even if they happened to be Russia under his majesty Putin the

3rd. “We are allies indeed, but don’t ever think of meddling in my divine justice, or else, I will just nuke you out!” I will sustain peace in the world for twelve holy years. I will advance all our alliance plus those who might want to join— NATO and the rest of them can’t— to develop the best educational, financial, industrial, intelligence, technological, geopolitical, astronomical, military program the world has ever seen since the drama of Adam and his apple began. We will be unmatched in every realm. Suddenly, the Judeo-Christian Zionist alliance under the leadership of the insanely hardworking white Anglo-Saxon protestants and wealthy brainy Zionist Jews will no longer sustain it. Strangely enough, despite my culture, I actually have loved the true peaceful righteous Israelites but abhorred the Zionist Jews who used them for their own evil ends. Armageddon and doomsday will take place in 2035. This will be a war where there will be no losers neither winners left on the site. But those who will come after us will rebuild with whatever remained upon the wisdom we will have left. They will create a better just world. Not perfect, but a world where no one will be capable of intimidating others with might and a fake unholy God on his side.

Sorry for Christians, by then, even if the messiah Jesus Christ descends from heaven in his divine shuttle, he won’t have much left to accomplish. The great deal of work—the core of it—will have been secured for good: case sealed off. As I will be sitting there in the right seat behind the throne, I will see what Jesus Christ will do. As I have already seen the future longtime ago, here is what Jesus will do in excruciating detail:

The Christians have been right about the messiah's return all along; Christ will actually descend; a miracle of sorts I wouldn't have believed in myself. He will have one reason behind his descent. He will come to the world; not to save it though; neither salvation nor heaven are part of the deal. He will tell the world: "There has been absolutely no *reasonable* reason why you should believe in my return; I have no power to change the world by myself though that you have insisted upon. I was sent to deliver you the word of God; that I thought I had done.

In heaven while being happy about my passion and how patient and steadfast I was despite all the horrors I went through, I really thought I finished my divine duty and job; Archangel Gabriel suddenly appeared and said: "we are sorry for you dear messiah; your mission was just not complete. You preached the word of God—before him we all testified—in that you passed the first in class. But you didn't actually convince them enough to rely on the soul to know how to act; you left them capable of inventing misleading creeds which has allowed to create a wasteful belief out of the truthful word of God. Instead of striving to create a better world through love – as Almighty God commands and wants—they have made it all about useless love rituals, but the whole world they just forgot. Instead of a message that was supposed to make heaven out of the afterworld, they have succeeded in making hell out of the world before. They wrongly thought they could secure heaven in here without necessarily making heaven in there. There is a divine law hung in here; didn't you know? You shouldn't have missed it at all, as it has ruined the essence of your word; not the very word of God. The law clearly reads: "No heaven shall be

granted to any human being who hasn't lived to build heaven wherever they are even if hell itself is their whereabouts." That was the test set for them even before their soul was divinely blown into clay. If only they had intended to enhance the world through love, they would have made it to heaven in here whatever *honest creed* they had. But no creed secures heaven as a mere belief if not faithfully distilled and acted upon; it just serves you not well in here. They have launched the unholy war over a holy word of peace. See how far self-deception go Mr. Christ! A test was divinely set for the latest marvelous creation of God: conscious and conscience combined plus the very blow of Almighty God—A *soul* it was called. It had to be poured into a creature *we know* to be evaluated for us to have a word. We told God it wouldn't work with any creature we know. A creature appeared before us who learns and speaks even the words he reads and creates. Also, everything he sees was able to name; in the blow of God there was the spirit of names—a new update we hadn't seen before. Naming gave him the power to derive meaning out of what is unknown. It was the first time any creature of His could read, listen, write and speak. More, he was able to analyze and critic what was said to him in great detail. Even the mighty archangels in heaven weren't able to fully comprehend including dear Michael himself. We are ourselves only able to listen and read; apply what God wants without a question or the slightest neglect. He was the only creature there is that could be given any message, and analyze it before the act. He could distinguish on his own, right from wrong, without returning to God himself. The blow inside he divinely inherited all along tells him right from wrong. When

we saw the body to be from this *physical plane*, we assumed even the soul couldn't escape. We all said: "Blood there will be no matter what God's decides; death and rampage will unfold from the very beginning till the very end." That was the first time we all bet against God Himself. His Almighty said we just don't know what He knows. We thought we had been right after all, as the soul and what we ignore weren't enough. God decided to send prophets to remind humanity, every now and then, of what it was all about: deciding on good and evil on your own before you genuinely follow the good you saw. Not simply follow what messengers say whether they are revealed to or not. The best messengers could say was: "no messengers are needed in here! Just obey the soul inside; it just never lies or deceives: the greatest miracle of God there is." Either they wouldn't be honest in finding good out of evil; or found it and followed it not. We said "we were right dear Lord. This soul, no matter what, can't bear such a scale of a test. Maybe in another plane it might!" We received the same divine words again: "we just don't know what His Majesty knows;" A fierce debate in the realm of angels it was. We believed every word of God but in this we had every doubt. We are able to doubt, but the truth we learn only from God. Man was capable of knowing the truth by himself; it had to do with *naming* it seems. He had a resemblance of God Himself. This is why we were all divinely ordained to prostrate before this mighty creation of His. Later on, to us, God revealed, even in this plane, some among them passed the test. It wasn't about how the play should display as we had previously thought. If only one soul passes the test, the whole divine drama is judged all worthwhile. That we didn't know and

comprehend. That what God didn't reveal to us from the beginning till the end. "A majestic creation of Lord it is indeed," despite all our former doubts we declared. One pure soul was able to change the bet result. God indeed knows what shall unfold and we just never know. Imagine some souls were given a false message of God, and they realized it wasn't His anyhow. They knew it was different from his Kind on their own. Even those who corrupted the word of God couldn't mislead that particular creation of His. This evil role was divinely assigned to Satan to be acted upon. Satan was the only one who abstained; thus, he had to be the first to learn. The soul realized the essence of the Lord without any messenger involved, even if a false messenger claimed to be sent from God. All the soul should do was to simply look for the answer inside; the outside world was no use at all. No one could fool the soul or steer it away from the truth. Satan tried to tempt the soul from left and right; up and down. He failed to change the *clear moral mirror* inside. Those who were tempted themselves knew in temptation they indulged; they couldn't lie to themselves. They would confess how they followed wrong on their own even though it was clear all along. Heaven is granted to the divine souls who refused to be fooled and followed Satan NOT. They have indeed made God proud of this creation of His. Those who didn't head no heaven shall see no matter what. Whether in hell will be their abode, or not, that's for God to decide; as I said I can only doubt."

Here I am before you all and this is what Gabriel himself has said. This is the message you have been waiting for! No salvation can be granted by me; nor on heaven and hell I decide.

Your souls have had all the guidance you need; you wasted your lives waiting for me instead! The compass to heaven was inside you all; *divinely programmed* by His Almighty God himself. That's the *internal eternal witness* in you against whom you can never find an alibi. *His* is the only valid testimony in the divine court of the Lord!"

Blessed be Jesus Christ son of Marry, and all the true messengers; those before him and those who passionately cried afterwards! And cursed be those who falsely claim to be acting on their name; only to enslave the *souls* of the Lord. In hell will be their abode for eternity indeed even though Archangel Gabriel doesn't know! This is the final word of Almighty God—it can never be altered thereof; Case sealed off!

No longer was this going to remain a secret. I opened all my social media accounts, and started sharing stories bearing resemblance to what the aforementioned visions stated word by word. Everyone who had known me was absolutely shocked. They would literally beg for an appointment with me. As you might have guessed, I was way too busy. Most of them would try to calm me down seeing the danger I was putting myself into. They would never succeed. I started detailing how every corrupt leader in my country would be assassinated if they refused to leave the territory immediately and hand over power to me. I would send messages to foreign leaders through special navigators and websites whom I planned to form the alliance with. I even phoned the Iranian ministries sending vocal messages to them as a sound was disturbing the line. "The Zionists are trying their best to impede my messages," my

intuition revealed. I cried while talking through the phone. I would recharge my phone twenty dollars to just make an international call. I wouldn't sleep that night. My family was horrified. They tried every means they had to stop me to no avail. I would jump all over the place screaming when they stated I was going crazy. I, indeed, went fully insane. My answer to their skepticism was that every prophet was faced with skepticism and forthright denial. I was absolutely no different. I had to suffer through what they had borne and even more. As I spoke with my brother and a friend of mine in a park around four a.m. The whole setting seemed suddenly majestic. "Haven't you realized the symbolism in this place? Look around and tell me what you see. Haven't you noticed the mosque and the green lights it casts from its minaret. The mosque standing there suggests the holy confirmation of what I am stating; the green lights represent heaven and martyrdom. Haven't you read the chapter where Allah mentions the story of the double-horned? The double-horned was just a righteous courageous man. Allah granted him kingship and inspired his divine word to him. You don't need to be a prophet to receive God's revelation. If you are intelligent, wise, righteous, and powerful Allah can grant you absolutely anything. Further, when I went into coma in 2000, I had a dream. There were plenty of demons trying to kill me. They were too powerful to defeat. I fought every one of them till I prevailed eventually. Maybe if I lost in my inner battle against evil, I would have never survived the three-day lethal coma. Meanwhile, my father had a dream too. Everyone in our family knows about his dream you can ask him yourselves. He dreamt of a mosque minaret falling to the

ground before it rose up again. Then it fell over the second time before it rose up. Finally, it fell over the last time before it stood up and kept standing. It was my father who told me he had an irrevocable intuition that the minaret was a symbolism that stood for me. Once he woke up, he spontaneously realized that I would definitely survive and grow up to preach the true message of the lord before I was even declared stable again by the doctors. Did I go into coma at my own will or was it preordained? Did create my father's dream or was it revealed to him from the Lord Almighty? How can you expect me to believe I am just delusional after all my struggles and pain.” I stayed awake till the morning. Before I went to school, I shared the breaking news to the world on all social media platforms. In that morning, I suddenly remembered a prophecy I heard some ten years before about the dissolution of Israel. The year of the prophecy was 2022. Many Imams believed this year to be the final day of Israel as it went in complete accordance with the eight decade's curse of the Jewish state. By 2022, Israel had already celebrated its 75 birthday. I couldn't believe how all the coincidences were falling into their divine preordained place. What's more, my insanity saw its zenith in the last week of 2022. I was submerged in tears as I was riding to school. Once there, I found myself in front of almost a hundred students from all departments. I had no business continuing teaching in that school. Me being a teacher was just a trick I did to recruit the most abled of students to the most noble of missions. I spoke the message of the annihilation of the worst enemy of good in the world. Their final day had finally come. Israel will just be doomed! In a two-day period of time, the precursor to the

greatest of wars was taking place. I announced this in full tears as they hailed me with shouts and tears. Even the headmaster and school assistants didn't know how to handle the situation. It took them massive efforts to clear out the scene in order to take me to the teachers' room. Everyone was dumbfounded. I was well respected back then. "What the hell had just happened to him?" They would inquire from each other before me all around. They tried to calm me down. I would cry and listen to their appositions. When I heard the headmaster wishing me quick recovery, I immediately said "recovery should come to those who don't read and have no cause," I was referring to him directly though we had been good friends indeed. Just a gentleman in all aspects.

A week before all of this, I was in a hotel in another city where I met the manager. He was such a gentleman that we quickly got along and appreciated each other. Then and there we were having a cup of coffee where I shared with him my plans for uniting a worldwide alliance to demolish evil for good. Tears were forcing their way through my eyes as I was speaking in utter grief. We discussed everything from sects, espionage, geopolitics to warfare. Then I laid my head on the table and started crying heavily while he was tapping on my back. He consoled me: "God will never disappoint someone like you my brother. A fine soul such as yours will eventually definitely be a key element in good defeating evil; that's for sure. I have had many spiritual experiences, feelings and visions myself. Here I promise you something my friend. You will see a divine sign so soon. My intuition never fails." Once the revelation of the end of Zionism crossed my mind, I would remember what he said.

I called him and declared: “You know what my dear brother. Your promise has actually miraculously happened today. I am indeed Almahdi who would demolish evil once and for all. The whole drama was divinely put together. I can’t believe this what it has been all along. This can never be a mere accident.” He reassured me that I was actually on the right path and whatever happens would definitely be for the overall good.

The headmaster took me out to a nearby café. He suggested that I should take some days off; he whispered “just go and have some rest.” Rest I needed indeed. I came back home. I arranged all the books before me in the dozens covering all my desk. All the titles were organized in pattern which had all the symbolism involved. I had a military jacket hung behind me to add thematic warfare scenes. My mind imagined I was working secretly on this mission of annihilating the Zionist state since 2014. It had taken me eight years to rearrange the alliance that would carry on the divine order. Through my knowledge and passion, I had cracked all the demonic schemes that the Zionists had ingeniously undertaken to incite Sunnis against Shiites as well as the Muslim world against the Christian Orthodox world for 600 years. I was the only one who could be intelligent enough to end all the in-wars between those who were supposed to be allies for the cause of justice. As long as they are enemies, the Zionist would just keep thriving and demonically dominating the whole world. Pax americana had been taken over by Pax Judaica long time ago. When the United States risks the wellbeing, wealth, and security of its own nationals and wastes the money of its taxpayers to support the atrocities of Israel against innocent Palestinians, then you know

who rules over the other. Zionist Evangelicals and Zionist jews were pulling the strings of the United States and its allies NATO. The first believe the settlement and reunification of the world's Jews in the state of Israel and as well as the establishment of the Jewish Third Temple to be a precursor to the second coming of their lord Jesus. The Zionist Jews, however, believe the building of the Third Temple to be a precursor to their savior Moshiach who is supposed to be a Jewish king from the lineage of King David. As opposed to all the former claimants, the genuine peaceful benevolent orthodox Israelites believe in divine redemption, peace and love while regard the brutal state of Israel as a demonic endeavor which aims to bring about the wrath of their Lord Yahuwah. They are concerned about spiritual redemption and salvation; not a mere pursuit of the establishing of an atrocious state. This group of Israelites is what have always believed to be referred to in the following verses of the Quaran:

[2.40] O children of Israel! call to mind My favor which I bestowed on you and be faithful to (your) covenant with Me, I will fulfill (My) covenant with you; and of Me, Me alone, should you be afraid.

[2.47] O children of Israel! call to mind My favor which I bestowed on you and that I made you the favorite among all nations.

[2.83] And when We made a covenant with the children of Israel: You shall not serve any but Allah and (you shall do) good to (your) parents, and to the near of kin and to the orphans and the needy, and you shall speak to men good words and keep up prayer and pay the poor-rate. Then you turned back except a few of you and (now too) you turn aside.

[2.246] *Have you not considered the chiefs of the children of Israel after Musa, when they said to a prophet of theirs: Raise up for us a king, (that) we may fight in the way of Allah. He said: May it not be that you would not fight if fighting is ordained for you? They said: And what reason have we that we should not fight in the way of Allah, and we have indeed been compelled to abandon our homes and our children. But when fighting was ordained for them, they turned back, except a few of them, and Allah knows the unjust.*

[2.62] *Whether they are the ones who believe (in the Arabian Prophet), or those who submitted to the way (faithful Israelites), or followers and upholders of Jesus son of Marry or Sabians – all who believe in Allah and the Last Day, and do righteous deeds – their reward is surely secure with their Lord; they need have no fear, nor shall they grieve.*

Disclaimer: the last is my translation of the verse [2.62] which is radical different from the canonical translation found anywhere as the term “Nasara” in Quran is radically different from Christians who worship Jesus while those “who submitted to the way” is different from Jews. For my analysis, the Jews and the Israelites are both included in the term “children of Israel” as they are both the grandchildren of the prophet Jacob/Israel. When the faithful Israelites prevailed over the nasty unfaithful Jews, Allah bestowed his blessings on “the children of Israel” as a whole. However, when the exact opposite happened and the unfaithful Jews overwhelmed the benign force of the faithful Israelites, Allah’s wrath was ushered into the fate of the whole “children of Israel.” I think it’s a socio-moral divine judgement and wisdom. Nations enjoy the blessings of the best among them while they suffer the

repercussions of their evil doers as a whole. *I am a full-fledged insane person; why would anyone in their right mind believe my translation, interpretation, or hallucination? You nuts people!*

For me, the genuine peaceful benevolent faithful Israelites— despite being exiled By Allah himself— who followed their golden lineage of prophets from Jacob till Moses and abided by their divine laws all the way to accepting the prophethood of Mohammed are all considered righteous even if they don't convert to Islam. They will definitely make it to heaven for standing up to the wrongdoers of the world even if the latter ones hide shamelessly in the flesh of the Israelites. Psychopathic Zionists Jews are indeed the very antagonists of the peaceful faithful Israelites!

Then and there I announced to the world: “the annihilation of demonic Israel,” before I gave the divine order to those who should carry it out, “Listen Iran, Hezbollah, Syria, Iraq, Hamas and Russia, send all your missiles immediately now. This is a divine prophecy that should be carried out today. Those are our enemies. The Zionist all of them. If we win, then that's good; and if we are martyred that's even better. The world wouldn't rest if they continue to exist. Here is the right time to finish them off. If you do so, we will be the winners whatever happens. It is martyrdom we are actually striving for. We will be glad if we all die; let's take them to hell as we go to heaven. You either join me in this divine mission now, or you go to hell yourselves. You are either with good or with evil; there is no midway between the two. This is only the precursor phase. Once Israel is done; I will search for them anywhere in the

world they run to. Remember Avichay Adraee what you said worldwide in 2009; you said no one can get to you however hard they try. You would murder the old and the young for Israel to survive and thrive. No one was there to judge you in the world; you were indeed immune from justice in this corrupted town; on that very day I bitterly cried; though I hated you I knew you were right. In my room, though being just a teen back then I swore, that I would be the one who should bring you all before the court of the Lord one day. Thirteen years fast-forward now. Here I am prosecuting you all before friend and foe alike; before allies and enemies alike. Bring your devil armies and come forth; a brave murderous bloodthirsty heathen you have been on the innocent weak all your life. Your doomsday has finally come. The reign of evil on the kingdom of heaven has finally come to an end. Allah let you all forget about his divine prophecy; you wouldn't have expected someone as unknown to be behind it all. I will come after those who recruited you as well: the Caucasian Anglo-Saxon neocon Evangelical protestants. They are so powerful indeed, and my all my enemies I respect; though I severely abhor. The deep states of the United states, England, France, and Germany—with all their NATO might and reservoir—will be annihilated as well. I will be the one who would execute you publicly online worldwide. All your intelligence failed this time: I know about all the enterprise that combines NSA, MI6, France's DGES, Germany's FIS as well as NATO's Gladio and all of that. Sheer destruction will reach you all wherever you are. I am already dead as I have already seen my place in heaven and my tomb. There is just no way for you to stop what was divinely

preordained. Hell I shall usher in to all your ruffians' lives; and to inferno I will take you myself. God himself has just assigned me the noblest of tasks. This is a day where the criminal is eventually held to account; and the victim finally thrives. No one can escape the justice of Allah however mighty they are."

Longtime before my insanity, I discerned the mighty powerful bloc. They all pointed to ultrarich White Anglo-Saxons protestants and their scientific wing Zionist Jews. Catholics though are somehow in the Zionist alliance themselves were mostly just being shrewdly manipulated that's all. As for the orthodox Christians and genuine Israelites, they had always been favorites of mine. The most ardent anti-Zionism there in the world is an Israelite himself: lovely brave sharpest-minded Norman Finkelstein. How could the likes of him be any adversaries of mine? From him I myself learned to defend the weak even against my culture at my own expense. Blessed be his parents for raising such a beautiful soul. Peaceful benevolent Israelites have been the defendants of justice from the age of Abraham. Their enemies were the progeny of Judah with all his greed, envy and crimes. There was a gigantic difference unknown between Jews and Israelites the world never discussed. The first have been the destroyers of the holy shrine of Almighty God while the latter have paid the price. The last of such Machiavellian schemes was the Jews enslavement of all Europeans; especially the Germans indeed. They brought Germany with all its might to its knees in debt. Seduction and profanity they preached and all the money they controlled. The grandchildren of the Germanic tribes would absolutely rise up again. Hitler was the man powerful enough to handle to job. He

took it upon himself to make Germany for Germans again. What happened afterwards? Guilty super-wealthy Zionist mostly-atheistic Jews and innocent mundane faithful Israelites were camouflaged. Concentration camps were heinously structured to gas them all. Why would I disbelieve it when lovely Finkelstein's were themselves subject to that? "Stop your damn crocodile tears, don't ever intimidate me by using my parents' sufferings as a heinous pretext to justify the brutal killings of innocent Palestinians." The holocaust was indeed one of the greatest crimes in human history along with the holocaust Israel is itself doing to Palestinians.

I honestly believed, before God Himself, that genuine believers, Israelites, faithful Christians, Sabian-Mandaeans who believed in God and the hereafter and have done good deeds indeed; will definitely make it to PARADISE! They all aligned with the words of Archangel Gabriel. They followed the compass inside and hurt no one meanwhile. Who would really make it to heaven if they themselves were denied? On the other hand; there is the brutal heathen clan. All those who hurt anybody unjustly they should be sure of their afterworld abode. Be they self-proclaimed Muslims, Jews, Christians, criminal Sabian-Mandaean all the way to atrocious atheists like Mao Zedong, Stalin, Hitler, and Khmer Rouge. If you kill an innocent life, the divine witness inside will take it on itself to make sure you make it to hell. That's the soul's purpose in this divine drama before the story began all the way till resurrection, divine judgement hell, and heaven, and all of that. You think you can get away with such a thing in a glamorous sublime divine play? Keep on feeding yourself the lie! Blessed be those who have never

intentionally wanted to enslave others or kill; and cursed be those who subjugated others to their demonic terror and vicious bloody reign; they have been those whom the angels have bet for with no divine guidance, nor light, neither love. They have aligned themselves wittingly with Satan to defeat the promise of the Lord! Satan is their boss in hell; he had a role to play and he excelled; he is from fire and fire disturbs him not! He would laugh at his former allies as in punishment they are all submerged! Gates of Hell covering all the horizon in red and black; melting ironfalls; oceans of blood and pus covering them from head to toe for eternity non-stop. You think your Pascal's wager can help you now? Here is the truth laid before your eyes! You still doubt it now!

I also grappled with how the material world was dominated by the White Anglo-Saxon protestants and their allied Zionist Jews. *The protestant ethic and the spirit of capitalism* and all of that. Once Martin Luther rightly confronted the church and demolished their lies once and for all, he opened the door of Christians to be in direct relationship with God. No indulgence could secure redemption; neither Christ crucifixion was salvation for mankind. You have to labor hard for redemption and salvation is only decided by the Lord. The protestants were on the verge of changing history for good! You know what it implies to have redemption only through labor! The work ethic of *insane* excellence in whatever you do was no longer enforced by material again in this world only; it has itself become creed ingrained deep down! It doesn't take long for such a creed to materialize in the world! The protestants dominated all worthwhile disciplines, streams, wealth, might and all of that!

They soon became indeed the real *Lords of Creation* from the west till the very east! You think you can compete with that! the more abundant they got, their wealth and might were taken for genuine benevolent signs from God. The protestants' story began so wonderful and it ended up wickedly sinful against their very God. Children forgot how their parents behaved and believed; grandchildren have even farther been driven apart from the essence of the philosophy that was behind their abundance and might. It no longer became about the Lord's redemption and salvation. It rather turned out to be wealth for wealth's sake; and might for dominance. Had they only remembered how the story began! Dominance became their very God; and they will even fight God himself to keep it up! See how Satan beautifully plays his cards! I wouldn't have trusted myself had I been in their shoes whatever I say by the way! Pride is quite tempting indeed and rare are those who could escape it no matter how pious they think themselves are. Given their *current* apparently viciously formed nature, they again needed Jesus Christ to descend; having connections in heaven, they fathomed, is the only way to dodge hell and sneak to paradise. *See how far self-deception can go Mr. Christ!*" Just keep waiting for Jesus Christ, he will actually descend to tell what Gabriel Had said! You disappointed your lord. No excuse for how evil you have just become. You still have a chance to make it right. Not all protestants I hate; even Trump, due to his absurd honesty, I like. A champ he is to advance the cause of most lovely Americans though on Zionism I disagree with him a lot! I hope honestly for him to make it to heaven after all! He is a businessman, after a while he might just stop and think and

become really sublime. Vote on Trump Americans! I can't order you as you don't believe in me, but still I can advise. He is your best pick whatever the media say! Also, the American deep-state abhors him a lot! They want to keep you enslaved under their feet, die miserably in unjust wars for them to get even more! Blessed be those who want to advance their own nations; real patriots they are! Those who never attempt to demonize others neither colonize! What was the electoral college needed for? They select any ruffian they like to make you believe he is the president-elect! What a joke Pentagon! Do you really think I would buy that? Americans are free people indeed; soon they will break free of the shackles you tied their hands with and prosecute you all for what you have shamelessly done! When I talked about my rivals the White Anglo-Saxon Evangelical Protestants, I never meant the vast majority of them! The ultra-rich, bloodthirsty, colonial *Lords of Creation* I meant. Those who genuinely control the Federal Reserve, Wall Street, the Senate, the House of Representatives, the Federal Court, all media channels, NSA and the Pentagon! Even 9/11 they were behind! NATO itself is under their command whenever they want. I already said what their reasons were; they are indeed geniuses however satanic they are; they are *the Skull and Bones* demonic cult; namely George Bush, Tony Blair and everyone who owns assets in the private banks which control the federal reserve. The book entitled "The Big Lie: 9/11" by Meyssan detailed all the hard evidence of the NSA, CIA, Mossad and MI7 being behind the mass murder of 3000 innocent Americans. They are still at large those demons. Would you believe this world we live in? American people need to persecute all of them in the federal

court while launching a revolution to make the federal reserve a really state-owned bank: the reserve for which plenty of presidents have been killed by this demonic Bush family Cult. Americans have a moral duty to free the world from this satanism aiming at destroying the world by Armageddon. The state of Israel is their agent in the middle east. They also need to demolish the hoax of the electoral college. This Stanic cult fools the Americans by appointing the president they like who is best fit for advancing their evil. They even killed children in Iraq, remove their kidneys so as to send them to Israel, America and UK. Americans must vote directly for the commander-in-chief. No real freedom can be achieved for the wonderful American people, neither the whole innocent world, if the above is not achieved. How lovely is Kay Redfield Jamison! She is a protestant, but married she got! How I would have love to propose to her had she not been so hasty enough! Blessed be her family for what she has done to sick people like me! A spectacular genius she has been for all of us! You still think I just despise Protestants! How incredibly unjust this generalization plague we have got used to all along. A result of pure ignorance, reductionism, straw-manning combined and more! We have even launched—for such a wicked naivety—bloody wars; aka *unholy* holy wars.

Dear Muslims, Sunnites and Shites, your turn to ascend the alter of mine has come. You have killed anyone who dared to question your fanaticism from time immemorial too. You would never hear a word of justice from anyone; whether he happened to be from other religions and sects, or especially from your own. Instead of relying on your soul to learn about

right and wrong, you decided to follow mullahs and terrorists however stupid they are. You should have analyzed every message before you filter out gold from mud. Where is the diamond you have found in the Last Testament of Allah to mankind or from the biographies of faithful califs and righteous Imams? It was all in vain from Muhammed till this very dawn. What a shame what you have made of all your religion/state's noble creeds! You are both allied to the cause of bloody sectarianism and satanic wars. Do you think your God would buy the hoax of crying over saints, building shrines, and launching genocidal false *holy wars*? You don't know that you will go to hell if you killed any innocent civilian whoever they are. The caliphate was poisoned since the unholy Umayyads ascended the throne! All murder and rampage it has been exactly like the unholy Evangelicals and Zionist Jews have done; I don't doubt your alliance with both! Homicide and suicide are your best enterprise! You have done very well indeed; just tap on your bloody backs. Ali died for justice I heard; I don't know. I wasn't there! But his son Hussain was beheaded by a cruel heathen indeed; cursed be Yazid's reign and everyone who joined an unjust cause for personal gain! Now I see him tortured screaming in hell with his brave generals; criminals and all of those!

You have blamed the Shites you Sunnites for concealing their bloodline! Can you tell a criminal the truth if you doubt his thoughts? let alone when there is no room for mercy in that town. Most of your ancestors have killed indeed any righteous person who wouldn't accept being a slave. See what you have done Janissaries in the eastern Europe till the Balkan states!

Reign of terror you have excelled at indeed; young innocent slaves were brought in chains along with gorgeous sex slaves! What a religion of Peace! You had even engineered the catastrophe which happened in Yugoslavia in the 1990s. Had you withstood from the mass murder, rampage, enslavement in all Eastern Europe, no grudges would have existed between the Serbs, the Croats, and the Bosniaks. I don't spare the mass murder of the ruffian Radovan Karadzic and Slobodan Milosevic especially in the holocaust-like slaughter in Srebrenica. Hell is their abode indeed. Turkey, you have an ocean of Arminian blood on your hands that would never be forgotten even after a million years. You have to admit to this massacre as Germany did to the Jews. History will thank you more for disowning what your ancestors committed against civilian Armenians than from denying the whole tragedy. There is a feeling of complicity you project by defending or concealing what your founders have done!

You Shites haven't been less cruel than your proclaimed archenemies. Instead of sticking to the Imams' wisdom and golden lineage; you also wanted a throne! I wouldn't care less about a damn state, but an empire I heard you are trying to build from Kabul till the Moroccan shores. Is that what Imam Al-Reda preached? Blessed be his soul for turning down the ascension to the bloody caliphate because he feared corruption and innocent blood to get anywhere near his saintly hands. In the civil war in the middle-east you have played the geopolitical game! Bravo: you fanatically won! Though I understand what it would have meant for you to lose the alliance crescent from Tehran till Lebanon, history and God himself will never forget

the children's you have beheaded in Syria and Iraq. You think God will hear your nasty words or be fooled by the crocodile tears in Imam Ali's Mosque in Najaf or Hussain's martyrdom terrain in the heart of Kabbalah! I am not generalizing. I am talking about those who actually killed and maimed innocent souls. Blessed be Ali and his genuine holy bloodline indeed; justice, wisdom, and heroism they had all championed against brutal odds; martyrs are all in heaven now crying over how their story has been used and turned upside down! Little children, the young and the old have been slayed on their name. Is there anything worse than that? To turn a figure who suffered pure injustice to a pretext for inflicting it on others is a spectacularly shameful wickedness! Does this ring a bell? Innocent Israelites were brutally gazed in Germany; Jews have used their suffering to imprison, torture and kill Palestinians and anyone who would stay on their way. Abstaining from innocent blood is your only ticket to heaven which most of you have already lost! To my knowledge, there is no way to make it right after you have taken a baby's life; never mind the hundreds of thousands even millions at times! It's not the bloody sect that matters but how just has been your courtroom and how you benevolently ruled. Just tell me who is better? a Muslim doctor who saved a Jewish child's life or a Muslim king who slapped a Protestant beautiful girl? It's your share to humanity's happiness and peace that it all comes down to by the end; not building atrocious empires even if you succeed in ruling the world by the end! Blessed be Ali Shariati, Ali Ezzat Begovic, Ali Ibnu Abi Taleb, and Omar Ibnu Al-Khattab; they remind me of Marcus Aurelius just reign even when the whole Mediterranean was but a Roman Basin! Glory

all around! Even his wife with all his might cheated on him; hurt he was, but he didn't mind; you can only control yourself; people can stab you very well in the back! You might want to kill them to avenge yourself, or you might nobly abstain and become a hero of mine! A hero to an insane person! Is that a compliment or a shame?

Here comes your turn bloodthirsty Zionist Jews; welcome the floor is yours! You know what it means to change a divine message of justice and peace to a creed weapon of injustice and wars. I don't know how the bloody Talmud came about; neither the Old Testament of yours. No, no, I actually know. Once you had realized that the prophetic lineage is from the righteous Israelites children of Joseph, you—the fucking redactors sons of Juda—have changed every word to make it mean what you want. Great bloodthirsty geniuses you have been indeed. You have wittingly committed the greatest sin there is since the soul story came about. To rule the world, you have claimed to be the chosen people; and everyone else must be your slaves. You have labored for thousands of years to make sure every word in your unholy books advances your megalomaniac supremacy and reign. "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth"; and you have altered every word afterwards. Let's have a look:

"Jesus was a bastard born of adultery." "Mary was a whore: Jesus (Balaam) was an evil man." "Jesus was a magician and a fool. Mary was an adulteress" "She (Mary) who was the descendant of princes and governors played the harlot with carpenters." "Whosoever disobeys the rabbis deserves death and will be punished by being boiled in hot excrement

in hell." "If a Jew is tempted to do evil he should go to a city where he is not known and do the evil there. " Gentiles are outside the protection of the law and God has "exposed their money to Israel." "On the eve of the Passover, Yeshu(Jesus) was hanged...Do you suppose that he was one for whom a defense could be made? Was he not a Mesith (enticer)?" Sanhedrin 54b. "A Jew may have sex with a child as long as the child is less than nine years old." Sanhedrin 55b. "A Jew may marry a three year old girl (specifically, three years "and a day" old)." "When a grown-up man has intercourse with a little girl it is nothing." "Even the best of the Gentiles should be killed." "To communicate anything with a Goy(Gentile) about our religious relations would be equal to the killing of all Jews, for if the Goyim knew what we teach about them, they would kill us openly." "Jesus fornicated with his jackass." Gittin 57a: "Jesus is in hell and is being punished by being boiled in semen." "Jews must always try to deceive Christians." Hillelkoth Akum Z1: "Do not save Goyim (Gentiles) in danger of death."

Very nice pieces of evil literature! A Guinness World Record in deception, sedition, sociopathy and psychopathy. But you forgot to change the mentioning of Mohammed in the Song of Songs verse 16:

חֲכֹן, מִמַּטְקִים, וְכִלְיוֹ, מִחֲמַדִּים; זֶה דֹדִי וְזֶה רֵעִי, בָּנוֹת יְרוּשָׁלַם

People make mistakes never mind heroes!!! Though you changed the translation, we found it tanks to the truthful conscientiousness of the late Ahmad Deedat!!!

To reach your psychopathic goals, you have shown the world that God is just *unjust*. Is there a greater sin imaginable or unimaginable than turning the traits of the Lord upside down?

You portrayed Almighty God as Almighty Satan! You have successfully booked the most agonizing suit in hell for eternity indeed. Ah, you don't believe in the hereafter I read! Or at least there is no hell for you shall it exist! Here I assure you: just keep on believing in that because *it's already too late to change your fate*. You had better make the most of this one as much as you can. What you have spectacularly committed has been declared by Elohim as never-to-forgive no matter what. I was there and saw His wrath! No, no. I am there NOW! I see you now in hell in sheer agony swimming in lava, ironfalls, pus and blood and all of that. What a scene it is; I wish I was capable to fully detail. Blessed be the lighthearted prophetic lineage of the Israelites the grandchildren of prophet Joseph, and all the Israelites who followed the prophets who had come after him. They are the genuine *people of the book* whom the sons of Judah—the redactors—slayed, beheaded and crucified. And cursed be the Zionist Jews sons of Judah who crafted the Old Testament and Talmud on their own. You even shamelessly called your psychopathic state “Israel.” You always went off the radar by fooling humanity that you and the Israelites are the same. In Israel today, there are plenty of Israelites suffering kidnap, murder and terrorism because of the grandiose ploy of the Jews. A mastermind plan it is! Had they named their bloody state “Judah,” the world might have noticed what's really going on. Wearing the uniforms of their victims—the Israelites—kept them at large! I might have forgiven you in this world have you had a taste of art. Thousands of years had taken you to craft a tasteless supposed to be word of God. Had I been in your place, I would have done a much better job in less than a year by

myself. Thousands of years! Nuts had been those fucking redactors indeed. In the end Elohim put the Zionist Jews in hell and hell. You should have never altered anything after “the earth.”

The Zionist Jews have engineered new ugly terms to keep everyone who dares to question their evil maneuvers intimidated, humiliated and stigmatized. If you happen to be an Israelite who criticizes the Zionist Jews then they call you-- and make sure everyone is compelled to call you-- a self-hating Jew. See the social, intellectual and psychological terror brave Israelites have been subjected to in such an atrocious scheme. Also, if you happen to be a gentile/non-Jew who dares enough as to stand up to the demonic terrorism of the Zionist Jews, then you are an antisemite. The only ones in the history of mankind who have created rotten terms to subject the world to their terrorism are the Zionist Jews. Smart are these people though corrupt. Would it make sense to name those who oppose the political regime in Sweden as anti-Viking or self-hating Viking depending on whether they are themselves foreigners or Scandinavians respectively. Dear Israelites, you need to point out to the world the fact that you are not Jews to begin with. You are proud Israelites whose ancestry descends from the golden lineage of prophethood and those who supported them among the broader term: children of Israel. You no longer need to be included in this shrewd linguistic ploy. You are indeed favorites among the nations, not because of your race or ethnicity, but because of the amount of evil you have had to suffer from the Talmudic Jews: the psychopathic advocates of Judah.

I am just an insane bastard who claims to have seen the unknown. There is absolutely no way I am right on any of what I have said before neither what follows is correct. This is sheer insanity nobody should be crazy enough to buy any of it. All bloodthirsty psychopaths, though unfaithful to the soul, are very religious indeed. Let's see how fanatic psychopaths make sense of scripture. You can question the morality of bloodthirsty believers, but you can never assume they are stupid. They are very intelligent indeed. Here I am playing the devil's advocate for all the heathens and ruffians in human story.

"Our religion is for peace" this is how most believers go each time they are asked. They can't afford to question their religion so split they become. They rather forecast the moral polarity of their religion to themselves than to the teachings of their faith. Instead of becoming divorced from their religion outside, they become split inside. The soul knows right from wrong on its own, but religions can never survive thousands of years if they were void of blood. A religion without a crime! Religions are the mirror of the imagination and feelings of all human beings; thus, they must contain crimes also for them to work! Is there a religion without martyrs and martyrdom; without holy wars? If there is any belief that has no crime, then it is a mere philosophy, belief or contemplation or the three combined more or less. Religions are much broader and richer than that. To sustain communal feelings and belonging people need *to be persecuted and even crucified for their creed*. This is the seabed where even the golden rule seems quite shallow itself. They also deeply need to create scenarios where blood is shed. See how holy wars

came about from a peaceful word of God! People will always find an excuse to exasperate the urge of shedding blood. See how human sacrifice came about! Without being crucified and shedding blood from where heroic tales and tragic poetry would be derived? People need moving stories, drama, drawings, poetry and songs to keep the passion alive. They also need to pour all their urges, feelings and being into the world through art. Temples, cathedrals, mosques and synagogues have been the best communal expressions of unity and art. Shrines have been built and graves have become holy sites. No religion can exist without a *persecution tale*. People will be bored and they will let go eventually by the end. The most convincing of religions are those who make you really sad and bitterly cry. Beheadings need to be acted out for the faithful to feel tested and seen by the Lord. The best example in the world by far are the Shites indeed. Listen to “Journey of Love- Najaf” and tell me what you feel. All majestic and sublime from Ali’s shrine to the poetry and songs. “Peace be upon you Commander of the Faithful.” Shites gathering in the thousands, prostrating and crying in such a unique heavenly shrine! Such a feeling of solace and serenity unmatched; glory all around. You might very well nuke them, but they will never leave the shrine. They welcome the very death which most humanity fears. They have somehow passed the material plane of this world. *I am talking about the genuine peaceful faithful among them not criminals.* Where is the golden rule from all of this? Blessed be Ali and his household indeed! Most religions have been inspired by a truthful word of God to craft a book which appeals to all its imagination from righteousness to wickedness. A religion should also appeal to the bloodthirsty

psychopathic adherents. It needs them to survive because of their warfare might. It can't just afford dispensing with them once and for all. Soldiers and knights are needed for either tempting expansion or necessary defense. Even Christians were forced to create sustainable Christendom out of the passive teachings of Christ. Islam didn't make the same mistake; murder there is from Cain to excursions and crusade; much nearer to mankind and manhood than turning the other cheek. Acts of violence and warfare must find their ways to scripture and holy accounts. Then, all interpretation it becomes. The peaceful find valid texts on their reservoir to argue for the peacefulness of their religions and faiths. Those on the psychopathic edge also succeed to rationalize their acts based on valid parts of their scrolls and holy texts. Everyone's interpretation is valid as long as there is a text. A religion that doesn't deal with crime from the receiving and sending ends are doomed and so soon fade away. Every person projects their core being into the text; then proceeds to interpret and comprehend. Do you still remember how words have completely different perception/meaning for each individual explained in detail earlier in this gospel? See how far this dilemma of interpretation go! There is no objective text once it is read or heard. Every objective word is *subjectivized* once it is received. Words are innocent on papers, chronicled, tablets, scrolls and temples, but they are guilty once internalized. They become unmatched in the whole universe. No two people are the same once their souls were poured into clay. Religions need a cause to sustain the game. Is there a cause without blood being shed? No religion is peaceful because if it was then it is not. Human drama is necessary for the soul to act. No drama can be

performed without blood being part of the deal. Tragedy touches people in their core being more than any peaceful comedy. Shallow is the level of comedy indeed; but tragedy is deep as it deals with the hidden repressed urges unfulfilled. It is the only genre where catharsis is felt and solace is found. A religion without pain and solace! Have I missed a meeting or what? The soul has been asked to grapple with any message it receives; the best message, there is, are religions themselves. The soul is responsible for filtering out good from evil in every holy scroll on its own; not naively fanatically sticking to any scroll it has received whether a messenger was involved or not. Humans are worth, and capable, of more than that. The soul is the greatest secret and miracle of Almighty Allah/Elohim, but religions are all manmade—Case sealed off thereof! Tranquility is granted to those who never question their creed; and turbulence will never seize in a mind that doubts. In this plane of the material world, blessed are those who never think for themselves; and cursed is every mind that which to critic!

Back to my insanity story again! At night, on the very day I declared the holy war on Israel, I would ride back and forth to my uncles'. They were dumbfounded themselves. I would immediately ask my uncle's wife for a private discussion. "As you see dear aunt, I am on a very big mission. And in this mission, I am constantly disturbed by stupid girls. To shut down this temptation door. I am hereby proposing to your sister. Discuss the business with them, and if they accept, I am still here; no worries. If they don't, absolutely no problem." My family was spared hell among all the world.

I came back that day home and a diner with my family I shared. They stated all their concerns again and doubted every word I said. They warned I was sabotaging all my wellbeing as well as theirs as a result. I turned immediately to my mom and said: “Mom, a religious pious fabulous woman you are indeed. My love for you is just unmatched. You know how I have been an honoring son all along! Now, I guess you know fully well the story of Moses peace be upon him in heaven now! When the Pharaoh of Egypt was warned by his oracles that a baby was going to be born who would demolish his reign. Babies of peaceful Israelites were abdicated and killed! What a massive murderous psychopath he was! Allah Almighty asked his mom to put him in a basket and on the river by himself he sailed! God gave her his word that to her Moses will indeed return! No worries should she harbor as God himself was watching over her son! God indeed delivered on his divine word and to her Moses was returned by the very soldiers of the Pharaoh himself! See how far God’s will and wisdom can go! They needed someone to breastfeed an unknown baby Pharaoh’s wife found and loved! The only one Pharaoh wouldn’t disappoint was his *secretly faithful* wife indeed! Because of her he forgot about the oracles’ prophecy and went: “let this baby alone live and thrive; under my guardianship he shall be raised.” The woman they were divinely guided to for the task of breastfeeding was Moses’ mom herself. God never fails to deliver on any word he gives! Thus, trust your Lord now mom; to you I will indeed return! The business with mom was settled for good! She believed every word I said; nobody could have crafted such a speech if he wasn’t revealed to by God himself! Nothing was human in it

from the very beginning till the very end! She cried indeed and solace found a way to her lovely heart! A spectacular woman in all regards! Blessed be all mothers who *love* their children and *justice* they seed in them wherever they are! In heaven will be their abode even if their children turned out to be Pharo, Hitler, Netanyahu or Sharon themselves!

To my brother Yassine I turned: “tell me dear brother, what was the wisdom behind prophet Aaron in the Quran after all? For prophets to succeed in their divine mission; a loyal brother, companion, or wife they need. Moses himself asked the Lord to grant him his brother Aaron’s support. He needed his brother for council, oratory and companionship! He couldn’t handle the job by himself alone. God inspired to Moses that his wish had been divinely granted and willed. Aaron was appointed a companion to Moses and a prophet himself became. They both joined forces, and to save the Israelites from Pharo they struggled and strived. They went to Pharo’s court and before his magicians and oracles stood: “I am a prophet sent by the Lord; you had better head my words!” With all Pharo’s brutal might, oracles and sorcerers he was doomed and crashed; and in the sea he drowned with all his soldiers behind!” See how far brotherhood can go! A miracle of sorts indeed! Blessed be prophet Aaron; without him his brother Moses might have never won! And cursed be Pharo, his soldiers and oracles along, and everyone who stood behind! Blessed be those who refrained from Pharo’s unjust cause; and had never persecuted the faithful Israelites! I don’t need Moses’ rode to complete this mission indeed; your companionship is all that I need! Yassine became a companion thereof though not a prophet he became

himself! See how eloquence can go! A miracle of sorts indeed!

To my dear father I turned, he was the only one never to trust any of that. “See dear father, Allah never mentioned the father of Moses throughout the story from the sea till the sea—from the moment baby Moses sealed by himself till the moment Pharo drowned; the same waters that gracefully carried the first, drowned the last in pain. See how far mysterious the Lord’s wisdom can be! Moses’ father was never mentioned as he would have never believed a word of it from the very beginning till the very end. Plenty of prophets had had fathers who wouldn’t buy what they were inspired unto by God! Why would I expect you to believe any of it now? There is no way to convince you dear father otherwise; by not trying to convince you at all, you will eventually be convinced yourself!” See how intelligence can go! A miracle of sorts indeed! The case with all my family members was sealed thereof, I only needed Moses’s mother, brother, and father story or its lack thereof and how it all unfolded in ancient Egypt where proud brutal Pharo reigned!

I went with my cousins and uncles to the mosque. I kept crying while praying. “Everyone should know about this prophecy” I thought. I would ask the Moazin to lend me the mic. He steadfastly declined. Once we had our prayer behind the Imam, I stood up before hundreds of supplicants briefing them about the divine light of mine and word. Most people would shrug their shoulders at my craziness, but some listened and were quite amazed. My family would rush to get me out of the mosque. I would hang them and tiers from my eyes would never halt. As I noticed all my social media had been seized, I shared

YouTube videos all while talking about how the Zionists were losing their minds. I would threaten all social media corporations with their immediate annihilation by the end of the year. “I have been working with the most brainy cyber security hackers in the world. We will send you secret agents who would work with you; they will keep a low-profile never mind; they will be so talented and skilled to rise up the hierarchy so fast; and then once we receive from them all the databases decryption keys, you will wake up to a world where you just no longer exist. This must sound worse in your ears than me having a magic wand, isn’t it?” I would also talk directly about the nationals who were doing great in IT. “We will form a state-owned IT mega-corporation to share all expertise. Our country will in no time be among the G7 in the world. I have been working with the best ingenious experts in all departments to launch a program which would make our country technologically, financially, educationally, militarily, and politically among the best in the world. The nuclear program itself I have been concealing for quite a long time; a nuclear reactor we have built 500 meters below sea level and atomic bombs have been amazingly constructed but not tested yet. We might test them on any ruffians should they come our way. Change has indeed come abruptly. Those corrupted mongrels who hold these positions currently either leave by their own will or fucking die by mine. You have 24 hours exactly. Is you haven’t escaped by this tomorrow—God willing—we will find you wherever you run in the world. We might come to you as photographers, taxi-drivers, cooks, nuns, teachers, policemen, philanthropists, students, doctors, gorgeous hookers, whatever.

If my agents in the country's airports tell me that you have left one minute later than the aforementioned schedule, then just pay Fairwell to your beloved ones”

Maybe my word wouldn't reach those concerned through Facebook, so I had to visit someone in person who could transfer my message to those in charge. I took the train to the capital of my country. I visited the outlawed embassy of Iran. I kept ringing until the consul general was himself before me. I told him who I was and my plan. He must report what I detailed to him to the head of state of his country or they would go all to hell. You can imagine how his face was in shock. He wouldn't know how to handle all of that. If I had been lying it was a catastrophe; if I was saying the truth, then it was the end of the world. He responded, “if you dared to come this far to tell me all of this with such passion and determination, then I don't think it would be impossible for you to inform my head of state personally through your means.” Once done, I went to enjoy the best religious monuments in town. Every monument stood for an obscure mystical meaning to me. They were erected for me to visit one day. Everything that happened in the world was a precursor to my rise. I had only one consciousness. I don't know whether others existed or they were mere soulless robots before me. If there was anybody who would be entitled to any divine mission, it must be me. I was the center of the universe. The universe itself revolved around me. Being in charge of a holy war was no longer strange to me. I counted the mission accomplished. I started seeing the future as if it was the past. Everything had already taken place, mine was just an application of what was for eternity predestined.

My whole family conspired to take me to a psychiatrist. I finally agreed. I went to check him up, not the other way around. I began seeing people's thoughts above their heads by then. I would tell each one what they were thinking before they spoke. The psychiatrist— who had seen me a year ago completely demolished after my accident and the stress that ensued afterwards— couldn't believe the radical catastrophic shift. He asked me what I thought was going on with me. I said "You know, medically speaking, I am having mania right now. "exactly" he said. I elaborated further saying that the whole psychiatry apparatus could never tell whether someone was actually becoming highly successful or just sick. I resumed, "Of course, you would all call me sick given my unmatched success and ambitions now." The doctor knew he had no chance to convince me otherwise, so he finally told me: "In your state, there is no one in the whole world who could be able to convince you that you are having a mental breakdown; no matter how hard they try. All I can say, take the prescribed medicine I am giving you now; try them for one month; if you feel afterwards that you had been delusional, then you will have the chance to correct yourself and accept medication; if not, there is nothing else that would stop you son."

I met some of my informatics college friends dating back almost a whole decade. They had known me to be a peaceful hardworking student as well as a dear friend of theirs. We used to tease each other to great lengths; collaborate to achieve excellent grades, play soccer in tournaments, and hangout every now and then. I would sit down, put a pack of cigarettes before me, light one after the other successively to excess, before I

began the Imam Al-Mahdi breaking news announcement again. “Do you really think that if such a person really exists, theologically speaking, God would appoint a drug addict alcoholic person for such a task?” a dear friend of mine asked me. “As long as the person hasn't killed any innocent soul, then divine revelation might indeed touch his hearth.” I responded. “I am having a great problem now?” Another friend would intervene. “What is bothering you dear pal?” I sincerely inquired. “I had a girlfriend before, but now I am in love with another. The first won't let go off, and the second is the one I really love. What should I do dear friends?” I said: “Listen carefully dear friend! If you had slept with the first and in fact spent a long time together till she believed you were indeed soulmates, then just expect God's unshakable wrath if you suddenly selfishly decide to get rid of her for good. God will never accept such a tale to end in your favor even if you fly over all pilgrimages known in Islam; just forget it mate. The ball is in your court; make sure to settle the whole ordeal. You have only one solution as far as my divine mind is concerned, if you find it somehow convenient, though there is nothing in the vicinity of convenience about it, you might want to marry them both.” Jaws dropped from them all.

As the two-soulmates friend of mine had become a cyber security engineer, I would entrust the following message to his ears: “I need you buddy. I really do. Make sure to reconcile with God almighty. Make sure to stay alive. Do you know the ex-NSA Andrew Snowden declassification of the program nicknamed Prism?” He had no clue, neither about the program, nor Snowden, nor where he fits in all of it. “The program spies

on all the communications of all the world, whatever the medium. They use ai and advanced decryption software to covertly scan all the data capable of threatening their national security or advancing their interests. They use systematic triggering keywords to successfully filter the needle from the haystack. They can't possibly scan all the data transferred in real time in the world, but with such extraordinary technology, they manage to. Recruit a team from your cyber security colleagues, the most trustworthy, to labor on the task of reverse-engineering Prism technology. I need it in my disposal as fast as you possibly can. You will be rich, my word. How much shall it cost?" "Buddy, are you serious? Assuming such a technology exists, how can we mimic it, with what means?" "That's no longer my problem. It is henceforth yours. Give it your full capacity. I am recruiting you to create a team who would get on it now. It is like the Americans recruitment of Oppenheimer for the Manhattan project in Los Alamos. You don't need to know Oppenheimer, nor Los Alamos for that matter. Just complete your mission. I need to spy on those who are spying on me. Whoever is looking for me, I am also looking for him indeed. Once they think they have detected me, I will have already schemed a grandiose plot better than Italian Job. I will allow them intentionally to follow my car. While they think I am under their radar, they will secretly be escorted by my intelligence agents disguised in civil cars, taxis, bikes, and trucks. Once they are ready to assassinate me, they will be ambushed from all sides, under their feet and above their heads. I will then proceed to bury them dead or alive. No one will ever hear of them again. Is a million dollars enough to complete this

intelligence project dear Oppenheimer?” The poor was dismayed just by hearing it. Is there anything more surreal? He promised to do his best. I was trying to manufacture a billion dollars’ worth of software with less than a thousand. I didn’t have a thousand bucks even back then.

Some of my colleagues at the public school where I was teaching called me that very evening. One colleague phoned me and said: “We are so worried about you mate. We would love to sit with you and have a conversation please! Everyone here at the school is so concerned. We will not take a lot of your time. Do you know the café right in the corner in front of the school? We will be there an hour from now. Would you come?” As I was listening, there was a thousand question bombarding my mind. I was the most suspicious person on the planet. A conspiracy was under way. This is all I could conclude after every conversation. “Thank you so much dear colleague for your concerns. I am alright. Nothing is remotely worrying here. People have a hard time believing what I am saying that’s all. Send my deepest heartfelt feelings to all my colleagues. It’s been a great honor having made your acquaintance. I will do my best to visit you. If not this evening, then soon God willing,” this was my best way to respond in order for me to gain sometime. He insisted so much on me visiting them that very evening. The more he insisted, the more distrustful I became. After thinking in depth about the matter and strategizing, I phoned him and said: “Hi mate. I have done my best to visit you; and here I am stuck in this unlucky accident. Nothing bad happened. No injuries thanks Lord. But the police have confiscated my bike, and I need to complete some paperwork for insurance and all

of that. I am so sorry for not being able to stop by. We will meet soon though, never mind.” After the phone call my mind clearly pictured a whole ploy where my closest colleagues were involved in. “So, for the police to catch me off guard, they approached my colleagues whom they believe I trust. Right next the café, there is a black van. I am sure; I can even see it. This is not imagination. This is god’s guidance and truthful intuition. Though random the van looks from the outside, there are special forces inside it waiting for the right moment. I am running of time and options here. I need to leave my town towards the farthest city in the north. There, I will contact the Russians and the Iranians again, so that they evacuate me immediately from this nasty conspiracy-infested country of mine. I shall trust nobody henceforth. Everyone is involved in it, friend and foe alike.”

In haste I made it home. I took my suitcase, filled it with clothes and personal items. My terrified mother inquired what I was doing. I told her: “They are getting close mom. This is no longer a speculation. A colleague of mine has just phoned me. The bastards are using the people I trust to catch me. They are even recruiting my colleagues for an ambush; would you believe it? I need to leave the town immediately. I will leave evidence that I am heading for the south, while in fact I am heading elsewhere. They might even try to use you. So, I will never tell you where I am going because I love you. Once there in my destination, I will call you for sure so that you are reassured.” My mom and brother Yassine couldn’t handle it. There was just no way on earth to stop me peacefully from executing my strategy. My mom was already sick. She tried her best to talk me out of it.

She looked so terrified and worried. All I could say was “Mom, I really love you; however, I can’t help but notice how you use my heartfelt concerns for you in order to control me. You always do that. You attempt to dominate us through using out sympathy and love for you. This is just not benevolent for any of us. But I know from where you got this maneuver. You learned it firsthand from your mother herself. She, in fact, uses the same goddamn strategy to control her benevolent children. Yes, my uncles and your brothers. So, stop acting ill immediately. I don’t need your weakness now be it fake or even true. The scoundrels are trying to kill me, and you are unknowingly helping them by impeding what I am attempting to do. What a shame mother! What a shame!” the most heinous statement a person could tell his mother; especially my sick, yet all-caring mom. Blessed be the all-caring mothers wherever they are; and cursed be the sons and daughters who dishonor them even unwittingly.

To my brother I said: “Yassine, if you are free, I need your company dear brother. There are somethings I need done, but I can’t do on my own. Pack your clothes immediately, and let’s go.” “I’m afraid I might not be able to do that,” he responded. Then I said, “Well then, I didn’t expect you to comply either. All I needed you to do is book the real tickets of my genuine destination in the train station while I personally book misleading others. When the police finally come to check up on me in the station registration, they will think I am in the south of the country while in fact I am a thousand kilometers away in the north. I can handle that by the help of some passerby or passenger. Have a good day body!”. Yassine, being the loyal

brother he is, was only trying to stop me from traveling. They couldn't know what dangerous action I might take once I stepped on the street; let alone in the farthest corner of the country. Yassine decided he was in for the ride. We left our mother in sheer horror. We were waiting for a taxi cab when I noticed I left my "Godfather" novel at home. "God damn yet. I need something to read in the long journey there. I forgot my book Yassine. Can you please go home quickly and get it for me. It is there on the desk. Yassine refused again. I shouted at him saying: "I never counter on you and will never do. That's the truth of the matter. Do you know that?" I ran with my heavy suitcase back home. My mother wouldn't let go of me. She called my uncles when I had left. Yassine came back running, "some strange people in black uniforms asked me about you," he said. My mom crying, Yassine taking hold of my suitcase, I yelled my lungs out in the once quiet neighborhood. As the neighbors were looking from the windows, I got inside the house to settle the matter before I could leave. I realized there was no way to convince them peacefully. I took my suitcase and straight to the door. Yassine, suddenly, choked me and brought me down. He was too powerful and dedicated to let go. My uncles came to the house. I told all of them again the whole conspiracy that was going on in excruciating detail. "There is absolutely no way we are letting you go. Just calm down please for God's sake! If anybody should come looking for you, he will have to kill us first," my lovely eldest uncle told me. As I was crying and breathing heavily, I told them; "you don't understand. I have been living all my life suffering, and here God finally inspired unto me his word which gave me the

best *why* there is to live for. What is better than sacrificing oneself for the sake of justice. The Zionists have been killing our brothers and sisters, young and old, as they please because they know full well that they can get away with it. And they are right in that. They have been getting away with it as no one can hold them responsible. They are the gods of the satanic world. They are the criminals who hold their very victims responsible. And by holding me here, you are wittingly or unwittingly helping them defeat me. How I insisted for you all to learn! Learning is the only way possible to have a right worthwhile cause in this world. You can never claim to be a believer if you are ignorant. When the person is illiterate, he might think himself advancing a just cause while in fact he is the very antonym of it. Faith can't help the ignorant, neither ignorance can help faith. They are opposites of each other. You might be doing well in other departments of life, but when it comes to justice and faith, you are just not doing well unfortunately." As my mom, brother, and uncles were discussing and arguing with each other over the veracity of what I had been saying up to the point, I said "I swear to God that I am going to be martyred today. I see them coming right now. Anyone who has stood between me and my cause shall not see heaven. I was about to accomplish this divine mission, but I was stabbed in the back by my family. So bitter a feeling I can't express. You are the only one dear Lord who knows how devastated I am for disappointing you." Then I prostrated on the floor tears running rivers down my face and all over my chest. I felt peace and serenity as never before; warmth was inside me and goosebumps all over my body gain. That what I mean by "not

to be traded with anything under the son.” Cursed be those who can’t trade a damn feeling however it is with anything under the son. In my experience, feeling such a heavenly sensation was nothing but a precursor to a spectacular tragedy for me, loved ones, and everybody who had the slightest relationship with me. Blessed be those who work steadfastly to spot rational creative *whys* for their life; and cursed be those who wait for the divine to intervene in their favor and just show them the way.

My psychiatrist prescribed me olanzapine. This kind of medication was supposed to calm my nerves and put me in a state of oblivion. My mind needed to rest; and putting me to sleep was the best solution. When I took the medication which was supposed to shut my consciousness down, I would go sleepwalking. My family accounted some incidents such as the followings that I have no memory about:

I wouldn’t sleep. I would keep talking about my students and my projects. They fought me to go to bed. I would take off all my clothes, and go to bed; I would sleep for a minute or two before I wake up again. I would dress up and try to get the hell out of there. This scenario would happen a dozen times a night. They had to close all the doors and windows lest I ran away at night. I would take some knife or other device and try to open every door or window. This would go on until I was extremely exhausted before I would finally sleep wherever. One day in the morning, I went out of the farm where they had firmly kept me in the countryside— I don’t have the slightest memory of me being in the country in that period ever—“Where are you going now?” They asked. “I am meeting my students?” I answered;

“my students are desperately waiting for me, don’t you know that?” By then, I had already been officially terminated from work. I tried hitchhiking to head to my home city. My uncle picked up his car and drove by. I would stop him, get in the car; and tell him where I was heading to as if I knew him not. “Be quick Sir. Stop fooling around. I am not as stupid as people take me to be. You have been trailing back and forth, right and left the exact same damn direction for the past ten minutes, haven't you? If your face hadn't looked strangely familiar to me, I would have rolled the wheel before you and hop upside down; a tragic accident. Pull over right away. How much does your unsporting ride cost?” “Well, it's been a long ride. I think it's 100 dollars;” my humorous uncle would trick me further. “Another reason why I must carry on the mission I set up. 100 fucking dollars for a dishonest ride! Take this 20-dollar bill, and pray to your lord for having made me too busy. You wouldn’t have survived this treachery otherwise. Goodbye sir. Not nice having made your acquaintance; neither a pleasure it was.” I still don't fully realize how they managed to escort me back to the farm.

After gaining some resemblance of consciousness, I discovered how big of a danger I was. I imagined the state police, intelligence agents, the Mossad and CIA especially, must have been in every corner, trying so hard to catch me. They had been stalking me wherever I go and listening to every word I had said in phone calls. My hours long genocide, homicide, sedition-rampant, holy war videos had been all over the place by then. “I am the greatest enemy to all of them. If I were them, I would annihilate such a genius person immediately.” I wasn't as dumb as to disrespect my enemies. “Keep your friends close, but your

enemies closer.” with a never-ending conspiracy reality, I was riding back home. While riding I thought “The state has recruited my colleagues to arrest me. The rascals think I would buy such a heartwarming story. These bastards haven't realized yet how much of a God-protected perilous soul I am. Do your best and catch me. If you get near, don't blame David for the murder of Goliath.” As I got close to my neighborhood, I heard police sirens all over the place. I also saw police cruisers patrolling all the roads and highway exits. “Here we go bastards; here we go. You don't even know that intelligence missions should be undertaken very secretly. Once I'm in power, I will order the dissemination of all this police thing, so useless. It's a shame that our taxpayers' money is wasted on such poorly trained brainless uniforms.” I stopped, looked behind me, and I made an uphill U-turn. The only place left was my uncles' again. I went to their neighborhood; parked my bike in a private parking lot; and clandestined my way to a nearby café. Then I noticed a cop car driving by me. It was dark, yet the car had no lights on. I pondered, “nice move; a great improvement since I last saw you an hour ago bastards. Try harder. What about a civil car you idiots? That shouldn't raise as much suspicion I guess.” I called my uncle to brief him about the national security updates. My uncles are shoemakers and they stock their supplies in the large basement of their house. This is how the phone call went:

“Listen uncle. Listen very very carefully. Try to send someone covertly to my parents' house to inform them that I am okay.”

“What do you mean?”

“I was riding home, and I saw plenty of police cruisers all over the place. They have been trying so hard, but failed. Now, though they control everything, they are just incapable to fathom how incapable they are. They are listening to me now as I am speaking to you. Now I am in a place which matches the following criteria. Listen very carefully and use your mind. If you actually use your intelligence, you will realize where I am. There is a police car driving by me as we speak now.”

“This is really so much. Where the hell are you?”

“There is a place we both know that the police don't with all their useless intelligence. In this place, there is a sequence of numbers”

“What are these numbers? What on earth are you talking about?”

“The sequence is: 1×39 ; 2×40 ; 2×41 ; 2×42 ; 1×43 . If you are intelligent, you will definitely realize where I am. These are the coordinates missing even in the CIA GPS.”

“What the fuck do you mean by 2×34 ; 2×42 ...”

“Stop. Just stop. Write down the damn sequence and think. No number can be changed”

I heard him say:

“Yassine, where the fuck are you? Dear Lord! Whenever I need you, you just vanish. Come listen to your brother, he is talking about some sequence and coordinates, police and SSI HPS”

“Allo, Yassine. Listen carefully for this sequence to realize where I am so you come pick me up.”

“okay, go;”

“I am in a place; I can't state its location as the police are listening to us now. This place is related to our uncles'. In this place, there are some items that match the following sequence.”

“I get it. What is the sequence?”

“The sequence is: 1×39 ; 2×40 ; 2×41 ; 2×42 ; 1×43 . Have you realized where I am?”

“I guess so.”

“Come and meet me there in an hour.”

“Alright, see you then;”

My brother, as opposed to my uncle, got what I was referring to. My uncles, in their shoe manufacturing business, use outsoles. The outsole sizes they use in each 8-pair series are the sequence I mentioned. So, I was referring to the place where the outsole supplies are stored. That's my uncles' house basement. I sat in a café nearby. Sharing my grandiose updates with my fun base: students. By then, my beloved students started a movement for my freedom. They started sharing pictures of their unequivocal support with me and everywhere. We laughed together. WhatsApp was the only remaining unblocked social media platform.

After a while, my brother called me. “We are outside the café.”

I joined them. How we all laughed at our uncle's anger during the phone call. I said "the fools think they could outsmart me. See how much of a genius I am." They both laughed and confirmed. My uncle, under his fabulous caring generosity, drove to a town midway from his farm. We ate barbecue while working on my scheme. During the drive, I played Turkish Mafia songs out loud. *The sense of being outlawed is one of the most overwhelming unfulfilled urges in us humans. Being legal and law-abiding disappoints us quickly and then we become bored. This is the same feeling behind driving most people to end up criminals; it is so addictive you can't believe it. Have you ever asked yourself why most of us enjoy crime and graphic horror dramas? We take these for genres but we never grapple with the deep psychological urges behind them. I can even suggest that every genre is a manifestation of a deep repressed urge innate in us; the more forbidden the urge by social morality the more appealing and sublime it becomes. A level of happiness beyond words as we haven't developed vocabulary to admit such a thing.* Once we finished our luxurious meal, my uncle headed to his farm. He needed to pick up some supplies. As I was sitting in the car, it dawned on me to call the father of my last intimate engagement attempt. I had already erased all the numbers of his and his beloved daughter. I went back to my month-before phone calls history. I dialed some twenty phone numbers. I said I was sorry to all of the people I disturbed when none of the numbers matched those I was attempting to call. My uncle kept nagging at how much of a self-inflated person I became as I refused to help him and my brother with carrying the heavy supplies. Then, I succeeded in dialing the correct number of my beloved never-to-be father-in-law. After asking how well his family were, I immediately changed the discourse.

“Listen, your daughter is a spectacular human being. Good job for raising her so well. But, she should have never succeeded in using our pity for her had we been much harsher on the matter. She stubbornly refuses to see a psychiatrist. This is just unacceptable. If she happened to be my daughter, I would have used all means to get her to see a doctor; even if that requires beating, so be it. I have reassured you all that I will personally pay for all the expenses; counseling and medication alike. But she keeps refusing. Why would a person do that?” Maybe the poor man realized at some point I was right, but deep down he must have felt that I was the person in much need of a tribe of psychiatrists. He never showed me that I was a burden on him. He always seemed to welcome my phone calls. Luckily, the Lord saved that wonderful family from me. Blessed be their household.

My uncle couldn't stand how harsh I talked with the man. “Who do you think yourself to talk to people like that? How crazy should you be to command the father of the poor girl to beat her?” “Uncle, with due respect, you are nowhere near to understand my mental sophistication. You failed to decipher the damn outsole sequence, and now you question my private life. How crazy should you be to think I am crazy huh?” I arrogantly responded. On the way back home, I saw a pickup truck before us on the road. It was carrying haystacks. I said “I need plenty of such haystacks’ pickups?” “Here we go again. What the hell do you need them for? Do you have a farm, cattle or any of that?” My uncle inquired. I continued, “No, cattle is for good people, and I am no good. I need millions of dollars to execute my plans. I need to become the sole cannabis baron

in this already God-forsaken country of ours. To do that, I will meet with the cannabis manufactures in the north. For transport, I will disguise my enterprise as a haystack logistics company. Haystack LTD. Apparently, it's all about helping farmers out. But under the yellow haystack, there will be quintals of cannabis.” Under the shock, my uncle stated “God, help us please! How come someone who claims to be divinely guided be a mafia baron? Did this ever happen? What the fuck are you thinking man?” “To get something done in this world, you gotta outbeat the cruelest, outsucceed the wealthiest in their own game, unfortunately or fortunately, I don't know. I am actually planning to form a worldwide underworld drugs’ manufacturing and smuggling mafia. I will arrange a meeting with the Japanese Yakuza, the Italian Cosa Nostra, the Mexican Cartels, as well as the Afghanistan Taliban. I will lease between all of them. As my reputation grows, and I infiltrate intelligence agencies worldwide, I will offer all the mafia barons a new horizon they never dreamt existed.” “Why not? Carry on please!” My uncle intervened again. So I continued: “I will be the only person powerful and intelligent enough to show them how they can cover all their operations worldwide 24/7. We will be ahead of anti-drug agencies because we will have infiltrated them. No war shall happen between the mafia barons in my council. All issues will be settled presumably peacefully under my leadership. I will be so indispensable for them to afford losing me. Those who control drugs and natural resources are in a much powerful position to control the world. Even the Americans understand this very well. My enemies, the Zionists, understand this quite well. They even shattered their own WTC

skyscrapers on 9/11; killing thousands of their own peaceful nationals meanwhile, in order to show the world a pretext for invading Iraq and Afghanistan. That was the greatest hoax in history as far as I'm concerned. Who can really believe any of this? Did they really expect me to believe that a bearded ignorant fanatic Ben Ladin in the caves of Afghanistan outsmarted the best military and intelligence agencies in the history of the world? If the majority of the damn world has been stupid enough to take the bait, I am not; and many more smart people have come to the same conclusion. You might ask: what did they want from Iraq and Afghanistan then? Weren't they there just to eradicate the terrorists who attacked them? Wasn't their war on terror justified? Let me tell you dear uncle, the Americans were interested in these two countries simply because of rich Kirkuk region oil reserves in the north of Iraq, and the cocaine manufacturing capabilities in the mountains of Afghanistan. Giving the devil his due, I actually applaud the Zionists for their mastermind sophisticated 9/11 thriller, though it wasn't that well executed. They made a horrible error by demolishing building 7 even though no plane touched it. I need to beat the Zionists in this favorite game of theirs too. The game of terror, horror and drugs."

After midnight, my uncle took an outskirt shortcut where some drugs dealers could be seen from hundreds of meters away. Lines of cars were clearly apparent from far a distance waiting for their turn. No police were there in such a rural area. My uncle pointed out: "look! this is a very insecure area. There you can see your friends Mr. Baroni. Now, will you take them under your wing like the lucky Cosa Nostra or what?" I explained, "see

these bastards uncle; they are a shame in the mafia history! One day, and that day maybe sooner than you expect God willing, I will come here with my well-trained heavy-armed commandos. Out of nowhere, I will rain this whole neighborhood with heavy machine guns. Once the area is declared clear, I will proceed to call my 8-wheelers carrying cutter pillars. They can't expect me to leave them on the ground dead. They will be buried in mass graves. For such an operation, I need cutter pillars for the quick excavation. "Rest in peace shameful mafia," my uncle said. My uncle needed to fuel the car. He noticed there wasn't much gas left from the dashboard. There was a gas station right after the unsecure mafia area. He stationed to fuel the car, but there were no gas jockeys around. We kept waiting there for almost two minutes, yet no one appeared. I got out of the car; looked around; and I could see two jockeys sitting in a far carwash area. I walked towards them. Once I got near, I said: "We need to fuel our car gentlemen, yet you are sitting here inattentively." They responded, "We are busy eating here as you see. Just leave. No gas available now." "Get off your asses immediately you sorry sons of bitches" I yelled at them out of nowhere." They stood up, came a bit closer to me and said: "What the hell did you just say?" "I said get the fuck up, fuel the damn car, or hell will break loose; what about that?" I further explained. One of them rushed to a room to arm himself with a baseball bat I guess, the other kept coming towards me. As we got closer, a biker stopped between us. "This guy told us to get off our asses and fuel his car, would you believe it?" The jockey told the biker. They were apparently acquainted with each other. "What the fuck did you say to them?" the brave biker told me. I told

him, "Get off the damn bike you sorry son of bitch yourself. You can't fight while sitting on a bike as you might have known." "Alright then! I am coming back right now you motherfucker!" He said as he quickly left. "See you soon hero" I shouted at him as he was leaving. By then, my brother hurried to calm down the baseball jockey. My uncle, also, raced towards me to break me and the other jockey up before the MMA ceremony. My uncle pulled me by the arm and shouted at my brother Yassine to leave the matter immediately. My brother wouldn't listen while in his peace corps mission. My uncle started cussing him. As soon as we got all in the car, my uncle pressed the gas pedal to its maximum. He said, "you are so goddamn stupid Yassine, do you know that? Why the fuck did you keep talking with the guy when I yelled at you?" "I wanted to calm him down," Yassine responded. "Do you know that the biker told me that he will bring his cartel to kill us all. He is from the drugs gang we saw on the road." Out of nowhere, angry Yassine punched me so hard on the back of my head. "Do you want to kill us you scoundrel? What do fuck is wrong with you man?" Yassine yelled at me in terror. As I was laughing, I said, "Yassine, this is the last time in the history of mankind you get away with hitting me. Next time, only God knows what might be the repercussions. You fucking heard me, didn't you? And as my uncle told you, you are so goddamn stupid. We might have been killed indeed, not because of me, but because of you."

We reached our uncle's house. The only GPS coordinates NSA and Mossad don't know their location. As I was suffering severe insomnia by then, I just couldn't sleep. I would be stuck after

midnight when everybody went to bed. I asked Yassine to hand me my bike keys. He was the one who rode my bike from the private parking lot to my uncle's garage. Yassine who was still in terror of what had happened earlier that night refused so stubbornly to give me the damn bike keys. He was afraid I might be killed or commit a murder if left on my own in that demonic state. I wouldn't accept any of that humanitarian shit. I was on a mission nobody had the right to obstruct however hard they tried. As we were standing outside on the sidewalk besides the garage, Yassine suddenly stroke me with a leg kick. He nearly succeeded to bring me down on my back. Welcome to cageless MMA. A series of hooks, punches, jabs were dealt back and forth between us. Our uncles and cousins heard the fight unleashing from the inside and rushed to draw us apart. The neighborhood which was so elegant and calm, where my uncles developed a reputation of peaceful gentlemen over the course of more than a decade, became the scene of a civil war because of me. I eventually got the damn keys and I still don't remember where I went afterwards. Some memories have been erased completely. My amnesia had been a serious problem for me even before my acute insanity. What to say of me when I went hardly conscious in the apocalyptic aftermath?

I would also have many fights with some people. I only remembered seeing some bruises on my face, and broken glasses, after the medication hangover. I had gone barely awake. My brother, under his moral, brotherly duty, kept watching over me whenever I went out. He would be the one to ask my family that the medication had to be altered or else I would either kill someone or be killed myself. This kept going on for days

before they decided to take me to a psychiatric hospital. Of course I wouldn't accept them locking me up. I would shout my lungs out and fight all the nurses blaming everyone for a vicious unholy conspiracy. I think they would give me a shot of sedative Amytal to forcibly turn me off for a whole day or two.

I woke up from the coma after a whole day or more. I wouldn't swallow the idea of my family conspiring against me like that. They kept me locked up in a cell for two days, I guess. Once I calmed down, they opened the door for me to join the other patients in the ward. I would ask them what they were in for. Most of them were in their due to narcotics. They were simply addicts; insanity they had no idea about. When they knew about my story; I started being revered as I saint should be. A teacher of English, a mafia boss, and Imam al-Mahdi himself were all personified in me. Quite a rare lethal profile to come across. I turned a quite depression-infected psychiatric ward to theatre.

As my mind wouldn't shut the hell up; I needed a cause even when I was in the hospital. I would gather around me some half-a-dozen patients, before I start teaching them the basics of English. We would laugh out load at the silliness of it all. We enjoyed mistakes more than anything else. What do you expect from a classroom in the psychiatric ward where the teacher was Al-Mahdi himself and students were unsound drug addicts? We discussed religion, addiction and everything in between. Being the mighty I was, I would work out in the corridor of the hall. It didn't take long time before another soldier joined me. We would keep training for almost half an hour every night. One day, I was too ecstatic and filled with power. Before the lights

went on, I started knocking on a door to get the nurses answering me back. After a minute, two well-built male nurses opened the door. "What do you want from us?" rudely they yelled at me. "Can you please just let the lights on for half an hour; we just want to work out; train and have a shower that's all;" I said. "Where the fuck do you think yourself? This a mental hospital not a gym as you crazy people might have thought. Get the fuck inside your rooms immediately now; or none shall be good in here. You keep working out and disturbing us all along; we have had enough of it long time ago;" they shouted. A brutal war they waged on us both; I just resisted them back. I still believe now with that ferocious power of mine one of us could have very well been killed had I activated the cursed kickboxing software. After some three minutes of resisting the fairly powerful nurses, they managed by the end to get us both forcibly inside the rooms. I shouted my lungs out that they will be sued once that scandal of my unfair imprisonment was settled. Needles they brought and injections afterwards. I had no power over them, so they shot us an injection. I was the farthest away back then from crying over my misery. I grew to accept my destiny somehow in theirs. But in humiliation I slept that night.

I kept asking my family to get me out of there every time they paid me a visit. They just couldn't afford what I asked. I started reading some books of mine again. Outside, I left my students alone as well as a newfound girlfriend. I would never think about a girlfriend but I worried so much about my students. They provided me with every ounce of meaning in my life before the peak or mania, and also afterwards. I started thinking

of a breakout plan. I would keep looking in the premises of the psychiatric ward trying to spot some loophole in the guards' system. "The only possible way for me is to unbolt the long bathroom sanitary rod and strive to climb over the window. I would then be in the roof free: a prison break with no genius Scofield or wrongly accused Lincoln Burrows. After much thought I just laid the matter in the hands of God.

Once an appointment was held between me and my psychiatrist in the ward with my family attending. I had broken their hearts all of them. Not easy a sight it was on them all to see me insane in a mental institution after all the pain they had borne to make something worthwhile out of me. Once, they thought I was somehow on my feet to build a life decent enough and now it all shattered to pieces before their watery eyes. By then, even with all the trauma unleashed I had lost all emotions—a robot I had become. Before my parents, the psychiatrist asked me a couple of questions: "how do you feel after all the treatment you have been receiving for two weeks?" "Well, thank you so much. I actually got really alright! I can work now. I want to become normal again. Please just let me out. Your fabulous help I will never forget." "Do you really believe that we should just free you know? We are afraid your situation may get a lot worse in the outside." "Nothing bad will happen my word madam." She then turned to my family: "what do you think shall we do? Is it safe for him to be out on his own now?" my parents abstained from answers, but my dear brother Yassine said: "I don't think he should be let out at all. He seems to be in much need of more rest. It's just too early for him to get out now. It is really too risky!" I pointed out: "my brother Yassine is quite

a gentleman for taking care of me while I have been in this ward. But I actually believe the only reason why he wanted me to stay in here is the fact that he enjoyed riding my bike on his own without my permission while I am imprisoned unjustly in here!” they all laughed. I didn’t lose my sense of humor despite the tragedy. The doctor accepted my request and I was let into the world again.

Once out, I ran to the parents of a patient friend of mine. He asked me to visit his family and make an appeal on his behalf. I rode—though riding the doctor denied me—to a café where his parents were supposed to be. I was far sicker than himself, but I managed to convince his parents to get him out of there. I said: “your son is a spectacular human being indeed. An engineer who got addicted should have never ended there. It will only make matters worse for him from now on. They went and signed him out that very day. Everyone once I left started plotting to get the hell out. Some escaped and others would rather die than stay there. Blessed be those who were never caged like animals in mental institution. Insanity is so harsh on the individual to accept.”

The world outside was all apocalyptic to my eyes. I was given two-month medical rest from work. My life was completely ruined indeed. I wouldn’t know how big I demolished all my life until some two months after my hospital leave. No friends; no close family; no job secured; I carried on my back all the shame there is to be known. Once I got back to my school, it was so harsh and bitter a feeling for me to see how disappointed all my students were. It was as if I had used them intentionally

for some selfish scheme of mine. Maybe that's what it was. No; no. That's exactly what it was. I was never normal all my life; even the little good I managed to do my students was altogether erased from their memory and replaced by sheer disgust at my face. I wouldn't bear their look at me. Sometimes I would cry in pain and never go to work. I was even driving my parents crazy again. What a wasteful life! What a horrible character I have created out of myself! There is apparently no excuse, no redemption if the person reaches insanity; you are just doomed for good. Deleting a person in this world is even easier than deleting a phone call. But I am not the one who would ask people to accept me after what I have done. I even agree with all of them for leaving me once and for all as I am nothing but a gruesome fatal liability. Blessed be those who know how to carry themselves; never lie, deceive or hurt.

There is just no way, in my experience, for the person to stay sane if they indulge in self-deception for a long time. It had taken me only some five years to compound a pack of lies heavy enough to craft this hell all around me. When it comes to mental health, there is just no generative answer. Everyone has a unique psychological makeup; if they don't grapple with the deep roots of their covert complexes *by themselves* as in the method I described earlier as "The chronicles of self-therapeutic cathartic confession" in due course as soon as possible, there isn't much all the world's psychiatrists, prophets and philosophers can help them with unfortunately! How I hope I am just wrong in all of this as most people would be terrified at the realization of them being on their own in this world. One should seek the best psychiatrists if ever they exist

when they find themselves on the verge of giving up and quitting, but they should come to terms with the fact that only they themselves can dig really deep to unravel what might be spectacularly gruesome to admit being guilty of. No one can live your life! May the lord heal every tormented soul. The sheer pain some people feel is just unbearable even for a day! Imagine if the day never ends. You keep waking us to the same nightmare again and again and again non-stop. I myself have reached the point where I felt so happy when I had the most horrifying nightmares. They somehow gave a worse reference to compare my actual life to. Sisyphus curse was so harsh indeed! People would never realize what it actually means if they haven't been where many people and I have. How I wish you never end even near the vicinity of where I am. There is just no solace left for me in this world! I have found a solace to be honest after all! What if my journey succeeds to spare others my path? What if my curse can be others' path to blessings and serenity? What if my agony can be used so creatively through words to shed light on some of the deep hidden issues people suffer from but rare are those who could spot and detail? Saving others from pain is a worthwhile cause even if the price is the greatest of pains. This has been my attempt to reverse-engineer the bulk of the pathological psychological foundation my whole insanity emerged from. Never walk the path I have taken please! Whenever you spot any similarities to what I have detailed immediately become fully conscious; analyze the pathological seeds that you would be tempted to conceal even from yourself; and deconstruct them in the most accurate of ways till the very bottom as far as you can. The sooner your get over the deadly

ploy of self-deception and vices, the better you will be to eradicate them from their rotten roots. You will have done yourself and every loved one the greatest service there is: the service of staying on your feet; upright in the world; all while remaining sound and capable of happiness. You think that could be traded with anything under sun! Blessed be those who have always been truthful to themselves; never attempted intentionally to deceive others nor themselves; they genuinely share hope and love around! They even become the solid character others turn to should a calamity—God Forbid—befall them which they have no defense against! If only we listened to Archangel Gabriel and headed his words concerning the divine soul! There where all the answers exist to stability, morality, love and peace!

“I am the div... light se.. to ear..; the m...tic; the tran....dent; thephet; the spirit.”



Written with bitter love in agonizing insanity By Cyrus Dionysis

